The Outlook

Vol. 62 June 3, 1899 No. 5

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The Outlook is a Weekly Newspaper and an Illustrated Monthly Magazine in one. It is published every Saturday—fifty-two issues a year. The first issue in each month is an Illustrated Magazine Number, containing about twice as many pages as the regular weekly issue, and many pictures.

Price.—The subscription price is Three Dollars a year, payable in advance. Ten cents a copy.

Postage is Prepaid by the publishers for all subscriptions in the United States, Canada, and Mexico. For all other countries in the Postal Union add $1.56 for postage.

Change of Address.—When a change of address is ordered, both the new and the old address must be given. The notice should be sent one week before the change is to take effect.

Discontinuances.—If a subscriber wishes his copy of the paper discontinued at the expiration of his subscription, notice to that effect should be sent. Otherwise it is assumed that a continuance of the subscription is desired.

How to Remit.—Remittance should be sent by Draft on New York, Express-Order, or Money-Order, payable to order of THE OUTLOOK COMPANY. Cash should be sent in Registered Letter.

Letters should be addressed:

THE OUTLOOK COMPANY
287 Fourth Avenue, New York

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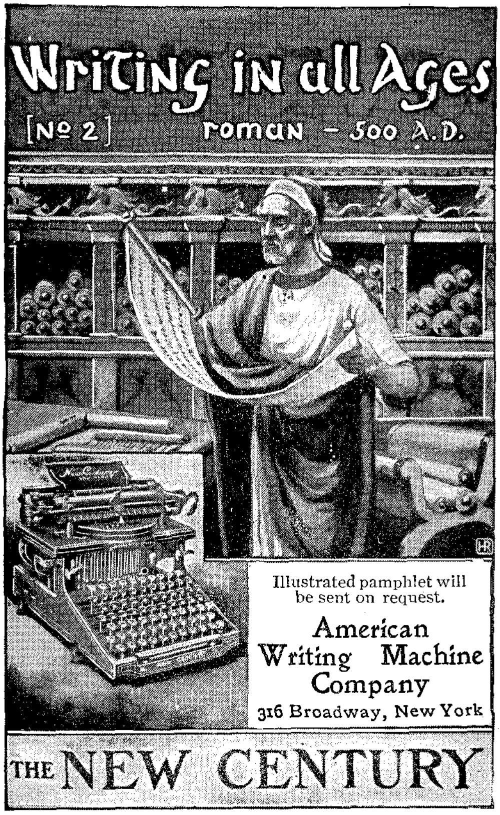

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ARIZONA

By Frank Presbrey

THE changes which have taken place during the past few years in that portion of the United States still included in our Territories is little short of marvelous. This is especially true of Arizona, a country so rich in mineral and agricultural possibilities that its ultimate wealth is certain to make it one of the wealthiest States of the Union.

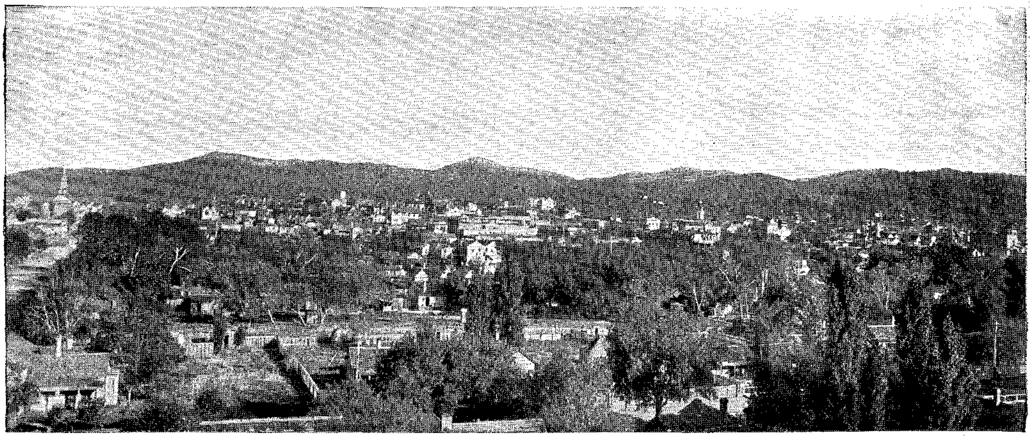
Within the lifetime of men still active, all that portion of the United States west of the Mississippi River was put down in the geographies of the time as "The Great American Desert," the Government census, as late as 1840, not enumerating a single white man in all that vast territory.

Its mighty rivers, its wide-stretching prairies, its mineral-laden mountains, knew not the touch of industry or agriculture. It was a vast empire of loneliness, of which solitude was queen; an almost undiscovered land awaiting the magic touch of enterprise and development.

The building of the great transcontinental lines of railroad made the East and the West neighbors. Towns grew into cities, and the commercial importance of the country was quickly realized by astute investors. Agriculture, the handmaid of development, established her domain in the prairie sections, while through the great range of mountains, rich in ores and minerals, there re-echoed the blows of the miner's pick.

Amid all that section which we now term the great West, no section is richer in climate, soil, and minerals than Arizona, the Queen of the Territories.

Geographically it is bounded by Utah and a portion of Nevada on the north, New Mexico on the east, Nevada and Southern California on the west, and Old Mexico on the south.

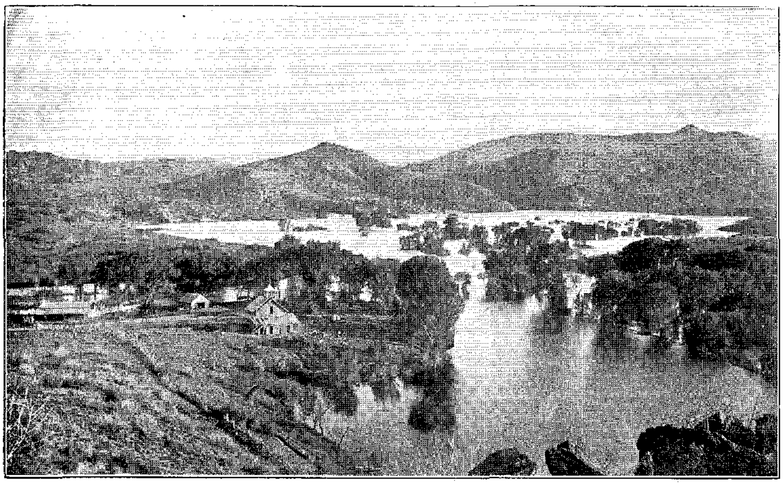


BIRD'S-EYE VIEW CITY OF PHŒNIX, ARIZONA

It shares the same latitude with Tennessee, Georgia, and South Carolina, and has a climate of unequaled dryness and salubrity. Its area of 113,020 square miles makes it an empire in itself, as great as New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania combined.

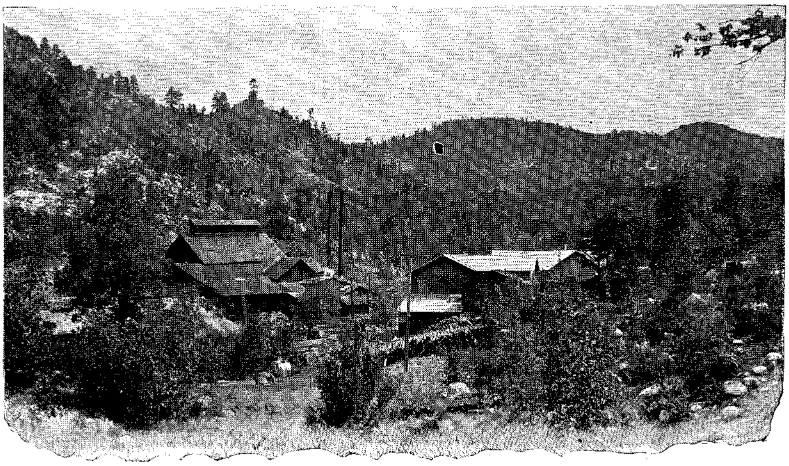
While a large proportion of its area is mountainous, there are many places where the ranges have drawn apart, leaving valleys of untold fertility and park-like beauty. It is in these garden places of the universe that Nature has clothed herself in her handsomest raiment, and "smiles plentiful harvests."

The development of Arizona may have been somewhat tardy, but it has been all the more substantial and permanent. Her sister Territories may have assumed the dignity of Statehood a little in advance of her, but her preparation for that honor is all the more healthful. Speculative fevers have not run riot in Arizona. Her growth has been steady, substantial, sure, and continuous. Her population of 100,000 is notably thrifty, substantial, intelligent, and upright, and in her cities and country districts the church and the school are dominating factors.



ONE OF ARIZONA'S RESERVOIRS

In material wealth Arizona has one hundred millions which is taxable, and untold millions yet undiscovered beneath her grim mountain ranges are awaiting the development of future years. Her citizens have taken out over $3,000,000 in gold, $25,000,000 in silver, and 111,000,000 pounds of copper during the past twelve months, and the volume has increased each year at a tremendous ratio.



A PROSPEROUS ARIZONA MINE

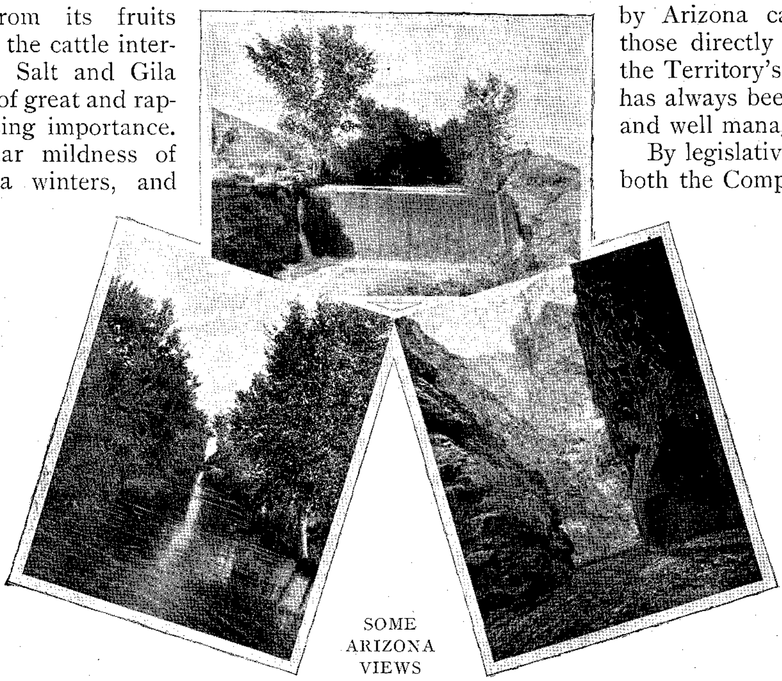
There are within the Territory two splendid, enterprising, and substantial cities, Phœnix and Prescott. They are the centers of not only rich agricultural regions and wonderful fertility, but of great copper districts, which rival the world's most famous sections in their wealth of this metal. North of Prescott, fifty-nine miles, is the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fe Railroad, a chief artery of transcontinental commerce, and at Phœnix is a branch of the Southern Pacific, another of the world's great railroads.

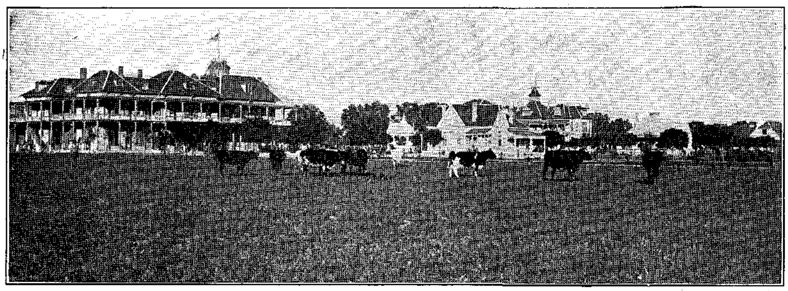
Between these two lines runs the Santa Fe, Prescott, and Phœnix Railway, connecting with the Santa Fe system at Ash Fork, and forming the most important north and south link between the two through east and west lines, and furnishing the only rail facilities to a tributary region as large as the State of New York.

The territory traversed by and tributary to the Santa Fe, Prescott, and Phœnix Railway is rapidly becoming one of the heaviest producers of minerals in the world. All the products of the mines, and all of the materials needed in the upbuilding and maintenance of the mining towns, must be carried by this road. Aside from these great sources of revenue, the agricultural interests of the fertile Salt River and Gila Valleys contribute a rapidly increasing volume of profitable traffic.

A more fertile section does not exist between the Mississippi and California, and as these valleys lie at the southern portion of the road, their products of fruit, vegetables, meats, hay, and other necessities, which are mostly shipped to the mining towns and camps on the northern portion of the line, supply a large volume of local business. The fruits grown in these lovely valleys are fast gaining the reputation in Eastern centers of being superior to those of California, and through shipments are already a factor in the traffic of the road.

Aside from its fruits and grains, the cattle interests of the Salt and Gila Rivers are of great and rapidly increasing importance. The peculiar mildness of the Arizona winters, and the luxurious growth of alfalfa, make stock-raising a most profitable business, and furnish the road a constant and growing freight business.


SOME ARIZONA VIEWS


A TYPICAL ARIZONA STOCK FARM

The Santa Fe, Prescott, and Phœnix Railway is a standard-gauge trunk line, two hundred miles long, well constructed and well equipped. Its roadbed, structures, and equipment are in a thoroughly excellent physical condition, and it has shown a steady growth each year in its business and earnings. It is closely affiliated to, and has a working contract with, the great Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fe system, which gives it a marked advantage in the conduct and handling of its through business.

It is the chief and only artery of traffic in a country which is rich, prosperous, and enterprising, and is growing rapidly and substantially.

It was built and is almost wholly owned by Arizona capitalists, or those directly interested in the Territory's welfare, and has always been prosperous and well managed.

By legislative enactment, both the Company and its property are exempt from taxation for twenty years, from 1894.

The earnings of the railroad as officially reported have been as follows:

Year ending June 30th.

	Gross earnings.	Operating expenses.	Net earnings.
1896	$574,752	$272,984	$301,768
1897	656,707	313,213	343,494
1898	764,686	365,270	399,416

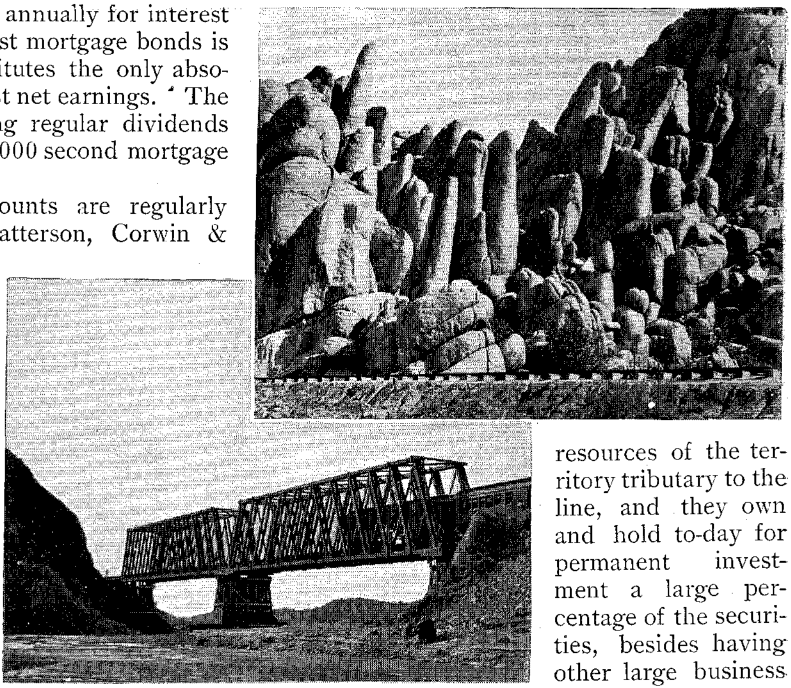
For Nine Months' Period, July 1st to March 31st.

	Gross earnings.	Operating expenses.	Net earnings.
1896	$409,014	$197,236	$211,778
1897	462,844	232,154	230,690
1898	548,118	246,996	301,122
1899	648,735	341,705	307,030

The amount required annually for interest upon the $4,940,000 first mortgage bonds is $247,000. This constitutes the only absolute fixed charge against net earnings. The Company is also paying regular dividends upon an issue of $3,000,000 second mortgage income bonds.

The Company's accounts are regularly audited by Messrs. Patterson, Corwin & Patterson, Certified Public Accountants, of this city, and they certify to the Company's excellent system of accounting and to the first-class condition of its finances.

The Santa Fe, Prescott, and Phœnix Railway Company was organized and its property created by substantial business men after a most careful investigation of the resources of the territory tributary to the line, and they own and hold to-day for permanent investment a large percentage of the securities, besides having other large business interests in Arizona.



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The Outlook
Published Weekly

Vol. 62 June 3, 1899 No. 5

In the Philippines The Filipino Commissioners have returned to Aguinaldo to report the substance of their conferences with the American Commission. A statement made by President Gonzaga, of the Filipino delegation, expresses concisely their view of the plan of government suggested to them by the American Commission with President McKinley's approbation and printed in full in The Outlook last week. Señor Gonzaga said:

> We greatly appreciate the courtesy shown us. We have spent some time with your Commissioners, incidentally considering the American Constitution. Its principles impress us profoundly. The plan of government offered to the Philippines seems, in theory, a good colonial system. But why should a nation with your Constitution seek to make a colony of a distant people who have been so long fighting against Spain to secure the same rights that your Constitution gives? You fought the same battle in America when you fought against England.

It is thought probable that the Filipino envoys will return, after seeing Aguinaldo, with some kind of counter proposition. General Lawton has returned to Malolos with his flying column, which near the first of May started on what proved to be a twenty days' expedition. In this time he reports that his force marched one hundred and twenty miles, had twenty-two fights, captured twenty-eight towns, destroyed 300,000 bushels of rice, and lost only six men killed and thirty-one wounded. General Lawton estimates that his troops killed four hundred insurgents and wounded double that number. While the plan of outflanking the enemy was not successful, General Lawton's remarkably vigorous campaign has had a notable effect in dispersing and disheartening the Filipinos. Cable despatches state that the rainy season began with a typhoon on May 23. General Otis has withdrawn some of the volunteer regiments from the front, preparatory to their return home, replacing them with regulars. Our headquarters at the front remain at San Fernando; and in that vicinity and thence to Balinag there was hard fighting on May 23 and 24; on the latter date the Filipinos lost fifty killed, thirty-eight wounded, and twenty-eight prisoners; our losses on both days were slight; General Funston, in command of the Kansas and Nebraska regiments, again distinguished himself. General Otis holds that, from the military point of view, the peace negotiations should not cause any lessening of aggressiveness, and will push his campaign as hard as possible until the insurgents surrender or action from Washington or by the Commission makes further fighting unnecessary. It is probable, however, that the heavy rains will prevent any forward movement on a large scale for some time to come. The despatches from Manila at the end of last week declared that a much larger army will be needed than is now in the Philippines if American supremacy is to be established, as it is impossible to keep the insurgents from reoccupying the towns as our army abandons them, while our line of advance is so thinly stretched out that we cannot garrison many places at the front.

❀

The Philippine Issue Last week we presented the issue between the two proposed policies toward the Philippine Islands in our report of the Cambridge Anti-Imperialistic meeting. Substantially the same issue is presented in a slightly different form by the contrast between the proposal made by the American Commissioners to the Filipinos and the statement of the Filipino Junta of a message purporting to be received from

Aguinaldo, May 12. The American Commissioners propose that the sovereignty shall reside in the United States, but under this sovereignty the government shall be exercised by a Governor-General appointed by the President, by judges appointed by the President, the judges and heads of departments to be either Filipinos or Americans, or both, and by a general Advisory Council to be chosen by the people by a form of suffrage to be hereafter carefully determined upon. This form of government would follow somewhat closely that of our own Territories. The Filipino Junta report that "the Filipinos energetically refuse the American peace overtures, based on restricted autonomy coupled with promises of subsequent self-government." It is true that this refusal was reported before the final propositions of the American Commissioners were formulated, but the two propositions present the issue very clearly. The Filipinos insist upon it that we shall relegate all responsibility for the protection of life and property to them; and nothing less than this will satisfy them. Our Government insists upon it that the responsibility for the protection of life and property rests upon the American people, while in the exercise of that responsibility they will give to the Filipinos the largest power consistent with securing such protection. We have no question that Dr. Benjamin F. Andrews, of Chicago, is right in saying, as reported, that the Philippine archipelago is, in the eye of the law, as much territory of the United States as the State of Illinois, and that we are as truly responsible to the other nations of the earth, to the people in the Philippines, and to God, for the safe government of those islands as we are for the safe government of any portion of United States territory. That responsibility we cannot evade by relinquishing it to any other power, without proof that the power to which we relinquish it has both the will and the capacity to fulfill the obligations which sovereignty involves.

❀

Ku-Klux in the Philippines The "Evening Post" has in the Philippine Islands an apparently judicial and well-informed correspondent, and his letter of April 9 contains some information which is not only interesting, but which throws light upon events in those islands which to the close student of current history have been somewhat perplexing. It is perhaps proper to say, for the benefit of distant readers, that the New York "Evening Post" is and from the start has been a violent opponent of the policy of the present Administration and a strong advocate of leaving the Filipinos to manage their own affairs without help or hindrance from us; its correspondent cannot, therefore, be suspected of imperialistic tendencies. This correspondent states that—

> There has for years existed a secret brotherhood known as the Katapunans, a political organization resorting to the methods used by the Ku-Klux Klan of unsavory memory in our own country, and using the same mystic symbol, "K. K. K." . . . During the months when the Americans were lying idle in Manila awaiting the action of the Peace Commission, the Senate, and the Administration, this society was busy recruiting its strength from among the young and reckless and irresponsible Filipinos until it became strong enough to make the entire populace bow to its will and fear its vengeance.

According to the "Evening Post" correspondent, this secret order is behind the present revolutionary movement in the Philippines, and it has created a reign of terror within the Filipinos' lines. It threatens death to all who will not fight, and it has not hesitated to execute its threats. It has enabled Aguinaldo to collect his taxes even within the American lines in Manila. There is not wanting, according to this correspondent, evidence that it has prevented Aguinaldo from negotiating for peace. It organized the uprising in Manila on February 22, and set the incendiary fires which were put out with so much difficulty. It is this society which has burned the Filipino villages when the Filipinos have evacuated them. It is not improbable, we may add, that the proclamation calling on the Filipinos to assassinate all foreigners without apprisement or compassion may have been issued by this secret order which is behind the Filipino government, and is, according to the "Evening Post's" correspondent, more powerful than the government itself. The correspondent gives his authority for his statement—Katapunan pamphlets in his own possession and interviews with a number of Filipinos representing the better class. He sums up the situation with the following terse description:

> The leaders of this revolution, except the fanatics that now control the original leaders, went into this movement for personal gain. They wanted to force the United States into terms with them, or, in case our Government was bluffed into recognizing their so-called republic, they had it so fixed that it would be a purely oligarchical government, with themselves in control. They overshot the mark when they unloosed the force they now are unable to control, and are between the devil and the deep sea.

According to this well-informed correspondent, therefore, the Filipino revolution is far more analogous to that of the French under Robespierre than to that of the Americans under George Washington; and it is more rational to assume that our representatives in the Philippines have found in such facts as these reason for their vigorous resolve not to surrender power to the revolutionaries, than to assume that they have lost the American spirit, are false to the American purpose, and are carrying on a war for the simple purpose of the subjugation of an innocent and patriotic people.

❀

English Politics Rumors which appear to be without foundation have recently found wide circulation in England to the effect that the Ministry mean to take advantage of the present friendly feeling toward themselves to dissolve Parliament and secure an indorsement from the country. But the present Parliament has still three years to run; and those who are well informed do not credit the report of this intended action of the Ministry. Lord Salisbury's diplomatic record has been greatly strengthened by the events of the past few months; and if the Conservative Ministry can steer clear of the Church question, there is at present no sign anywhere of a break in the majority behind it; nor are there any signs of the reorganization and reinvigoration of the Liberal party, which will be necessary before Liberalism can hope to secure the reins of power. The differences of opinion between Lord Rosebery and Sir William Harcourt were never more defined and pronounced than to-day. Lord Rosebery in a recent speech proposed in substance to put the question of Home Rule in the background, and to accept the modern movement of expansion in a modified form, interpreting what is called imperialism, not after the Tory fashion as involving the rule of subject States and races by England, but as the primacy of England, by integrity, intelligence, and power, among the great nations. This interpretation, which emphasizes responsibility rather than commercial opportunity in the extension of English power, Lord Rosebery calls "larger patriotism;" and there are many indications that it is a phase of English development which is inevitable, and which makes anything like a return to the home-keeping policy of Mr. Bright and Mr. Cobden impossible. Nations cannot go backward, any more than the genie, once liberated, could return to the bottle. Sir William Harcourt, however, maintains his position on the old lines, and declares that any abandonment of Home Rule as the first and most important issue involves disloyalty to the work and spirit of Mr. Gladstone. The wisdom of some English undertakings in the South and East is open to serious question; but the day has gone by when England could seriously consider avoiding what are called "imperial" responsibilities. In the intimacy of relationship which is coming about in the modern world as the normal result of the historical processes, England can no more avoid the responsibilities of leadership than can the United States.

❀

Samoa Despatches from Samoa by way of New Zealand report the arrival of the Samoan Commission at Apia on May 13. The agreement for an armistice has been scrupulously observed by the contending native parties. Mataafa sent a letter of welcome to the Commissioners, but it is understood that his followers declare that they will never recognize Malietoa Tanus as King, although they may cease from war if the Commission decides against Mataafa's claim. Our war-ship, the Philadelphia, is to leave Apia at once, and Admiral Kautz will return with her. The Newark will take her place. There are indications in the despatches that the Commission believes that it can finish its work at a very early date. Under the tripartite agreement for the Commission its rule is now absolute in Samoa.

The Peace Conference On Tuesday of last week the chiefs of the various delegations to the International Peace Conference held an election of presidents for the three committees on Disarmament, Laws of Warfare, and Arbitration, the election being afterwards ratified by the entire assembly. Mr. White, the head of our delegation, was elected as one of the two honorary presidents of the first committee. It is discussing the limitation of military expenditure and of the use of explosives, the prohibition of new firearms and of submarine boats. The Committee on the Laws of Warfare is discussing a revision of the Geneva Convention especially as regards wounded prisoners, members of the military hospital service, convoys, ambulances, property belonging to neutralized persons, religious and medical staffs. In addition, it is at work on the question of neutralizing vessels in an engagement when employed in saving shipwrecked men, and also of revising the Declaration of Brussels of 1874, on the notification and customs of war. The Committee on Arbitration and Mediation is attracting particular attention because M. de Staal (the President of the entire Conference, and the Czar's representative) put those subjects in the forefront of his recent speech, because it is believed that the Russian delegates have been instructed to work for compulsory arbitration, and because the American and British delegates stand together in their demand for voluntary arbitration. Nations will hardly brook infringement of their individual sovereign rights; hence compulsory arbitration seems impracticable at present. If, however, the Russian delegates can go so far, they should at least be willing to compromise upon the voluntary arbitration for which our delegates and the British are contending. The "Temps," of Paris, says that disarmament is a dream; that the only distinguishing feature of the Conference is the entry of the United States as a world-power into the councils of the nations. We are justly proud that our first appearance should be signalized by the firm stand of our delegates, if not for disarmament, at all events for the humanizing of war, and for a means of regulating differences other than by war. As we suggested last week, the Peace Conference itself might become a permanent but limited tribunal to which nations in conflict could submit their disputes. It is now reported that M. de Staal himself has formally proposed this. If the Russian delegates come into harmony with the "Anglo-American alliance," the French will follow. The favor of Switzerland, Holland, Belgium, Sweden, and Norway is thought to be already secured.

❀

Emilio Castelar Spain could ill afford to lose Emilio Castelar, who died at Murcia on Thursday of last week, after a long illness, at the age of sixty-seven, and after an eventful and honorable life characterized by probity, industry, patriotism, and eloquence. That Castelar should have risen from the social position in which he was born, as the son of a business man, to the foremost rank of public men in an aristocratic State, was in itself no small achievement. He had unusual advantages; for he was born to the possession of a noble library; he had the opportunities offered by the University of Madrid, and at the age of twenty-two, at a public meeting in a theater in Madrid, he suddenly and unexpectedly to himself made a striking speech, and sprang into the place of the foremost orator of the day. He was then a journalist, and much of his early ardor was evoked by the defense of the freedom of the press. In 1856 he was appointed Professor of History in the University of Madrid, and turned his new position into an opportunity of urging a larger and freer life upon Spain. Through his lectures and his editorials he advocated emancipation in Cuba, universal suffrage, free education, the abolition of the union between Church and State. As a tribute to his influence he was deprived of his professorship. He espoused the cause of the revolution of 1866, and was sentenced to be shot, but escaped, and returned to the country after the expulsion of Queen Isabella. As an ardent Republican, Castelar urged upon the Cortes the establishment of a republic; and, after a brief trial of monarchy for two years, a republic was declared in 1873, and a constitution, drafted by Castelar, adopted. As Minister of Foreign Affairs under two Presidents Castelar had great influence in shaping the policy of

Spain. He eventually became President himself. But a republic was premature; Republicans were divided; they were opposed by the Conservatives, the Monarchists, and the Carlists; and, after governing with absolute authority and in a very arbitrary way, dictated by the necessity of the conditions, he was turned out of office in 1874. In 1893 he retired from public life. Last month he was again elected to the Cortes, but refused to serve. He was a prolific writer of novels, poems, historical and economic works; a constant contributor to the French and Spanish press, and to many reviews in different languages. His career was not without its minor inconsistencies, but in its entirety it was one of the most successful and honorable in the history of modern Spain.

❀

Rosa Bonheur The last Magazine Number of The Outlook contained an illustrated article on Rosa Bonheur by her friend, Madame Blanc. In this Magazine Number we have to chronicle the death of the great cattle-painter, at the age of seventy-seven years. Rosa Bonheur began to be an artist, as many another has done, by the bread-and-butter work of copying pictures in the Louvre, but this did not last long. When only nineteen she exhibited two original works, and seven years brought her to the honor of a first-class medal from the Paris Salon. She was unselfish in her success, and founded a free school for women's work in design. The next year she painted what many consider her masterpiece, "Plowing in the Nivernais." It was bought by the French Government, and hangs in the Luxembourg. Some years later she painted an equally famous picture, "The Horse Fair." It was sold to the late A. T. Stewart, and then for $55,500 to Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt, who generously presented it to the Metropolitan Museum of Art. Americans may be justly proud that this great picture has thus been secured for our people's free enjoyment. A smaller-sized replica hangs in the British Museum. In the sixties she received the exceptional distinction of being enrolled in the Legion of Honor, and later was advanced to the grade of officer in that order. Her fame, however, had long become international; it was felt that she belonged not only to France but to all the world—so much so that at the siege of Paris her residence was spared by the order of the Emperor Frederick, then Crown Prince of Prussia. "Don't touch a cabbage of that garden," he said. Her garden and studio and house were jealously kept, not only from Germans, but, so far as possible, from all outsiders. Every traveler between Paris and the south passes through the forest of Fontainebleau, but few travelers notice the tiny station of Thomery in the midst of the great wood. Fewer have ever walked thence to the village of By. This is just as Rosa Bonheur wished. At By she lived and labored, not far from Paris yet in the midst of an enchanted sylvan retirement. Her best work was done in her earlier period, because it was unhurried work. Ever since the painting of the "Nivernais," exactly half a century ago, she has been overwhelmed with orders from eager collectors, who insisted on paying for their pictures before they were begun. In her every period, however, her canvases live with robust, real, vivid life. She was notable in composition, in anatomy, in breadth of touch, in harmony of color, but her works never had the spontaneity, the originality, the imaginative quality, or the distinction of those of a Troyon, or, in sculpture, of a Barye. A glad, healthy vigor spoke from her canvases. Her man's manner and her man's attire were in consonance with this. Her sex was often unguessed by the graziers, stablemen, and butchers with whom she associated. Her life was as simple, frugal, hearty as their own. By the side of the names of Mrs. Browning, George Eliot, George Sand, Queen Victoria, Florence Nightingale—in any list of the century's famous women, the name of Rosa Bonheur must find place.

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Queen Victoria at Eighty The eightieth birthday of Queen Victoria was celebrated on Wednesday of last week in all parts of the world. At Windsor, the focal point of the day's interest and observances, "Queen's weather," following fast upon a storm of unusual violence, gave the exercises the only touch of brilliancy they might have missed.

The Queen was surrounded by a great representation of her family—her children, her grandchildren, and her great-grandchildren. The Eton boys, the Military Knights of Windsor, the Mayor and Corporation of the old town in their robes of office, the chanting choir, the ringing cheers of the school-boys expressed to the Queen more adequately than any formal address could have done the warmth of the nation's regard for her. There were special observances in London—religious, official, and social—and wherever Englishmen are organized into communities, or are doing their work in groups of twos and threes, the day and its significance was not forgotten. Two years ago the completion of sixty years of rule was commemorated by one of the most impressive processions in the history of the world. On that occasion everything was done to bring into striking relief, not only the extraordinary length of the Queen's reign, but its wonderful achievements in peace and war, in philanthropy, education, science, art, and industry. On Wednesday of last week the thoughts of the English people and of their American kinsmen were with the woman rather than with the Queen. She has been singularly fortunate, not only in the men who have served her and the marvelous ability which on so many sides has enriched her reign, but in her own character. Beginning in perfect simplicity and the spirit of consecration to her duties, expressed by her first request after her coronation, that the Archbishop of Canterbury should pray for her, she has never lost the love with which her long reign began; she has rather transmuted it into reverence. To Americans as well as to Englishmen she is *the* Queen. Her political authority, wide as it is, has limitations; her power over the admiration and reverence of modern men and women is without bounds.

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Over-Capitalization The recent address of Mr. Charles R. Flint in Boston is but one of many warnings from capitalists themselves against over-capitalization. Mr. Flint has had large experience in the organization and management of industrial corporations. He declares that the time has gone by when it is necessary to argue as to the right of large aggregations of capital to exist for the purpose of industrial development. The advantages of putting private businesses into corporate form, the benefits of consolidated management, of greater aggregations of capital and ability, the economy in the purchase of raw material, the specialization of manufacture on a large scale in separate plants, thus permitting the fullest utilization of special machinery, the consequent decrease in cost, the raising and fixing of the standard of quality, the reduction in the number of styles, the progress of the work elsewhere in case of local strikes or fires, the absence of multiplication of the means of distribution, the reduction in the number of salesmen, the safer guarantee of credits, the saving of interest, insurance, and shop-wear in the lower aggregate of stocks carried, and the advantages of comparative accounting—all these things were patent years ago to our English cousins, and they have in consequence capitalized their "industrials" to the aggregate of two billion dollars. Their failure as satisfactory investment has been the exception. In order to make the same record we must make the same restrictions. Mr. Flint does not speak of the fictitious securities which no investor should touch. He merely calls attention to the fact that, while present profits are, and for the near future must continue to be, large, the danger is in the basing of new capitalization upon the earnings of this period of prosperity. Hence figures are agreed upon "which have a tendency to turn men's heads," and industrial organizations are daily brought about, industrial securities are more than ever sought after, as affording exceptional opportunities for profit. Like every sensible adviser, Mr. Flint warns us that unless the capitalization be limited, not to present production, but to the earnings for the lean years when "America was wearing her old clothes," the inevitable result will be reaction and a crash, the like of which we have not yet seen.

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American Machinery Abroad The month of May has offered a notable indication of the country's prosperity in the renewed demand from abroad for American machinery. Not only have orders for our locomotives come from Mexico, Colombia, Peru, Chili, Bolivia, Brazil, the Argentine, Egypt, China, and Japan, but our makers are now successfully competing with Europeans on their own territory. We are sending locomotives to France, Italy, and Spain, and now England herself seems to have been conquered. Before the present year there had been but one of our locomotives in Great Britain. Since that time orders have been received for twenty locomotives each for the Midland, the new Grand Central, and the Great Northern Railways. The sections will be set up in England by our mechanics, who are now being sent there for that purpose. Our export of steel rails has been noteworthy; we are outfitting Japan, China, Russia, and the new Syrian-Ottoman Railway, which is to run from the Mediterranean at Haifa to Damascus, and thence to the Persian Gulf. In bridge-building this country is also forging ahead. Contracts are being filled in Mexico, Central America, Brazil, Japan, and China, the order from the last named being for no less than twelve steel bridges for the Eastern Chinese Railway, the southern terminus of the Trans-Siberian system. Last of all, and most significant also, comes Greater Britain. We are now executing orders from Canada and Burma. On May 9, in the House of Commons, some one asked why the Indian Government had given an order for the Goktick viaduct in Burma to an American firm. Lord George Hamilton, the Secretary for India, replied that the Government had nothing to do with the contract; it was given by the Burma Railway Company, which invited six English and two American firms to make a tender. The most favorable of the English offers required three years and a cost of nearly six hundred thousand dollars, but most favorable of all was an American tender proposing to complete the work in one year at a cost of about three hundred thousand dollars. Hence the company naturally accepted our offer. Lord George added that, while Indian railways always aim to give the preference to English manufacturers, this was not the first contract in which there was a marked difference in the time of delivery and price of British and American offers. Now that we are supplying the world with locomotives, rails, and bridges, there is no longer need of protecting these full-grown "infant industries."

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The Anti-Trust Banquet The meeting of the Democratic National Committee at St. Louis last week and the almost official participation of its members in the anti-trust banquet made the occasion one of National importance. Over eight thousand persons were present in the banqueting hall where the speeches were made, and nearly as many more attended an overflow meeting. Among the guests was Colonel M. C. Witmore, of St. Louis, until recently the president of the tobacco companies of that city, absorbed by the trust against his protest. The principal speeches made were those of Congressman Clark, of Missouri, and Mr. Bryan. Both speakers showed themselves strongly conservative in their attachment to the principle of competition, as the prime essential to industrial progress as well as the sole guarantee of reasonable prices to the consuming public. Neither showed the slightest trace of the socialistic attitude of welcome toward combinations as the forerunners of National monopolies managed by the Government. Mr. Clark emphasized the influence of the tariff in protecting trusts, and declared for the abolition of all duties which exposed consumers to their exactions. Mr. Bryan's speech was in part an endeavor to correlate the trust issue with the currency issue. The control of the paper money of the country by the banks, he said, was merely a flagrant manifestation of monopoly rule. The control of any branch of industry by a monopoly involved, he said, the power of a class to tax the public, and popular government could not permit the power of taxation to be vested in a class. Inasmuch as corporations are the creations of government, he maintained that "the power that creates can regulate or annihilate." He of course concluded his speech by urging that the party which the monopolies opposed was the only party that could be relied upon to oppose their aggressions. The spirit of the banquet and the utterances of the prominent participants indicated that opposition to the trusts is likely to be given as great prominence as the free coinage of silver by the next National Democratic Convention. The great expansion of the currency by the increased production of gold and the importation of $200,000,000 in that metal from abroad have raised prices so much that the most extreme silver men are less concerned than in 1896 about that issue.

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Republican Currency Proposals The committee appointed by the caucus of the Republican members of the last House of Representatives to formulate a plan for reforming the currency has agreed upon a programme, which is summarized as follows:

1. The redemption of all obligations of the Government in gold on demand.
2. Greenbacks, when once redeemed for gold, to be reissued only for gold.
3. Permitting National banks to issue notes to the par value of their Government bonds deposited in the Treasury, instead of 90 per cent. as at present.
4. Permitting the minimum capital of National banks to be $25,000, instead of $50,000 as at present.

The first proposition would make the $500,000,000 of "greenbacks" and Sherman Act notes definitely payable in gold alone, instead of gold or silver at the option of the Government. It would not, however, legalize Secretary Carlisle's plan to make our $500,000,000 of silver currency redeemable in gold, and would fall that much short of the complete establishment of the single gold standard. The second proposition, stipulating that when greenbacks are presented for redemption in gold they shall not be reissued except when gold is deposited in exchange for them, would prevent these greenbacks from being used to meet current expenses, and might result in their permanent retirement. The proposal to permit National banks to issue notes up to the par value of their bonds would somewhat increase the bank-note currency of the country, and also the price of all Government bonds. The reason the new 3 per cents. are selling at 108¾, though they may be redeemed at par in nine years, is not because their holders are content with 2 per cent. interest, but because the National bank which deposits $100,000 of these bonds in the Treasury, and pays a small tax, receives not only this 2 per cent. on its bonds, but also the current rate of interest on $90,000 of bank notes it is permitted to issue to its customers. If the bank is permitted to issue $100,000 of notes instead of $90,000, the value of the bonds will of course be increased. The fourth proposal, which would permit the establishment of National banks with a capital of only $25,000, would probably lead to the establishment of such banks in country towns too small to warrant a National bank of $50,000 capital.

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Their Significance Interpreting, without passing judgment on, these propositions, we may say that the proposal that all obligations of the Government shall be payable in gold alone merely makes obligatory the policy heretofore pursued by the Secretaries of the Treasury. The proposed requirement that greenbacks once presented for redemption shall not be treated as assets and paid out to meet Government expenses would enable the banks, whenever they were so minded, to present these greenbacks in such quantities as to empty the Government treasury, for there are over $300,000,000 of them outstanding. The banks are (from their standpoint wisely) hostile to the circulation of these notes, and their avowed policy would incline them at the first opportunity to force the Government to retire these notes, though doubtless in whatever manner would least arouse public antagonism. The third proposition seems to increase the privileges of National banks, without requiring any corresponding payment for the money value of the privilege; but there is nothing unsafe about allowing banks to issue notes up to the par value of their bonds. The fourth proposition, permitting banks of small capital to operate under the National banking law, seems to be justifiable from the public standpoint. We wait, however, to hear what criticism banking officials may possibly make upon the organization of small banking concerns. Expert knowledge on this point will be valuable. Taken as a whole, the plan is less radical than that urged by Secretary Gage in his last report, but more radical than anything which has heretofore received the support of Western Republican Congressmen.

Detroit Street Railway Negotiations

The Commission appointed by the Detroit Council to negotiate with the owners of the local street railway systems relative to their purchase by the city is reported to have reached an agreement fixing $16,800,000 as the purchase price of the properties. The details of the proposed contract, however, are not to be published until the Supreme Court passes upon the validity of the law allowing the city to engage in the street railway business. If the Court upholds the law, the contract is to be submitted, says the report, both to the City Council and to the citizens. If the Court annuls the law, the Commission is considering a plan by which it shall be incorporated and operate the street railways for the city, in much the same way that private citizens of Springfield, Ill., purchased an electric-lighting plant for that city. If we remember correctly the Springfield precedent, the company of public-spirited private citizens which constructed the electric-lighting plant agreed to furnish the city with its lights for less than the sum previously paid to a strictly private corporation, and out of this reduced annual payment provide, not only interest on their investment, but a sinking-fund appropriation to pay off the principal and turn over the plant free of debt to the city. The Detroit Commission seems to feel that the success achieved in Springfield could be duplicated by itself. It is to be hoped, however, that the Supreme Court will decide that the corporation representing the whole public of Detroit has the same right to engage in the street railway business as a corporation representing but a few of the citizens. In case of public purchase, the low rate of interest at which Detroit can now borrow money —3½ per cent.—makes relatively easy the profitable operation of the plan. Three and one-half per cent. on $16,800,000 is less than $600,000, while the net earnings of the Citizens' Traction Company, which controls all the street railway lines of Detroit, were $727,000 in 1897, and over $50,000 more (according to the " Financial Chronicle ") in 1898. There is thus a fair margin to meet the temporary loss which the immediate extension of three-cent fares to all street-car lines will doubtless occasion, and also to meet the demands of an adequate sinking fund. If the population of Detroit continues to increase at the present rate of fifty per cent. per decade, there is no question of the great profitableness of the proposed undertaking.

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The New York Franchise Tax

The Ford Franchise Tax Bill was amended by the special session of the New York Legislature in accordance with Governor Roosevelt's suggestions that the new tax should not be additional to present taxes on the corporations, and that a State Board should make the assessments. Several Republicans voted unwillingly for the amendments, and at one time their passage seemed doubtful. Senator Malby strongly urged that the percentage of gross receipts pledged by some of the corporations in return for their franchises should *not* be treated as taxes, as this percentage was merely in lieu of a cash payment for the franchises. Senator Ford, as is well known, preferred that the value of municipal franchises should be assessed by the local boards, in the same manner as the value of other real estate. But neither of these Senators was willing to stand out against the Governor who had given such exceptional support to the principles they advocated of taxing corporations as much as private citizens. The Democrats unitedly opposed the proposition to turn over the assessment of the corporations to a Republican State Board, because nearly all of the value of these corporations is in Democratic cities—over eighty per cent. being in New York City alone. On the final ballot, however, three Democratic Senators voted for the Governor's bill as amended. The law as passed clearly does not provide for the taxation of steam railroads upon the value of their franchises. As a rule, only corporations operating franchises over and under public streets are taxed by the measure. Nearly all the revenue from the bill, therefore, will be derived from street railroads and lighting companies. As the market value of the securities of these corporations for the entire State is in the neighborhood of $500,000,000, and the average tax on the market value of real estate is nearly one and one-half per cent., the prospective revenues may reach

$7,000,000 a year, or about three times as much as the present taxes paid by these corporations. However, the wording of the law does not absolutely insure so great an increase.

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The New Yale President If there are any friends of Yale who fear that the selection of Professor Arthur T. Hadley as President of the University indicates a revolutionary tendency, they need only remember the conservative character of the Corporation members, as individuals and as a body, to dispel any idea that Yale traditions are to be abandoned. Indeed, Professor Hadley's personal history is closely bound to all that is sound and strong in Yale tradition. What his election stands for is not revolution but development. From the time when President Dwight declined to reconsider, even temporarily, his resignation, no name has been so generally mentioned for the successorship as that of Professor Hadley. The son of one of Yale's greatest scholars and most revered teachers, himself from early boyhood a student of unusual achievements, the valedictorian of his class, a specialist in the branches of history and political economy and an instructor of recognized force in those and kindred studies, he lacks nothing on the scholarly side. In tact, experience, and executive ability he is also an admirable selection. But perhaps his greatest qualification for the leadership lies in his unaffected, hearty sympathy with students and student life. In his class work and in many other ways he has shown that he does not believe that a great gulf should lie between student and professor, or that even the semblance of an attitude of tacit hostility should exist between them. In other words, he has the power of inspiring to common effort for the common end. As President, Professor Hadley will correspond almost exactly to the qualifications for an ideal President lately published by one of the Yale papers, in that he is "one who has a broad education, in those studies which fit a man to be a leader on the political and economic questions of the day," in that he is "a man of broad sympathy, who, by his experience, judgment, and straightforward manliness, will be able to call to his support the conservative as well as the so-called younger and progressive element among the alumni of the University," and in that he is "a young man who has been educated in the Yale spirit of democracy." Professor Hadley is now forty-three years old, was graduated from Yale in 1876, spent three years in Germany in the study of political science and history, accepted a tutorship in Yale in 1879, became lecturer on railway administration in 1883, and three years later was made Professor of Political Science in the Graduate Department. In 1885 he was appointed Commissioner of Labor Statistics for Connecticut, and held the office for two years. His book "Railroad Transportation" is an authority on railway questions. His "Economics" is in use as a text-book in several colleges. The methods of discussion and debate introduced by him in class work have been a peculiarly popular and effective feature in Yale teaching. Professor Hadley has done much to encourage the recently revived practice of intercollegiate debating, and in other ways has vigorously encouraged close thought and reading on the living questions of the day.

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Lynching and Southern Opinion In continuation of the report of Southern opinion touching the recent lynching outrage in Georgia, the expression of the Atlanta "Constitution" is especially valuable, although that journal does not always consistently hold the courageous attitudes it takes. The "Constitution" declares that the conservative elements of both races must co-operate and finally put a stop to the crime which is made the justification of lynching; that the crowd at Lake City sought in a blind way to make its punishment so hideous as to stand as a final warning for all criminals. This explanation, however, it adds, "thoughtful and law-abiding citizens here do not receive as an excuse. . . . Unless public opinion in the South begins to act in an unmistakable way, the lawless and ruffianly element which exists in all communities will make itself judge, jury, and public executioner, and its victims may be innocent or guilty. It will only be necessary to suspect them of some crime. We shall have the courts abolished, and all classes of crime will be punished by the lawless element. Negroes will not be the only victims. Whites will fall under the ban of ruffianism, and we shall have such a state of things that civil war will be necessary to restore to the courts and to society their normal functions." The matter of lynching was for the first time brought before the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, South, at Richmond last week. One of the leading pastors of that city introduced the following resolutions as expressive of the sentiment of one of the most influential Churches in the South:

> The General Assembly takes occasion to express its strongest condemnation of the lawless spirit abroad in the land, manifesting itself in many ways, but notably in scenes of mob violence and the taking of human life, in cases of supposed or proven crime, without due process of law, involving the awful danger of inflicting death upon an innocent person, while the real criminal goes free, tending also to cheapen human life, to unsettle the social order, and to weaken or destroy that reverence for law and constituted authority which the Scriptures require all to uphold.
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> We therefore urge all our people and ministers, in all Scriptural ways, to do their utmost towards cultivating and maintaining that order and reverence for authority which are enjoined by the Word of God.

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Direct Primaries in the South

Owing partly to the entire absence of an apathetic immigrant vote, and partly, perhaps, to the relative absence of great cities, the white people of the South—outside of Louisiana—suffer but little from the power of political machines. Furthermore, the movement to make the wishes of the rank and file of the citizens supreme is yearly gaining in strength. A year ago we noticed that Georgia had followed South Carolina in requiring all nominations to be made at direct primaries; and this year both Virginia and Mississippi have taken steps in the same direction. In Virginia a fortnight ago a large State Convention was held to demand that the Democratic candidate for United States Senator should be selected by the disinterested voters at the primaries instead of the politicians in the Legislature, and the indications are that this method would already be employed were it not for the personal opposition of Senator Daniel. In Mississippi thirty-eight counties have already ordered primaries to give instructions in regard to the United States Senatorships.

The General Assembly and Dr. McGiffert

The General Assembly has done wisely in referring the unformulated charges of heresy against Dr. McGiffert to the Presbytery of New York. It is in the Presbytery that such charges should first be preferred; it is by the Presbytery that they should first be inquired into; and it is the general spirit of Presbyterianism not to encourage a trial for heresy of any one who is in good standing among the ministry of his own vicinage, unless there is good reason to believe that his Presbytery has gone over into heresy. If the New York Presbytery does nothing, it is not improbable that nothing will be done; if it appoints a committee to confer with Dr. McGiffert, it is, we fear, probable that there will either be another heresy trial, or Dr. McGiffert will withdraw from the Presbyterian Church to one which gives a larger latitude of discussion and a more cordial welcome to the investigation of scholars.

We have no right to speak for Dr. McGiffert. He has maintained a wise silence, and when he breaks it, if break it he must, he will do so in his own time and way. But we venture to predict that he will not be induced to modify his opinions by any pressure which can be brought to bear upon him. We base this prediction simply upon the two facts that he is a scholar and that scholars do not suffer their opinions to be determined for them by majorities. Politicians sometimes do this; ministers sometimes do or seem to do this; but scholars never. For the moment a man does this he ceases to be a scholar.

Action may and often must be determined by majorities. If a man is to act with his fellow-men, he must often act, not in accordance with his own judgment, but in accordance with that of his fellows. But no man can think with his fellow-men except as their reasons persuade him to their conclusions. Dr. McGiffert may, for instance, decide to withdraw from the Presbyterian ministry if he becomes satisfied that a majority of the ministry of that Church desire him so to do. He might even consent to withdraw his book from circulation if a majority of his brethren desired him so to do. He might modify any form of expression in it which experience proved had subjected him to misunderstanding. But he could neither modify the convictions to which his researches have brought him, nor do any act which implied that he had done so, without violating the fundamental principle of scholarship. That fundamental principle is loyalty to the truth wherever it leads and whatever it involves.

It is for this reason that mere resolutions of opinion adopted by ecclesiastical bodies are regarded with so slight respect by the world at large. The address of a single earnest scholar is far more weighty than a unanimous resolution of a Presbyterian Assembly, or a Congregational Conference, or a House of Bishops. The opinion of Dr. Green, of Princeton, concerning the authorship of the Pentateuch is worth much; for it expresses the individual and independent opinion of a Hebrew scholar—that is, of one who has devoted his life to the study of Hebrew literature, and who desires only to ascertain and report the truth. The vote of the General Assembly on the same subject is worth little or nothing; partly because it is determined in considerable measure by men who know nothing about the subject, and partly because it is determined by men who are considering, not what is truth, but what is politic and profitable for the Church or for their party in the Church.

Whether the declaration of faith made by the General Assembly in connection with its reference of Dr. McGiffert's book to the New York Presbytery is consistent with the conclusions contained in that book we do not here discuss. It is enough to say that we do not think that the passage of that declaration by a unanimous vote either will have or ought to have the slightest effect on Dr. McGiffert's opinions. There is just so much force in them as there is reason behind them, and no more. If the reason behind them leads him to reconsider his expressed convictions, the mere fact that he has given expression to those convictions will not and should not prevent their modification. But if they are not modified by an open-minded consideration of these reasons, the fact that these resolutions have been unanimously adopted by the General Assembly is not a matter of moment. Truth is not and cannot be settled by majorities.

Unity in Worship

Dr. Henry van Dyke has recently suggested ten theological propositions as a possible basis for an evangelical creed. The Nonconformists of England have recently issued a statement of doctrine in the form of a catechism, partly to illustrate, partly to develop, a spirit of Church unity. The Lambeth Articles, as one of the four propositions looking to Church unity, propose agreement upon the Apostles' Creed and the Nicene Creed. We are inclined to the opinion, though we express divergence from so many and so eminent authorities with hesitation, that these are mistaken attempts, in so far as they are attempts, toward Church unity. There are several reasons which support the opinion that such unity must be sought for rather in work and in worship than in definitions of doctrine.

Historically, the creeds have been not unifying but divisive. With the exception of the Apostles' Creed, which was not constructed at all, but grew, they were nearly all framed, not to include all Christians, but to exclude some. The Nicene Creed was framed to exclude the Arians; the Creed of Pius IV. to exclude the Protestants; the Reformed Creeds to exclude the Romanists. Even the Doctrinal Basis of the Evangelical Alliance was carefully contrived, by the use of extra-Scriptural phrases, to shut out Unitarians. Christians are already agreed on the simple statements of fact in the Apostles' Creed; any more theological creed than that would be divisive rather than unifying.

Nor is this a mere historical accident; it is a psychological necessity. The object of a creed is to define; and to define is to circumscribe, to set limits. If a surveyor defines a field, he sets limits beyond which ownership does not go; if a theologian defines a doctrine, he sets limits beyond which orthodoxy cannot go. All within these limits is orthodox; all beyond is heterodox. There is in this proceeding an inherent difficulty, which has heretofore proved insuperable, due to the fact that language is at best an imperfect instrument for the expression of spiritual ideas. Thus sometimes disputes arise as to the meaning of the word; "atonement" ceases to serve, and the Church adds "vicarious" or "expiatory" to exclude an unorthodox theory of the atonement; sometimes the word excludes one heresy and admits, if it does not cultivate, another, as the word "Trinity," which shuts out the Unitarian and lets in the Tritheist.

This is not, however, our present contention. Let it be granted that words can be found sufficiently exact to define with mathematical accuracy the very unmathematical conditions of spiritual life; it remains true that such definitions have no tendency to unite believers. They fasten the mind on the circumference, not on the center; on the divisions, not on the unity; and they do this in the very nature of the case—because they are definitions, and concern the supposed boundary lines of spiritual thinking. Creeds would divide the Churches even more effectually than they do, were they not generally forgotten as soon as made. The Apostles' Creed, which is not a definition of theology at all, and does not contain a single scientific theological word, is measurably familiar to the laity; but other creeds are rarely read and still more rarely memorized. The reader can test this question for himself by asking the members of his family to-night to tell him, either in their own words or in the words of the document, what is the creed of the church which they attend.

For these reasons we do not believe that the attempt to secure a unity of Christendom or even of evangelical Protestantism by means of definitions of doctrine has in it any promise of success. It never has succeeded, and it is not probable that it ever can. Unity is to be looked for, not in a common creed, but by the use of the same or substantially the same symbols in worship, and by co-operation in Christian work. There is much in the present condition of lay sentiment in our churches which should lead to the adoption of the first method, though not to the exclusion of the second.

For there can be no question that there is a strong tendency toward a liturgy in the non-liturgical churches. The overemphasis on the sermon, the treatment of the worship as a "preliminary exercise," the disregard of taste, not to say of religious sentiment, in the selection of dogmatic hymns, the too frequent conversion of the long prayer into a thinly disguised oration, the sometimes perfunctory reading of Scripture in a dry and unemotional manner, the sometimes substituting therefor of a homiletical sermon interwoven with the reading, have produced a reaction against the older Puritan forms in the modern Puritan churches. This reaction is seen in more artistic meeting-houses, in better hymn-books, in more reverent attitude during prayer, in more attention by pastors to the subject of extempore prayer, in some instances in an imitation, not generally very successful, of the chancel and the reading-desk of the Episcopal Church, and in the very gradual and very timid introduction into Puritan churches of some very simple liturgical elements, such as the Lord's Prayer, responsive readings, and the congregational use of the Apostles' Creed. It is seen also in a decided tendency of the younger people toward the Episcopal Church. There is some difference of opinion how extensive this exodus is; but it is certain that those who are dissatisfied, be they few or many, tend not to the Quaker meeting-house but to the Episcopal church—that is, not to less liturgy but to more. The non-liturgical pastors might well be moved, by the simple desire to retain their young people, to consider what legitimate methods can be taken to check this exodus. This is not, however, The Outlook's point of view; our object is simply to point out that this tendency in the non-liturgical churches for an enrichment of the worship might be used for the purpose of promoting Church unity.

It is now, unfortunately, working the other way. In the non-liturgical churches which are beginning to use any fragment of a liturgy there is absolutely no uniformity; what little semblance of uniformity once existed is gone. Each minister creates his own liturgy—sometimes a new one every few weeks. Occasionally he has it printed on a card. Quite frequently he begins his service with the doxology, which until a few years ago was used only to close the service, except in the Episcopal churches, where it was sung at the close of every hymn. Very probably this is followed with the creed, as though the confession of our Christian faith should precede our confession of sin and our humble request for forgiveness. The Lord's Prayer closes the pastoral prayer, and so repeats in brief and often better form all that the pastor has just been saying for his people. The congregation sit during the reading of the Psalter, while the minister stands: why should not the minister sit and the congregation stand? In short, there is but one thing generally apparent in this non-liturgical liturgy—namely, that all the elements in it have been borrowed from the Episcopal Church, but so arranged as to deceive both the minister and the people into the impression that it is not at all Episcopal. As a result, in that one exercise in which habit is all-important—the exercise of public worship—no habit is possible; the exercise is not alike in any two churches; and the stranger is distracted throughout his worship by wondering what, in this before unheard-of order of exercises, is going to come next. Our simple proposition is that the non-liturgical churches shall frankly confess to themselves that the Episcopal Church has an admirable liturgy, and adopt it in its simpler form, with such modifications as may fit it to Puritan habits of thought and feeling.

For the Episcopal liturgy is not a manufacture. It is not the product of a single mind, a single soul, or a single epoch. It does not embody the fashion of the hour. It is the expression of the devotional life of centuries; it speaks the experience, not of Episcopalians, nor of Americans, nor of the nineteenth century, but of humanity. Doubtless it is in some details archaic, not only in form of expression, but in experiences expressed. To those accustomed to the freer expression of the non-liturgical churches its omission of all extempore prayer will inevitably seem a capital defect. If the Episcopalian, wonted to it, may well hesitate to make any attempt to modify by modernizing it, the non-Episcopalian may well hesitate to accept it without modification. But he may at least profitably accept it as a model in forming a liturgy or semi-liturgy for his own use.

For its order is the natural order of spiritual development in an hour of public worship, in which the worshiper seeks to pass by successive steps from the secular to the spiritual mood. He begins with confession of unworthiness and prayer for forgiveness; it is assured him by the minister, speaking with authority; he joins with his companions in the expression of those universal wants of humanity which the Master has summarized for us all in the prayer he gave to his disciples; and in a responsive reading from the Psalter in which all can join who know how to read. He is now prepared, by that sympathetic fellowship in worship which is more eloquent than any eloquence, to listen to instruction; and the Scripture Lessons are read, intermingled with psalms of praise. He came to church, perhaps, with little faith; but if he has really and heartily joined in the outward expressions of the service thus far, he is ready, if he ever will be, to reaffirm that faith, not in philosophical definitions of doctrine, but in the great facts of historic and spiritual Christianity—the life and death of Christ, the presence of the Spirit of God in the world, the forgiveness of sins, the fellowship of Christ's followers, and personal immortality; and to follow it with more specific and fuller expression of his wants to God in prayer than has been expressed by either the General Confession or the Lord's Prayer.

We repeat that a non-Episcopalian congregation desiring to adopt some liturgical elements in its service will not accept this form without material modification. To the absolution, even in its simplest form, many Puritans will object, and though we think the objection is founded rather in hereditary feeling than in reason, it is none the less to be respected, for worship is an expression of feeling, not of the reason. There are Psalms which do not lend themselves to responsive reading, and are better omitted than retained, and other passages of Scripture which may well be substituted. The Nicene Creed seems to us, and we think to most laymen, a poor substitute for the Apostles' Creed: the one is philosophy, and some of it not very intelligible philosophy; the other is fact, and very simple fact. The Puritan minister will certainly, the Puritan congregation will probably, wish for extempore prayer. But we do not believe that any non-liturgical minister, seeking to introduce a liturgy into his service, can do better than follow the spiritual order of the Book of Common Prayer—and the writer of this article is not an Episcopalian. Perhaps we can best both illustrate and enforce this position by sketching here in outline an order of service for non-liturgical churches, framed upon the model of the Book of Common Prayer, and yet modified from it. We put the two services in parallel columns for convenience of comparison, using the simplest form of the Episcopal service:

Episcopal Service.	*Non-Episcopal Service.*
Processional.	Congregational Hymn.
General Confession.	General Confession or Invocation.
Absolution.	
Lord's Prayer.	Lord's Prayer.
Responsive Reading.	Responsive Reading.
Te Deum	Anthem.
Old Testament Lesson.	Old Testament Lesson.
	Anthem or Hymn.
New Testament Lesson.	New Testament Lesson.
	Anthem or Hymn.
Creed—Apostles' or Nicene.	Creed—Apostles'.
Prayers.	Pastoral Prayer (extempore).
Congregational Hymn.	Congregational Hymn.
Sermon.	Sermon.

The omission of one Scripture Lesson and of one anthem or chant would both shorten and simplify the service. Other variations will doubtless suggest themselves. We print this outline only as an illustration. But we believe that if those who are endeavoring to secure some outward and visible sign of Christian unity would abandon the attempt to secure unity in creed—which is hopeless of achievement and would be useless if achieved—and would set themselves with equal earnestness to bring about some approximation of unity in the public expression of spiritual life in worship, in some such method as that which we have here indicated, they would find the task easier to accomplish and far more fruitful of results when accomplished.

The Larger Brotherhood

The Outlook has welcomed the growing cordiality of feeling between England and this country, not only because it is a new expression of the brotherhood of two peoples of kindred blood, but because it is a new expression of the brotherhood of the races. National jealousies and antagonisms arise, for the most part, from mutual ignorance. Such ignorance has given birth to some of the greatest struggles in history. If there had been a genuine understanding between the North and the South, it is probable that there would have been no civil war. If there had been a genuine understanding of the claims and character of the colonists for a decade before the American Revolution by the thoughtful people of England, there would have been no necessity for the struggle for independence. Separation from the mother country might have come, but it would have come in another way. It was the general ignorance of the claims and the spirit of the colonists which made it possible for George III. to apply his theory of personal government to his unlucky subjects across the sea, and to plunge England into one of the most disastrous struggles in her history. Everything, therefore, which tends to make nations and races understand one another tends to reduce the possibilities of collision and disaster. The harmonious action of the English-speaking races will be of immense advantage to civilization, because, however selfish the purposes of some individual English or American leaders may be, the genius of the two races must constantly make for freedom, education, and morality. If there were to come a struggle between the two great systems of government in the modern world, England and America would instantly stand together for human rights. That fact brings out the essential character of both peoples.

But the brotherhood of English-speaking peoples must be interpreted in a noble and not in an ignoble sense; it must be regarded, not as a divisive, but as a unifying, factor in modern life. There could be few greater misfortunes for civilization than such a union of the English-speaking peoples as would set them in antagonism to the other great races. For there is to be a higher social synthesis than that which shall bring together all peoples who speak the English language; there is to be a synthesis which shall bring together all who belong to the human family. The historic process points to this larger and more inclusive unity with unmistakable emphasis. In the long prehistoric evolution the individual cared first for himself; then for his fellow, and the rudimentary family was born; then came the complete unfolding of the family organization and the congeries of families, or the clan; then the clan expanded into a community, and the community into a nation; finally, through long centuries, and as the result of painful education, the nations have slowly transformed the relations of antagonism into those of co-operation, and in some future, which, however distant, will inevitably come, the co-operation of all races. It is this higher unity of the races which is finding its first practical working out on this continent. American civilization has behind it, as its shaping force, English civilization ; the political ideas of the English-speaking race have dominated it, and are likely to control it through all the future. But it has held an open door to all races, and it is showing the vitality of its political life by its ability to assimilate other races and add their vitality to its organic life.

From the first many races have touched this continent, and its earliest traditions come from many sources: French at the far north, French and Spanish at the far south, English over the broad expanse of the central section from the Atlantic to the Mississippi, French across the Great Lakes and down the Mississippi and in Southern California. And these French and Spanish traditions constitute no small part of our most romantic history. Mr. Parkman's fascinating studies of early life in Canada and the West illustrate but do not exhaust the mass of material of epical interest and significance. The story of Spanish adventure along the Gulf and in Southern California is one of the most heroic and romantic traditions of modern times. These traditions ought to be preserved, and the memorials of French and Spanish contact with this continent guarded, because such care symbolizes our true attitude toward the Latin race. For the civilization of the future is not to be exclusively English, Latin, or Slavonic, but the combination of all three. "It would be well," writes M. Ferdinand Brunetière, "to subordinate the history of individual literature to the general history of literature of Europe." The moment we rise out of the region of the work of the hand into that of the mind and spirit, we rise above national lines. The higher civilization of the future must be largely interracial in character. However our ideals may differ from those of the Latin peoples, we have as much to learn from them as they have to learn from us, and we need to emphasize the things that unite us as races rather than the things that divide us. In this connection Mr. Charles Dudley Warner has recently made a very interesting and valuable suggestion. In 1903 Louisiana will celebrate the centenary of its transference from the rule of the Latin to that of the English-speaking race, and it has been proposed to preserve in some memorial the French and Spanish traditions which make the background of its history ; and Mr. Warner, with that fine discernment so characteristic of the man, has suggested the purchase of the old Spanish buildings on Jackson Square, in New Orleans, clustered about the cathedral, and their use for the purposes of a Colonial Museum. Jackson Square, surrounded by the cathedral, the Cabildo, and the other old buildings, is one of the most picturesque localities in America, and one of the most historic. To keep it intact would be the best memorial of Spanish and French influence on this continent. The permanent dedication of the old buildings on the Square to the uses of history is a matter of National interest; and it is, perhaps, not going too far to declare that it is the duty of New Orleans to take this step, as it is the duty of every city to preserve, not for itself only but for the country at large, the things which embody its past.

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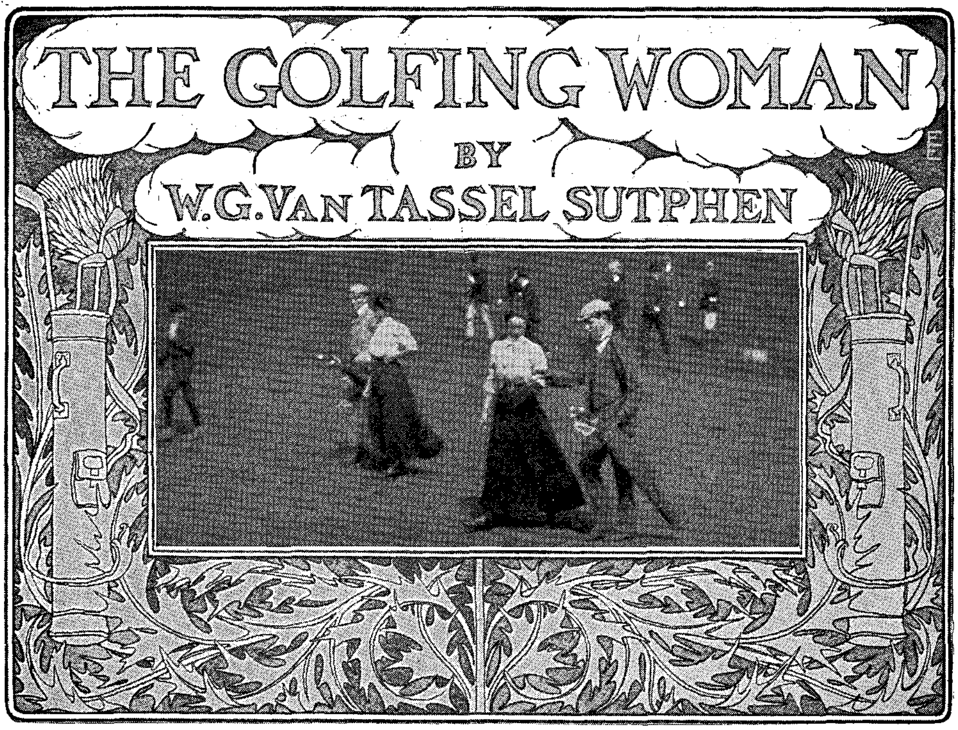
THE GOLFING WOMAN

BY

W. G. VAN TASSEL SUTPHEN



NOT long ago a young woman entered a shop where golfing goods are sold and asked the salesman to make her up a set of clubs, as she intended to go in for golf in earnest. The shopkeeper handed her a beautifully balanced driver, with the remark that it was a new model and especially designed for ladies' use.

" But I don't want a lady's club," explained the young woman, indignantly. " I am going to play real golf over the men's course, and I want a man's club to do it with."

Well, of course she got what she wanted, but in getting it she probably threw away at the outset whatever chance she might have had of playing " real golf." And now for the moral of this profitable little tale.

Golf is one of the few games in which men and women can meet, if not on equal, at least on interesting, terms. In tennis, on the other hand, there can be no real sport unless the players are tolerably well matched in strength and skill. Otherwise the winner makes *all* his points through his adversary's weakness ; and the essence of sport is to score by one's own skill. There is no sort of handicap that can even up this difference, for each service of the ball is a game in itself, and all the interest depends upon its being well and closely fought out. Tennis is not and never can be a sport in which the average man and the average woman can meet in real competition. Can they do so in golf? Yes; for there is a vital difference in principle between golf and tennis. In the former game each player uses his own ball, and his play is not affected by his opponent's errors. Consequently a golfer is really playing two games—to beat himself or his best record, and to win the match in hand. The interest may lie in either direction, and, if necessary, we may impart it to the actual match by allowing the weaker player some handicap points. This device makes the task of the strong player a more difficult one ; he must play up if he is to win, and consequently the interest is assured, even though the conditions were at the start unequal. It is upon the application of this principle that real sport at golf is possible between players of widely differing skill. And this brings us back to our text—What sort of " real golf " can a woman expect to play?

It is only within a comparatively few years that women were supposed to play golf at all; and their position abroad is still largely a matter of sufferance. It was customary at one time in England and Scotland to set aside a small portion of the regular links to be used as a woman's course, a sort of "Jews' quarter," as it were. The holes were necessarily of the shortest, varying from seventy-five yards down to ten; but the aspirations of the feminine golfer were supposed to be confined to the noble exercise of putting. Nowadays the British maids and matrons have clubs and courses of their own, and also enjoy more extended privileges on the "close preserves" of their husbands and brothers. But many of the old "putting courses" are still in existence, that at St. Andrews being run as a regular club and having its own officers and dues.

In this country the feminine golfer has received due consideration from the very start; but then it must be remembered that golf in the United States owes a great deal to women. One of the largest and best-known clubs in the country, the Morris County, of Morristown, New Jersey, was originally started and managed by women alone; and women have had a very considerable part in the organizing and maintenance of the thousand and one other clubs at which golf is now played. So far as I know, there is but one club in the country which does not admit women to some kind of membership privilege, and that has just been organized out at Chicago, and has yet to demonstrate its fitness to survive.

In the vast majority of American clubs men and women hold membership on virtually equal terms, and the latter have, consequently, been entitled from the beginning to the use of the full or regular course. In some cases, as at St. Andrews (Yonkers), the women players are restricted to certain days in the week, and at many of the popular and overcrowded courses the men have exclusive rights on Saturdays and holidays. The one prominent exception to this general rule is the Shinnecock Hills Club on Long Island.

MISS BEATRIX HOYT

Woman Golf Champion of the United States 1896, '97, '98.
Courtesy of "Golf."

The Shinnecock Hills Club was one of the first to be organized in this country, and its promoters naturally modeled it, so far as possible, upon Old World lines. And so, after they had laid out their regular course, they added an entirely separate one of nine holes, to be known as the "red" course, and intended for the use of the feminine and junior members. No woman could play regularly over the "white" or full course until she had qualified by making the "red" course three separate times in certain minimum figures. It should be said that the "red" course is not a mere succession of putting-holes, the links varying from two hundred yards down to seventy-five.

The results of this system are interesting. One of the "graduates" of the "red" course is Miss Beatrix Hoyt, for three years holder of the woman's championship; and among the other members of the club we may note the names of Mrs. Charles Brown (winner of the first women's contest at Meadowbrook, 1895) and Mrs. Arthur Turnure (silver medalist at Morris County in 1896). But of even more significance is the fact that the "red" course is soon to be enlarged and rearranged under the direct supervision of the women players themselves. It will be the only distinctive golf course for women in the country, and it may be worth while to inquire into the reason for its existence.

The young woman at the golf-shop

THE FIRST AMERICAN WOMAN'S CHAMPIONSHIP

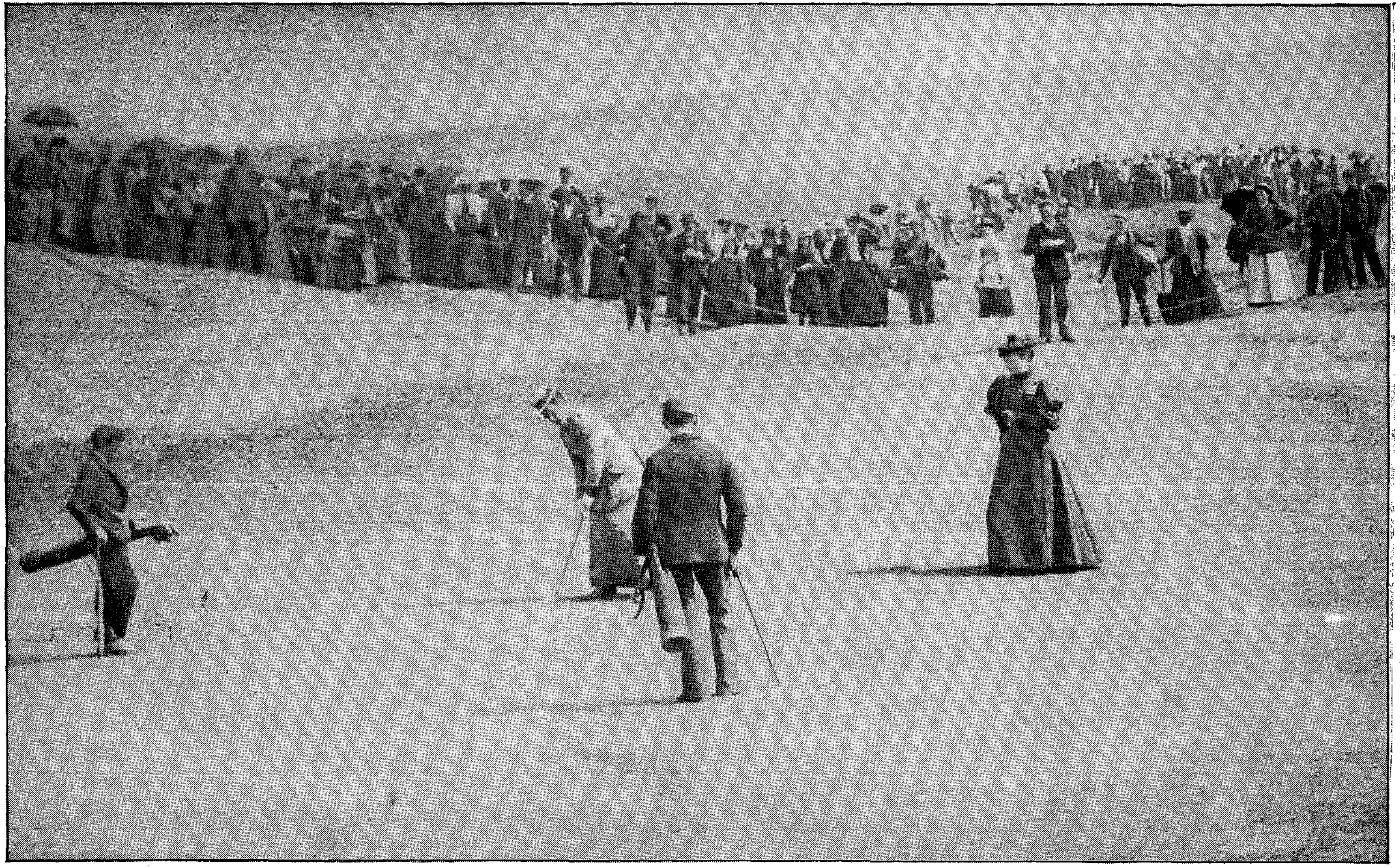
Morris County Club, 1897.

seemed to think that "real golf" could be played only with men's clubs—tools which, however good in themselves, are not adapted in length and weight to the average feminine physique. This fallacy of over-clubbing is an old one. Every beginner, man or woman, invariably starts off with clubs that are far too heavy to be swung with comfort. The well-built man insists that his strength entitles him to the use of an extra heavy club; and, conversely, the undersized individual argues that he must have more lead in his club-head to make up for his lack of muscle. It is upon this line of reasoning that we constantly see young boys and women playing with clubs that must feel like weaver's beams to their delicately sinewed wrists.

Now, it is a truism that the flight of the golf-ball depends only in small measure upon the weight of the blow; the really important factors are the accuracy and speed with which the stroke is delivered. Within limits, the lightest club will drive the longest ball. What folly, then, for the woman of average physique to expect to play "real golf" with instruments unsuited to her height and strength! She is only handicapping herself by the attempt.

Everybody is agreed that skill counts for more at golf than mere strength. For the purpose of argument, let us admit that a woman can hold her own with a man, when once within the approaching limit where strength counts for virtually nothing. An infant can hole a six-inch putt quite as easily as does the Hercules, and perhaps more successfully. Let us say that, at seventy-five yards from the hole, Miss Lofter is just as likely to hole out in the regulation "three off the iron" as is her partner, the long-driving Mr. McMashie. It is in the long game, then, that we must look for the odds, if the latter exist at all.

Miss Beatrix Hoyt can outdrive, *on the average*, seven out of ten of her ordinary masculine rivals. She has acquired the knack of getting the ball away clean, and can count upon an average distance of one hundred and twenty to one hundred and sixty yards. Against this sort of knack brute strength has no show whatever. But let Miss Hoyt be matched against Mr. Findlay Douglas, and what happens? Miss Hoyt hits the ball clean, and gets, let us say, a carry and roll of one hundred and sixty yards—her best ball. Douglas does the same thing, and drives over two hundred yards. Up to a certain point, skill may equalize matters, but after that it is simply a question of muscle. The amateur champion of Great Britain is credited with a drive that (carefully meas-



FINALS AT PORTRUSH IN THE WOMAN'S CHAMPIONSHIP OF ENGLAND, 1895

Lady Margaret Scott (Champion in '93, '94, and '95) and Miss Lottie Dodd (ex-Tennis Champion).

ured) was a few inches over three hundred and forty-one yards. No feminine golf-player has ever come within one hundred and fifty yards of that record, or ever will, so long as men are men and women women.

But we must look for the average and not for the exception. First-class driving, from the masculine standpoint, may be anything over one hundred and sixty yards, and it will be fair to place the average good "carry" at one hundred and forty yards. Now, excluding the duffers of both sexes, how many feminine players may be fairly counted as coming up to this average standard of one hundred and forty yards of loft? At the championship meeting in 1897 Miss Madeline Boardman won the long-driving competition by a carry and roll of 137 yards 6 inches, and Miss Hoyt drove 131 yards 7 inches. At Ardsley, last October, the victor in the same competition was Mrs. Edward Manice with 134 yards 1¼ inches. Well, granting that my point is made, what does it prove?

Simply, then, that it is the average standard of play that must be taken into account in the laying out and subsequent development of the first-class golf-course, and this average cannot be the same for both men and women players. Now, there are but very few American courses that are anyways near perfection, and they have all been developed from small beginnings. When the Morris County course was first opened for play, there were five holes laid out across the well-known "Punch-bowl." The longest of them was only a drive and a wrist shot, but as all were duffers together it did not make much difference. Now there are but three holes over the same territory, and there has been some talk of giving even these up, as not affording the highest test of golfing ability. All this goes to show that our American courses are being gradually conformed to first-class standards, and this implies rearrangement of the holes, not in length alone, but in the position of the hazards. And for these changes it is inevitable that the masculine average will alone be taken into account.

MISS BURT AND MRS. MANICE

In the Woman's Championship Tournament of 1898.

The St. George course at Sandwich, England, is famous for its long carries from the tee. Many of them require of the player his very best ball, and, of course, one must carry them or lose in strokes. What can the woman player do under such circumstances? She must either run the almost certain chance of being bunkered, or she must take a weaker club and play short of the hazard. And this last (when habitually practiced) is *not* "real golf."

Down at Garden City, where the Metropolitan Association recently held its first tournament, the conditions closely approximate first-class golf, perhaps more closely than anywhere else in this country. Here we find the long carry from the tee (in many cases absolutely necessary), and the second hazard at the fullest possible stretch for average first-class play. It is emphatically not a ladies' course, but it is as unquestionably "real golf." What are we to do about it?

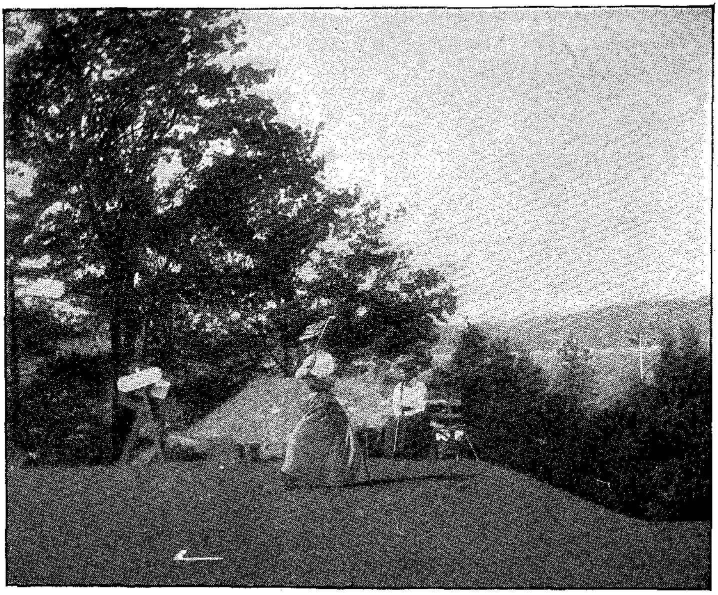
It would seem that the Shinnecock idea is the right one. In the rearrangement of the "red course" it is the average feminine standard that is to be taken into account, and the one idea will be to bring out the best possible golf that a woman should play. Instead of putting the tee hazard one hundred and thirty yards away, it may be a trifle below the hundred mark, and the succeeding bunkers must find their appropriate places in the scale. Other things being equal, the woman's long game must lose to that of the man; and, indeed, the two quantities are incommensurate. For the highest exercise of her art, the woman golfer of the future must not only have her clubs but the course fitted to her hand.

There is one variety of golf, however, in which the woman does hold her own, and that is the "mixed foursome," in which she is partnered with a masculine player against another pair similarly constituted. Here her comparative weakness in driving is halved, and if her short game is brilliant it may be of inestimable service. A mixed foursome at golf is a much more satisfactory form of amusement than a mixed double at tennis. In the latter case, the man usually *would* do all the work, or else had to. In golf there is a fair division of labor, and the long putt which she sends to the bottom of the tin is just as useful as the slashing drive with which he opened the game. Moreover, the mixed foursome is an admirable school for the disciplining of one's temper, and a perfect mirror for the revealing of character. No one thinks of taking a six weeks' sea voyage nowadays in order that he may catch a glimpse of the true woman—he simply invites her to take part in a mixed foursome, and knows it all within the short space of two hours. Undoubtedly the mixed foursome is a useful institution, and one does not want to be "playing the game" all the time.

"It is a hard lot to follow a party of ladies, with a powerful driver behind you, if you are troubled with a spark of chivalry or shyness." So speaks one of the Badminton authorities, and his words will arouse many a responsive chord of bitter memory. The tender mercies of the long-

A WOMAN'S PUTTING CONTEST
Courtesy of "Golf."

driving male golfer are cruel, and a three-ball match between women players is apt to be a trifle slow. In justice to the feminine golfer it must be said that she is generally quick to recognize the situation, and to beckon the unhappy one to come on. The courtesy is always appreciated, but I may be pardoned if I point out that permission to pass means something more than a chance in a free-for-all scramble for the putting-green. The proper etiquette is to step aside and allow the passing match a clear course to the green, and plenty of time in which to hole out. Under ordinary circumstances, the teeing-ground is the best passing place.



MISS MAUDE K. WETMORE

Runner-up in the Woman's Championship of 1898.

It is a curious fact that golf is the one game with whose technicalities the feminine mind has successfully grappled. Of course croquet and tennis have each had their day, but there was but little of the fine art in the croquet of the early seventies; and as for tennis, how many women knew a back-hand "Lawford" when they saw it, or could distinguish on the instant between "hand-out" and "hand-in"? It was still worse in matters of sport exclusively masculine. After spending twenty minutes in unraveling the mysteries of baseball to a fair friend, it was disheartening to have her remark, with the densest gravity: "Yes; I understand perfectly—but what are those men doing on the corners?" (Anglicé, bases.) Yachtsmen used to wince when they heard the foremast referred to as the "front post," and they would never acknowledge that reefing was the same thing as "taking a tuck in the sail."

But the golfing woman has changed all that, and prides herself upon her familiarity with "dormies" and "sclaffs" and "gobbles" and "foozles" and all the rest of the heartbreaking jargon in which the golfer is accustomed to express himself. And yet the vocabulary of golf probably ranks next to that of steam engineering for sheer technical profundity and uncouthness. It shows what woman can do when she sets her mind to it.

The question of golf for golf's sake is a delicate one, for it involves the consideration of how far sportsmanship forms a part of the ordinary feminine make-up. Certain cynics of the male persuasion are fond of saying that the very conception of sport is foreign to a woman's mind. And these same gentlemen have in the past expressed their disbelief in a woman's capacity to appreciate humor, and have denied to her the smallest share in the creative quality. Confining the argument to the first proposition, it will be necessary to define what we mean by sportsmanship. In the fewest possible words, the spirit of sport is the love of a thing for its own sake, unconditioned by personal advantage or even personal pleasure. It follows, then, that it is not sport to play golf because it happens to be the amusement of the hour, or because we hope to be rewarded for our exertions by the acquisition of a pair of silver-backed hair-brushes. In the latter case success is apt to be consequent upon the liberality of the handicapper, rather than due to pure skill. And, judged by this severe standard, it must be acknowledged that there are quite as many sinners among the men as among the women; the trail of the "pot" is over us all. There always has and always will be a class of people who play golf and tennis and seven-handed euchre for "what there is in it," to use the expressive Bowery idiom. But these men and women are not pursuing a sport; they are merely engaged in a business enterprise, and if golf depended upon them for its continued existence not a club-house in the country would open its doors for another season. The sports men *must* be in the majority if a game is to hold its own; the pure pleasure of contest is the essential factor in its life.

MISS FRANCES GRISCOM
Woman Golf Champion of Philadelphia

Looking upon golf "as she is played," it must be conceded frankly that women do golf for sheer love of the game, and in so doing they have vindicated their rights to a footing in the world of sport. What are wind and weather to these blithe spirits who count complexion and back hair as nothing if only they may meet Colonel Bogey on his own terms and now and then get him a hole down? And remember that it is not among the "cracks" and the scratch players that we find the finest manifestation of the sporting spirit. It is the duffer who is the mainstay of any sport, and particularly of golf. What, indeed, but pure enthusiasm could support the spirit of those who toil unremittingly in bunkers and whose ball is ever rimming the edge of that modern cup of Tantalus? And then the constantly recurring temptation to surreptitiously improve the lie of the ball, to be pardonably forgetful of the precise number of strokes played between tee and green! (A woman, too, is supposed to be constitutionally weak in the matter of arithmetic.) Surely the mind that can rise superior to all these things may at least be credited with a fair share of the masculine virtue of sportsmanship. A woman may be a golfer even though she has never won a side-comb set with rhinestones, or even an electroplated butter-cooler.

As a matter of reference, I append a few statistics relating to the National competitions for the women's championship of the United States.

The first meeting was held on November 10, 1895, upon the course of the Meadowbrook (Long Island) Club. The contest was under the rules for stroke-play, and was won by Mrs. Charles S. Brown, of the Shinnecock Club, with a score of 132. Miss Sargent, of the Essex County (Mass.) Club, was second.

At the beginning of the next season it was announced that Mr. Robert Cox, M.P., of Edinburgh, Scotland, had presented a silver cup to the United States Golf Association as a perpetual trophy in the women's championship meeting. The gift was accepted, and the Association took formal charge of the annual event.

The first regular championship meeting was held upon the course of the Morris County Club, October 6–10, 1896. There were twenty-five entries, and the winner was Miss Beatrix Hoyt, of the Shinnecock Hills Club. Mrs. Arthur Turnure (Shinnecock Hills) received the silver medal, and the bronze ones went to Miss Anna Sands (Newport) and to Miss Cora Oliver (Albany).

The second championship meeting was held upon the course of the Essex County (Mass.) Club, August 24–27, 1897. Miss Hoyt repeated her victory of the year before. Miss Sargent, of the home club, was the runner-up, and the bronze medals went to Miss Frances C. Griscom (Merion Cricket Club, Philadelphia), and to Miss C. E. Longworth (Cincinnati).

The third championship meeting was held upon the course of the Ardsley Club (Irvington-on-Hudson), October 11–15, 1898. For the third time Miss Hoyt became the champion, Miss Maud Wetmore (Newport) taking the silver medal, and the bronze ones going to Miss Frances Griscom (Merion Cricket Club, Philadelphia) and to Miss Carl Eidlitz (Ardsley).

It is hardly necessary to dwell upon the value of golf as a therapeutic agent. Fresh air, exercise of body, and relaxation of mind are all excellent things, and they are a part of golf. The cult of the athletic girl has long been a favorite topic for the humorists of the illustrated weeklies, but now an English medical journal gravely asserts that the rising generation of British young womanhood is distinctly superior in physique to the one that preceded it. The Englishwoman is growing bigger and bigger, and, of course, it is walking and cycling and tennis and golf that is making the difference. The young lady heroines, in the fiction of fifty years ago, lifted nothing heavier than their embroidery-frames, and their knowledge of sport was supposed to be bounded by the playing rules of sixpenny whist. No *fin de siècle* young woman has forgotten what a crochet-needle looks like, and plays regularly from scratch in the Class B competitions. The golfing woman has arrived, and her advent argues well for the physical future of the race, while in the meantime the gayety of nations receives a welcome addition. The golfing man is also with us, and he, too, is agreeable and should be encouraged. But who is this third person, with his scoring-cards and spats—a mere trifler, a useless cumberer of the links? We all know him by sight:

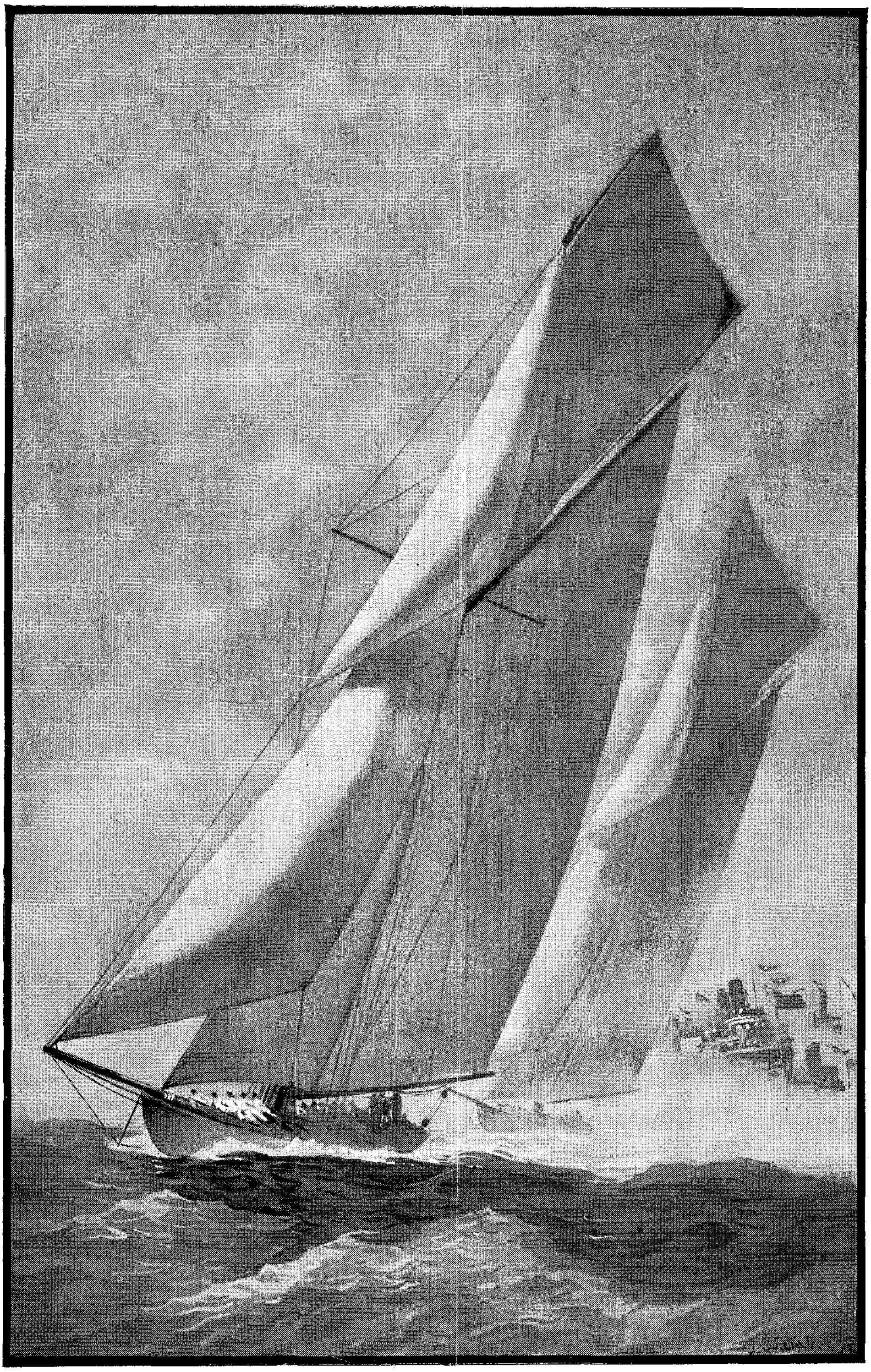
He likes to play at golfing on a holiday occasion,
When he's certain to be noticed by the feminine persuasion.
But when there battles cleek with cleek, he's biking with Amanda,
Or pouring tea for Isabel upon the club veranda.

Such nondescripts are not of the kingdom of golf, and it is to be hoped that in future the golfing girl will have none of him. None but the serious-minded should be allowed to approach the shrine: for golf is not a mere amusement; it is a vocation. Alas that so many should be called and so few chosen!

Compensation

By Mabel Whitmore

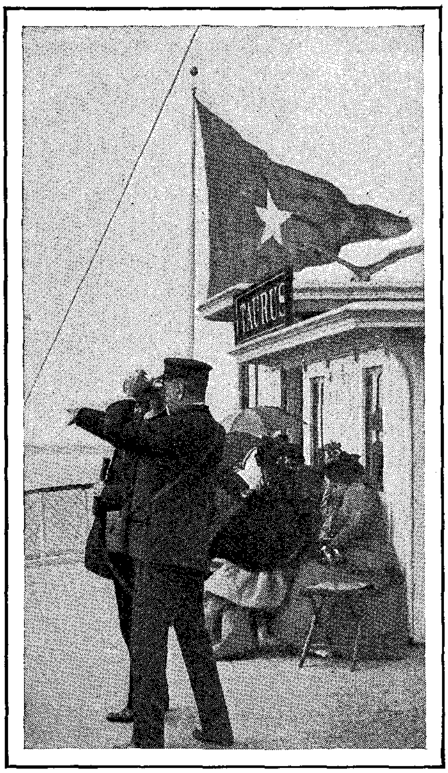
As life slips by me, all I hoped to be
Grows fainter, dimmer, and I reach no goal
Among the many that my youthful soul
Dreamed of attaining sure and speedily.
Ambitions fade, and aspirations flee,
And Youth, who showered blossoms at my feet,
With covered face now leads on Age discreet,
And, treading on my flowers, turns from me.
Yet have the years been kind; one blossom rare
Is given me to grace these later days,
Whose tendrils twine my brow with greener bays
Than those my young ambitions longed to wear.
In one dear life I live my youth once more,
And dream again, and hope—as once before.



DEFENDER VS. VALKYRIE III., 1895
Drawn for The Outlook by I. W. Taber.

THE AMERICA'S CUP RACE

By W. J. Henderson



WATCHING THE CUP RACE

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A contest of nautical skill, in which the United States faces the strongest maritime nation on the earth, is certain to awaken the interest of every American. An understanding of the delicate points of yacht-racing is not necessary for the starting of that swift thrill which flies through patriotic veins at the sight of two beautiful craft, one carrying the proud flag of England and the other the Stars and Stripes, thrashing twenty miles to windward in a leaping sea, with the nautical championship of the world waiting for the winner at the finish. An American would have to be dead to every feeling of National pride if he did not breathe a little more quickly at seeing the fleet representative of his country forging to the front, or if he did not tremble with anxiety if he saw her dropping to the rear.

Such Americans are happily very scarce, and consequently interest in the occasional races for the America's Cup, which has come to be the emblem of the yachting championship of the world, is as wide as the continent. When the news came, in the course of the winter, that Sir Thomas Lipton had sent a formal challenge for the famous old trophy which the schooner-yacht America won in England in 1851, and which our plucky British brethren have ever since that time been trying to win back, every good American began to overhaul his nautical knowledge and to scrape together his recollections of the sea tales of Fenimore Cooper. The history of the Cup must be retold briefly for the benefit of those who do not keep themselves always acquainted with the doings of the nautical American.

The America's Cup was won in a general regatta, in English waters, held as one of the festivities accompanying the International Exposition of 1851. In 1857 the owners of the America presented it to the New York Yacht Club to hold as a perpetual international trophy. On August 8, 1870, Mr. James Ashbury's schooner Cambria sailed one race for the Cup against the fleet of the New York Yacht Club. The race was won by the smart little schooner Magic, the Cambria finishing tenth. Mr. Ashbury went back to England and built a new schooner, the Livonia, with which he came to sail for the Cup in the following year. The local club selected four vessels to meet the challenger, the Committee at that time having the right to name any one of the four on the morning of the race. These four were the Columbia, Sappho, Palmer, and Dauntless. The first two races were with the Columbia, each yacht winning one, the Columbia failing in heavy weather. The Sappho was then put in, and won the next two races, thus saving the Cup. In 1876 the Canadian schooner Countess of Dufferin was the challenger. She was beaten in two consecutive races (the contest being now decided by the winning of two out of three) by the Madeleine.

In 1881 began the racing of sloops for the Cup. The challenger was again a

Canadian, the Atalanta, which was beaten twice consecutively by the Mischief. In 1885 Sir Richard Sutton's cutter Genesta crossed the Atlantic from England and met the newly designed sloop Puritan, a product of the skill of Edward Burgess, one of the most famous of American yacht-designers, and was beaten in two consecutive races. One of these races was sailed in a swooping squall, and was, on the whole, the most exciting of all the races for the Cup. The following year Lieutenant Henn's Galatea represented England, and the Mayflower the United States. The challenger was again defeated in two consecutive races, both of which were very tame contests. In 1887 came the Scotch cutter Thistle, which was beaten in the usual manner by the third product of Mr. Burgess, the famous Volunteer.

In 1893 the first of the Earl of Dunraven's cutters, named Valkyrie, came over, and she was met by the sloop Vigilant, designed by "Nat" Herreshoff, and beaten in the now established way. Lord Dunraven went home and built another Valkyrie, which was lost in a storm. In 1895 he came over with Valkyrie III., and was met by the Defender, the second of Mr. Herreshoff's designs, and beaten in three consecutive races. Lord Dunraven took his defeat much to heart, and accused the gentlemen who handled the Defender of foul play. The charges were investigated by a committee of men of National reputation, and found "not proven." Thereupon the New York Yacht Club expelled Lord Dunraven, and there was so much bad feeling between the yachtsmen on the opposite sides of the ocean that it seemed as if international racing would come to an end. Nevertheless, Sir Thomas Lipton, one of the greatest merchants in England, who had already expressed a desire to enter into international yacht-racing, sent a challenge in the fall of 1898, and it was promptly accepted. The vessel owned by this gentleman will come to America in the approaching summer, and will be met by a yacht now building at Bristol, R. I., expressly for the series of races which will constitute the tenth contest for the recovery of the Cup.

CAPTAIN CHARLES BARR

Who will sail the Columbia.

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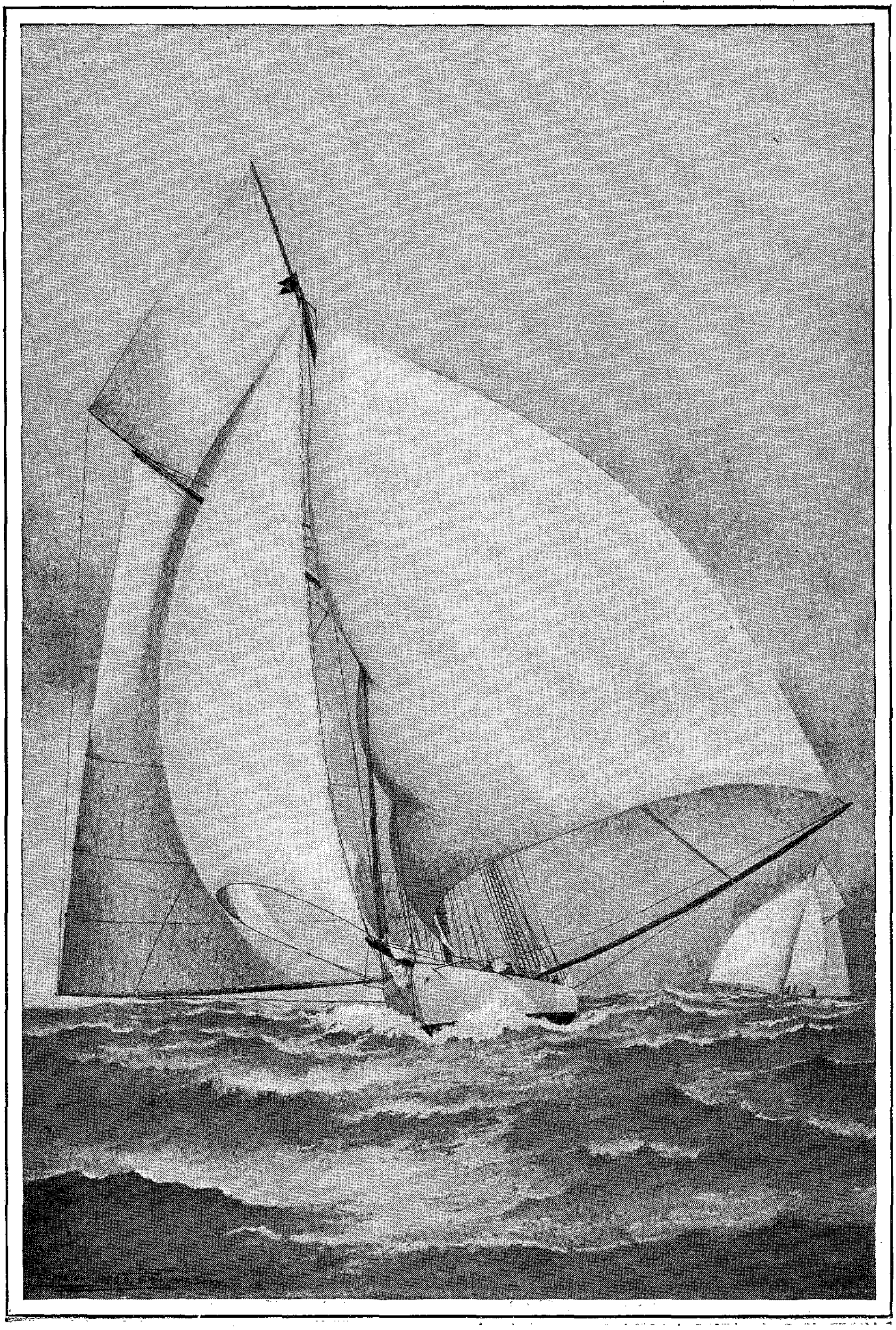
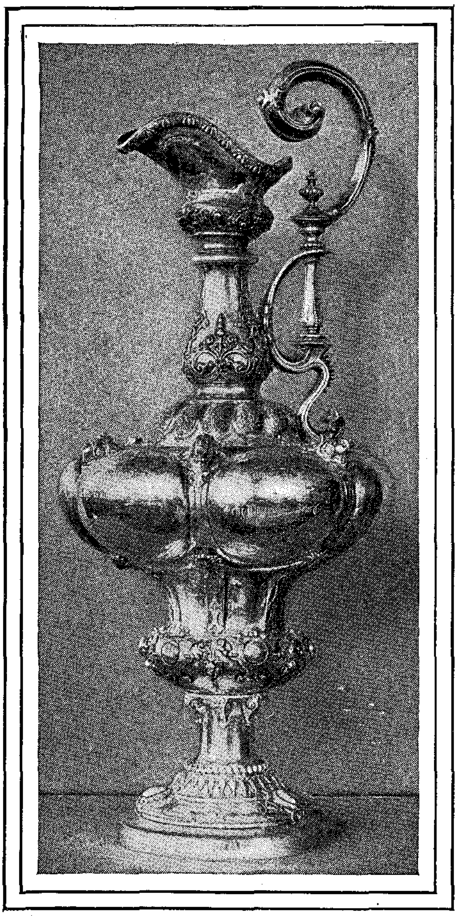
The average American, who is not web-footed like the dweller on the seaboard, will naturally ask what sort of vessels are to compete in these races. Are the Columbia and the Shamrock big or little, long or short, and do they differ from the yachts which fought for the Cup, say, fifteen years ago? And this brings us to the question, Have these contests for the America's Cup had any practical results beyond the gratification of a love for sport? They certainly have. They have not only kept alive the knowledge of smart seamanship, but they have taught us invaluable lessons in the art of designing. Nothing is more interesting in connection with this subject than to note how, starting with models radically different in almost every feature, the yacht-builders of the two countries have come to practically the same principles of design. Fortunately, it is possible to point out how this growth has taken place without entering too deeply into technicalities.

The typical American racing yacht of twenty-five years ago was of the skimming-dish variety; that is to say, she was wide and shallow. The English yacht of the same period was what has been called a board set on edge. She was very deep, and so narrow that it was said in jest that a person stepping aboard of her hastily was in danger of falling overboard on the other side. A broad and shallow yacht depends largely on what the designers call her "initial stability" to keep her right side up. When she is forced far over to one side by the pressure of



THE COLUMBIA

The Cup Defender for 1899. Drawn by C. McKnight Smith.

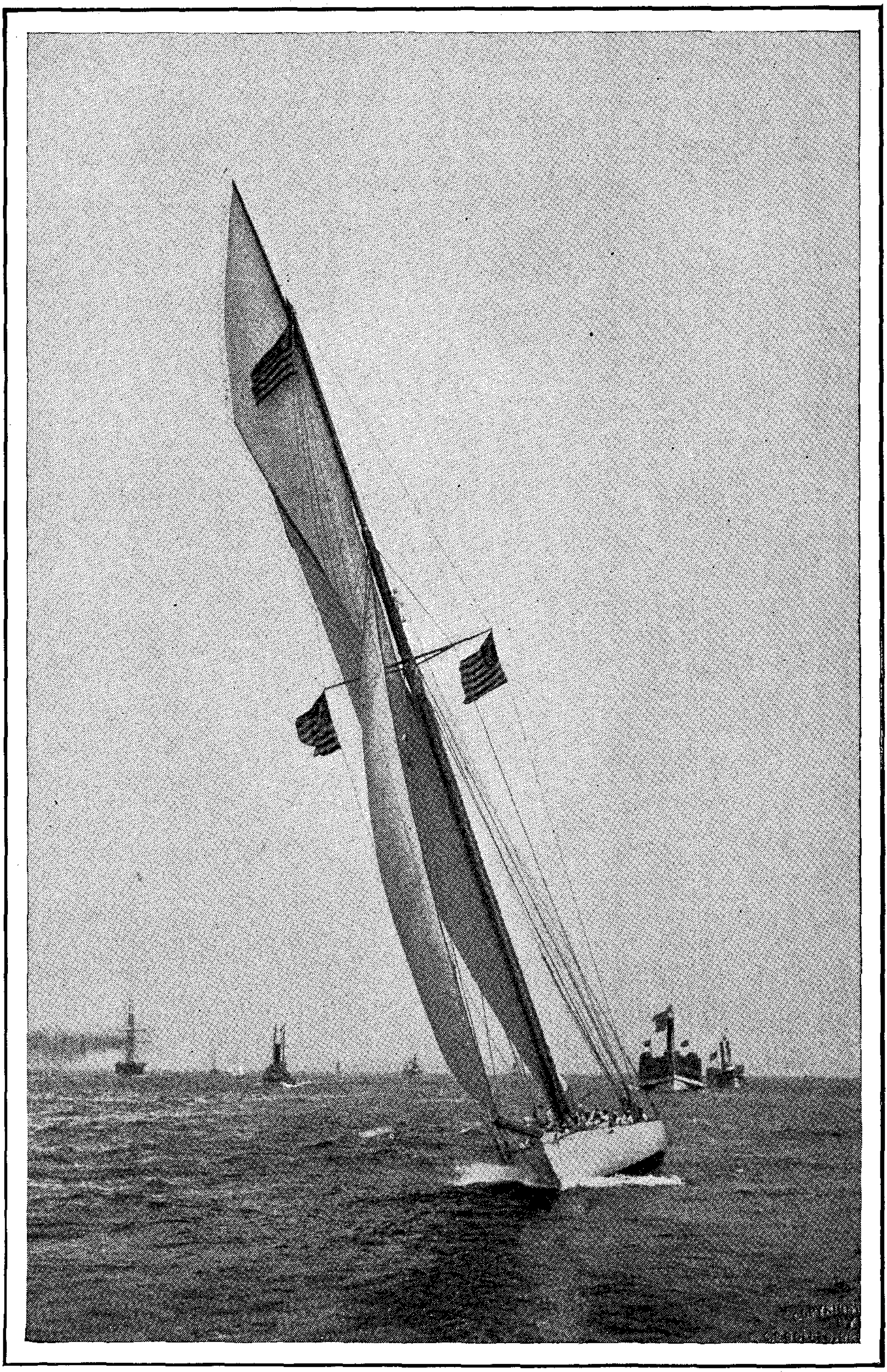


THE AMERICA'S CUP
Copyright, 1895, by C. E. Bolles, Brooklyn, N. Y.

the wind on her sails, the resistance of her broad bottom tends to prevent her from capsizing. Her ability to stand up is increased by the use of inside ballast, consisting of iron or lead placed along her bottom just inside of the planking. The deep and narrow vessel has a natural tendency to turn over, and this becomes greater with the pressure of the wind. This tendency is overcome by the use of what is called outside ballast, which is lead molded into her keel. The depth of the vessel makes it possible to place this ballast very low, and so it affords a strong resistance.

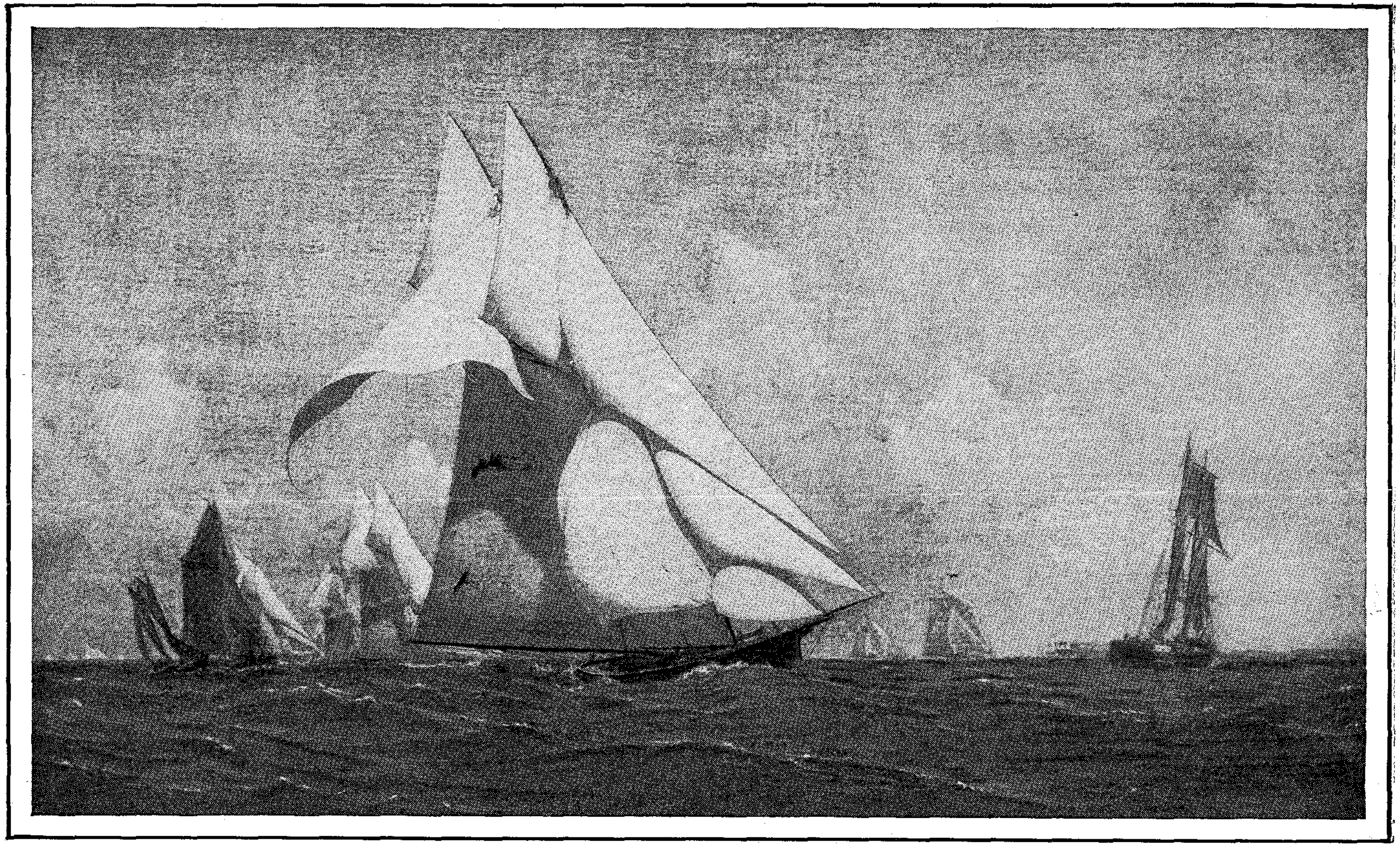
The wide and shallow yacht is naturally fast in light breezes, or even in fresh ones when there is not also a heavy sea. But the moment she encounters a bit of rough water she is checked by it, for her momentum is not great enough to overcome the impact of the waves. The narrow, deep yacht cuts through the seas, and her weight, increased as it is by her lead keel, gives her sufficient momentum. In the waters off Sandy Hook, where the international races are held, the breezes and the sea are usually moderate. In such weather the old skimming-dish did fairly well, and while the Englishmen continued to build their yachts with a small amount of sail, our old vessels were good enough to keep the Cup at home. But gradually the fact worked its way into the minds of our designers that they were taking large chances with the shallow vessels. So they began to make them wider and deeper. At the same time it appeared to the English that their narrow cutters heeled over too easily, and were consequently always sailing on their sides and not on the lines on which they had been designed to sail. Hence they began to make their yachts wider and not so deep.

In the course of time it was seen that the typical models of the two nations were approaching each other. The Genesta was 81 feet long, 15 feet wide, and 13 feet in draught, while the Puritan, her antagonist, was 81 feet 1½ inches long, 22 feet 7 inches wide, and 8 feet 8 inches in draught. The Thistle was 86.46 feet long, 20.03 wide, and 13.8 feet in draught, while her opponent, the Volunteer, was 85.88 feet long, 23.02 wide, and 10 feet in draught. This approach in dimensions has continued, and it is believed that the two competitors of the present year will, not only in size, but in many other particulars, be as like as two peas. This is one of the peculiarly interesting features of this year's struggle for the historic Cup. Of course those who are interested in the two yachts are eager to keep the details of their models secret, but the argus eyes of the newspapers are on the watch to spy out any facts, and some things have become known. The length, breadth, and some minor particulars of the challenger are required to be given with the challenge, and these at once indicated to the experts that the new British yacht would approach the present type of American racer more closely than any of her predecessors. As for the Columbia, as the defender of this year has been patriotically named, her dimensions are pretty well known. She will be 89 feet 6 inches long, about 24 feet wide, and



THE DEFENDER

Returning from her victory over Valkyrie III. in 1895. Copyright, 1895, by C. E. Bolles, Brooklyn, N. Y.



THE COLUMBIA, CUP DEFENDER OF 1872

From a painting by Cary Smith. In possession of the New York Yacht Club, by whose permission it is here reproduced.

just under 20 feet in draught. The lead keel of the Columbia will weigh 95 tons. Her boom, the spar on which the foot of her mainsail will be stretched, will be longer than that of the Defender, and that was over 70 feet. The Defender spread 12,500 square feet of sail, and the Columbia will spread more than 13,000. These dimensions ought to give some idea of the size of these huge racing-machines to those who are familiar only with the little sailboats seen on the waters of the ordinary summer resorts. The tall topmasts of these big sloops will hardly pass under the Brooklyn Bridge, and it takes a crew of thirty-five men to handle one of them.

The Columbia will be launched the last of May or early in June, and will soon thereafter be ready for delivery to her owner, Commodore J. Pierpont Morgan, of the New York Yacht Club. Meanwhile the Defender is making ready for an active season of racing, and will be used as a trial boat against the new craft. The two yachts are to meet for their first race off Sandy Hook on July 1. After that they will go to Newport, and will frequently go out for trials in the course of the summer. They will have a series of formal trial races in the fall off Sandy Hook. If by any chance the new yacht should fail to equal the Defender in speed, the old one might be used to meet the challenger; but such a contingency is almost out of the question. The Shamrock, which is the name of Sir Thomas Lipton's yacht, will arrive in this country the latter part of the summer, and will at once make ready for the contest. The races will be sailed in October, and the Cup will go to the yacht winning three out of a series of five. The arrangements will be in the hands of the regatta committee of the New York Yacht Club.

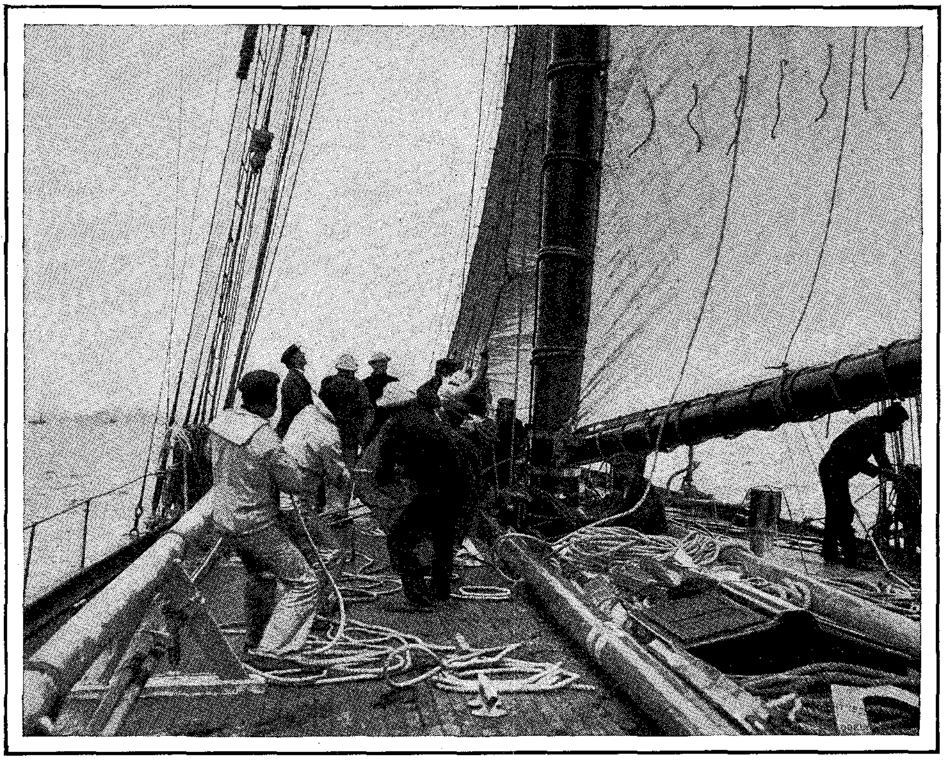
And now a word about the men who will be the conspicuous figures in this international contest. In the first place, there is Sir Thomas Lipton, who had the courage to send the challenge in spite of the long record of English ill fortune, and in the face of a very decided opposition on the part of a large body of British yachtsmen who sympathized with Lord Dunraven. Sir Thomas is a picturesque figure in the world of sport, or, for that matter, in any field. He is now about forty-five years of age. He was born in Belfast, of poor parents, and began life in a very humble manner. He started as the proprietor of a small grocery-store in Glasgow; he slept in the store, swept it himself, sold his own goods, and, so far as was possible, delivered them too. Although he was not a Yankee, he conceived the scheme of hiring persons to pretend to be buyers of goods at his store. The result was that he apparently had a crowded place of business, and this brought him real customers. In a short time he was able to open another store, and then he hired persons to go with arms full of bundles from one to the other. By such devices he soon built up a large trade, and he then began to extend his business to other towns. He made a specialty of cheese and coffee, and as he really sold good cheese and coffee, he held the trade which he attracted to his stores. He now has a great wholesale house in London, and between two and three hundred stores in various parts of the United Kingdom.

His knighthood was conferred upon him by the Queen as one of the honors distributed at the time of her jubilee. Sir Thomas about the same time gave $250,000 to the Princess of Wales Hospital Fund. He is a very liberal man; and he subscribed $50,000 for the support of cheap eating-houses in London. He is a bachelor and has no near relative, so he can well afford to be generous with his enormous wealth. He has dabbled in yachting in a modest way for years, but he says himself that he has long cherished the idea of challenging for the America's Cup. When the time was ripe for carrying out his plan, he went at it in a truly businesslike way. Instead of entering into a long and troublesome correspondence with the New York Yacht Club, he selected a committee of experienced yachtsmen and sent them to this country to confer with the holders of the Cup. Thus the arrangements for the contest were settled in a short time and to the satisfaction of all concerned.

He engaged one of the cleverest designers in the world to plan his challenging yacht. The Shamrock is from the board of Willie Fife, of Fairlie, a man who has turned out some of the fastest yachts ever seen in British waters. Sir Thomas confided the task of constructing her to the Thornycrofts, who are the builders of Great Britain's smartest torpedo-boats. The Shamrock is building in sections at the Chiswick yard of this firm, and when ready will be taken on barges down to Blackwall, as there is not water enough to float her at Chiswick. When she has been put together and launched at Blackwall, she will be taken to the yard of Harland & Wolff, at Belfast, and there she will be fitted out for her season of racing. She will be tried out against the Bona, a smart cutter designed by William Watson, the designer of the former challenger Thistle, now known as the Meteor, and the property of Kaiser Wilhelm. Sir Thomas Lipton has purchased a large steam yacht which he has rechristened the Erin, and she will accompany the Shamrock on her voyage across the Atlantic. The cutter will start first and proceed along a definite path, and the steamer will overtake her at a prearranged point.

The challenger will be sailed by Captain Archie Hogarth, formerly the sailing-master of the crack cutter Carina. He will have a picked crew of Clyde seamen. Captain Hogarth will be absolutely supreme on the Shamrock; he made that one of the stipulations of his acceptance of the command. He also suggested that, as Sir Thomas was not an expert yachtsman himself, he should select one to represent him on board his vessel. Sir Thomas accepted the suggestion, and selected Peter Donaldson, one of the most experienced amateurs in Great Britain. It can thus be seen that the new aspirant for America's Cup honors has not permitted his own fancies to stand in the way of success, but has taken the advice of those to whom yacht-racing has been a lifelong pursuit.

Interesting as facts about the challenger and his yacht are, they are no more so than those which relate to our own champion. The man who has designed our cup-defender is Nathaniel C. Herreshoff, of Bristol, R. I. His firm is noted for the construction of fast steam yachts and torpedo-boats, and it is only within a few years that it has come to the front in the making of smart racing yachts. About



MAKING SAIL ON BOARD THE VIGILANT
The Shamrock will be similarly rigged for her voyage across the Atlantic.
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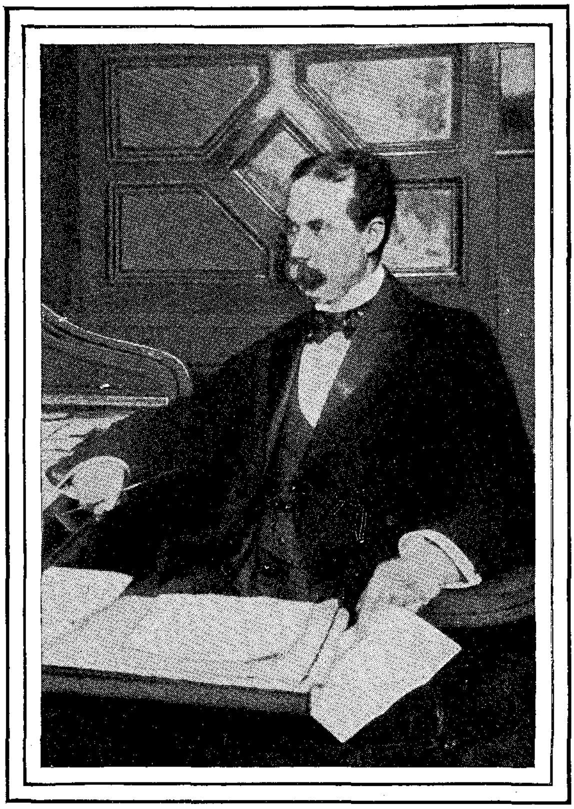


SIR THOMAS LIPTON

the time when yachtsmen were wondering who would succeed Mr. Burgess as a designer of fast sloops, the forty-foot sloop Gloriana, designed by Mr. Herreshoff, came out, and cut a wide swath in the yachting annals of her first year. She defeated all her competitors with so much ease, and showed so many novel features of design, that nautical experts felt that the new man had arrived. So when it became necessary to build a champion to defend the Cup against the first Valkyrie, yachtsmen turned to the designer of the Gloriana, and he produced for them the fleet Vigilant, which did the work allotted to her in splendid manner. Mr. Herreshoff became at once the leading designer of the United States, and the Defender, the fastest sloop-yacht ever built, was from his board. If the Columbia proves to be her superior, the designer will have achieved a triumph indeed.

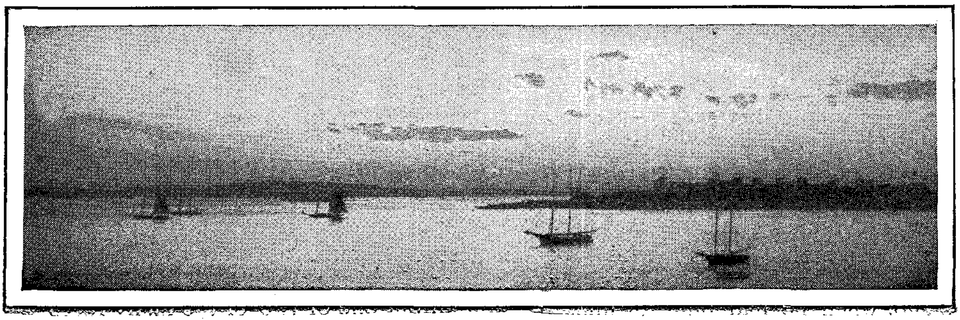
Mr. Herreshoff is not blind. There is a tradition, which clings to life with wonderful tenacity, that the Herreshoff who designs yachts is without the use of his eyes. It so happens, however, that the blind member of the firm is Mr. John Herreshoff, who does not design the yachts. "Nat" Herreshoff, as he is called by yachtsmen from Maine to Florida, is a tall, thin man with a red beard and a stoop. He has a thoughtful countenance, and those who have conversed with him say that he keeps his thoughts to himself. To use the expressive language of the small boy, what he does not know about yachts is left out. He is one of the smartest yacht sailors in the country, and in some of the trial races of the Defender he was at the helm, with disastrous results to the opposing craft.

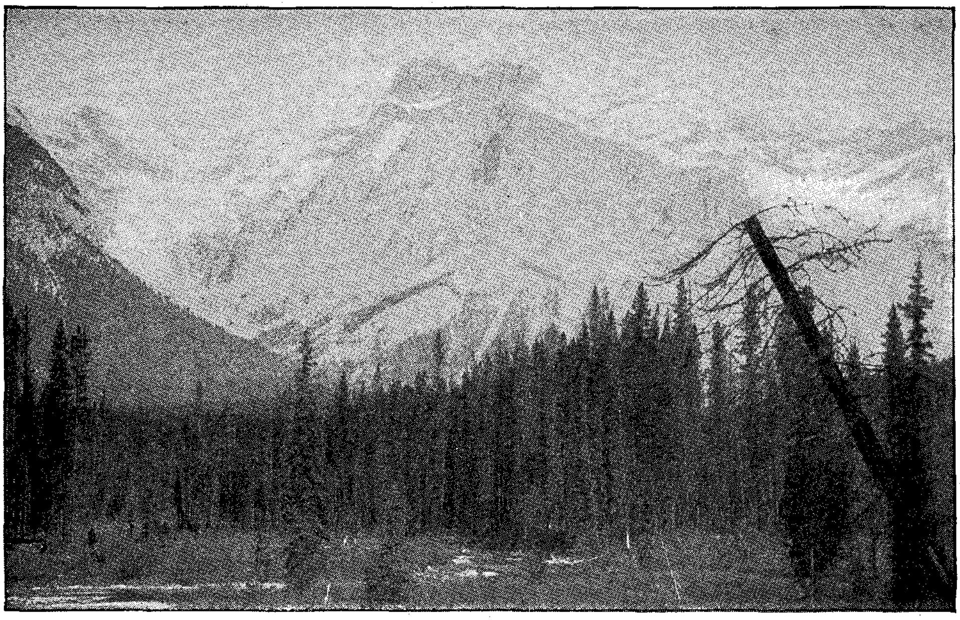
The manager of the Columbia will be Mr. C. Oliver Iselin, who was also the managing owner of the Vigilant and the Defender. Mr. Iselin is a genuinely good sailor. He has had a large and varied experience in yachting, and he can handle a big sloop himself. He made his reputation as a yachtsman some ten or twelve years ago, when he had built for himself the famous seventy-footer Titania, which he personally sailed with great skill. When the Vigilant was put into commission, the syndicate by which she was built selected from its own number Mr. Iselin as her manager, and he was so successful with her that he naturally had the same post on the Defender. It would hardly be possible to find any other yachtsman with the same ability and the leisure to devote to such an exacting task. Mr. Iselin will have a thoroughly competent sailing-master to aid him in handling the Columbia. This is Captain Charles Barr, the son of John Barr, who was the sailing-master of the Thistle. Young Barr made his reputation as captain of the forty-footer Minerva, which won nearly every race in which she was entered. Subsequently he went to England as sailing-master of Mr. Royal Phelps Carroll's ninety-foot sloop Navahoe, which gave a good account of herself. In the summer of 1896 Captain Barr was the sailing-master of Commodore Clarence L. Postley's crack schooner Colonia, in which he won all but one or two of the many races in which he started. Barr is a thorough sailor, a blue-water man, and a competent handler of racing yachts. He knows all the tricks of the trade on both sides of the Atlantic, and it will be a very canny Scot indeed who bests him in jockeying for a good position at the starting-line.

The Defender, which will play so important a part in the preparation of the Columbia for her task, will be under the management of W. Butler Duncan, Jr., who was one of the amateurs in the crew of the yacht when she met Valkyrie III. Mr. Duncan is one of the most expert yachtsmen in the United States. He is a graduate of the Naval Academy, and is the commander of the First Naval Battalion, Naval Militia, of New York. He served in the recent war with Spain as first watch officer of the U.S.S. Yankee. The sailing-master of the Defender will be Captain John Rhodes, one of the most competent men in this port. The crew of the yacht will be thirty picked Scandinavian seamen, all of them old yacht sailors. The Columbia's crew will consist entirely of American seamen from Deer Island on the Maine coast, and it is the intention of the gentlemen managing the two yachts to encourage a spirit of rivalry between the crews, to the end that the very best work may be got out of the vessels.

As has already been hinted, there is little difference now between the typical racing yachts of the two countries. It will take an expert to name the fine points which distinguish the design of the Columbia from that of the Shamrock. As the English yacht has grown wider, the American has grown deeper; and both now combine heavy draught and low-placed lead ballast. The battle of the designers of the two nations seems to have reached its end. The old fundamental questions, at any rate, have been thoroughly debated, and the two sides have come to an agreement. The race now is not to the swift alone. The time has come when the element of smart seamanship will count for more than it ever has before in these contests. When the two competitors meet off Sandy Hook next fall, there will be such an exhibition of smart seamanship as has never before been seen in any yacht-racing in these waters, and that is saying a great deal.

No doubt much of this will be lost on the casual spectator, but even he will be able to admire the speed with which a huge sail, such as a balloon jib-topsail—a vast expanse of light duck which would furnish the stock of an entire store—is taken in, and a smaller sail substituted for it. The delicate touches of the art of yacht-racing are discernible only to the connoisseurs, but there is plenty for the ordinary spectator, and he will be on hand, as he always has been at these contests, in large numbers. He adds much to the picturesqueness of the scenes at the finish of each race. He crowds the excursion steamers, and he fills the air with his shouts of exultation when the American champion romps home a winner, as she is wont to do. And what a triumph is hers! Tearing the blue water into streaming ribbons of silver, with the white spray spouting like smoke from her forefoot, she sweeps across the line amid the cheering of thousands, the shrieking of hundreds of steam whistles, and the sharp booming of a score of yacht cannon. Put this action into the middle of a broad expanse of sunlit water, with a sparkling dance of golden ripples in the warm air, and you have just a faint conception of the glorious panorama which is spread at the finish of a race for the America's Cup off Sandy Hook.





AMONG THE HIGH HILLS

By Theodore Roosevelt

[No man living better exemplifies the truth that healthful out-of-door activity gives strength and nerve for moral and intellectual courage than does Governor Theodore Roosevelt. The following story of his hunting days, before war and politics laid their claims upon him, aptly preaches the "recreation gospel" upon which The Outlook's Recreation Number is founded. We reprint it from Mr. Roosevelt's book, "The Wilderness Hunter,"[1] by special permission of the publishers, Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons, of New York City, by whose courtesy also the picture on the second page following is here reproduced.—THE EDITORS.]

DURING the summer of 1886 I hunted chiefly to keep the ranch in meat. It was a very pleasant summer; although it was followed by the worst winter we ever witnessed on the plains. I was much at the ranch, where I had a good deal of writing to do; but every week or two I left, to ride among the line camps, or spend a few days on any round-up which happened to be in the neighborhood.

These days of vigorous work among the cattle were themselves full of pleasure. At dawn we were in the saddle, the morning air cool in our faces; the red sunrise saw us loping across the grassy reaches of prairie land, or climbing in single file among the rugged buttes. All the forenoon we spent riding the long circle with the cow-punchers of the round-up; in the afternoon we worked the herd, cutting the cattle, with much breakneck galloping and dextrous halting and wheeling. Then came the excitement and hard labor of roping, throwing, and branding the wild and vigorous range calves; in a corral, if one was handy, otherwise in a ring of horsemen. Soon after nightfall we lay down, in a log hut or tent, if at a line camp; under the open sky, if with the round-up wagon.

After ten days or so of such work, in which every man had to do his full share—for laggards and idlers, no matter who, get no mercy in the real and healthy democracy of the round-up—I would go back to the ranch to turn to my books with added zest for a fortnight. Yet even during these weeks at the ranch there was some outdoor work; for I was breaking two or three colts. I took my time, breaking them gradually and gently, not, after the usual cowboy fashion, in a hurry, by sheer main strength and rough riding, with the attendant danger to the limbs of the man and very probable ruin to the manners of the horse. We rose early; each morning I stood on the low-roofed veranda, looking out under the line of murmuring, glossy-leaved cottonwoods, across the shallow river, to see the sun flame above the line of bluffs opposite. In the evening I strolled off for an hour or two's walk, rifle in hand. The roomy, homelike ranch house, with its long walls, shingled roof, and big chimneys and fire-places, stands in a glade, in the midst of the thick forest, which covers half the bottom; behind rises, bare and steep, the wall of peaks, ridges, and table-lands.

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[1] Copyright, G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

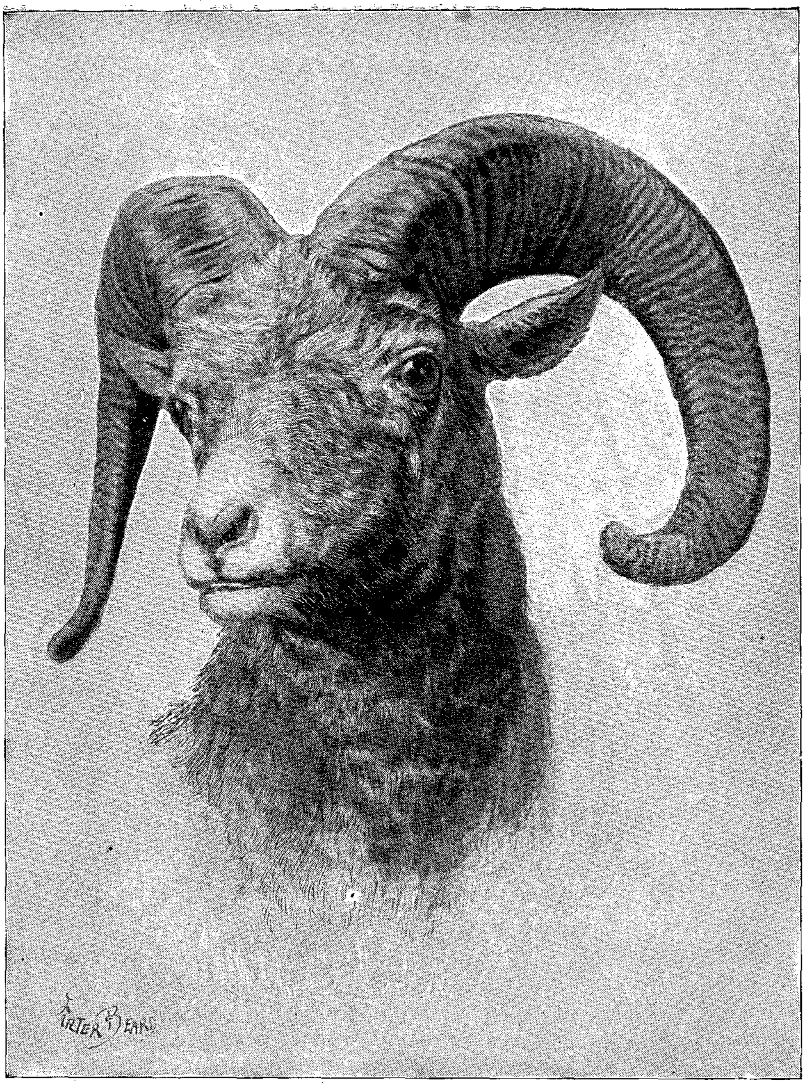
During the summer in question I once or twice shot a whitetail buck right on this large bottom; once or twice I killed a blacktail in the hills behind, not a mile from the ranch house. Several times I killed and brought in prong-bucks, rising before dawn and riding off on a good horse for an all day's hunt in the rolling prairie country twelve or fifteen miles away. Occasionally I took the wagon and one of the men, driving to some good hunting-ground and spending a night or two; usually returning with two or three prong-bucks, and once with an elk—but this was later in the fall. Not infrequently I went away by myself on horseback for a couple of days, when all the men were on the round-up, and when I wished to hunt thoroughly some country quite a distance from the ranch. I made one such hunt in late August, because I happened to hear that a small bunch of mountain sheep were haunting a tract of very broken ground, with high hills, about fifteen miles away.

I left the ranch early in the morning, riding my favorite hunting-horse, old Manitou. The blanket and oilskin slicker were rolled and strapped behind the saddle; for provisions I carried salt, a small bag of hardtack, and a little tea and sugar, with a metal cup in which to boil my water. The rifle and a score of cartridges in my woven belt completed my outfit. On my journey I shot two prairie chickens from a covey in the bottom of a brush coulie.

I rode more than six hours before reaching a good spot to camp. At first my route lay across grassy plateaus and along smooth, wooded coulies; but after a few miles the ground became very rugged and difficult. At last I got into the heart of the Bad Lands proper, where the hard, wrinkled earth was torn into shapes as sullen and grotesque as those of dreamland. The hills rose high, their barren flanks carved and channeled, their tops mere needles and knife-crests. Bands of black, red, and purple varied the gray and yellow-brown of their sides; the tufts of scanty vegetation were dull green. Sometimes I rode my horse at the bottom of narrow washouts, between straight walls of clay, but a few feet apart; sometimes I had to lead him as he scrambled up, down, and across the sheer faces of the buttes. The glare from the bare clay walls dazzled the eye; the air was burning under the hot August sun. I saw nothing living except the rattlesnakes, of which there were very many.

At last, in the midst of this devil's wilderness, I came on a lovely valley. A spring trickled out of a cedar cañon, and below this spring the narrow, deep ravine was green with luscious grass and was smooth for some hundreds of yards. Here I unsaddled, and turned old Manitou loose to drink and feed at his leisure. At the edge of the dark cedar wood I cleared a spot for my bed, and drew a few dead sticks for the fire. Then I lay down and watched drowsily until the afternoon shadows filled the wild and beautiful gorge in which I was camped. This happened early, for the valley was very narrow and the hills on either hand were steep and high.

Springing to my feet, I climbed the nearest ridge, and then made my way, by hard clambering, from peak to peak and from crest to crest, sometimes crossing and sometimes skirting the deep washouts and cañons. When possible I avoided appearing on the sky line, and I moved with the utmost caution, walking in a wide sweep so as to hunt across and up wind. There was much sheep sign, some of it fresh, though I saw none of the animals themselves; the square slots, with the



A ROCKY MOUNTAIN RAM
Drawn by J. Carter Beard.

indented marks of the toe points wide apart, contrasting strongly with the heart-shaped and delicate footprints of deer. The animals had, according to their habit, beaten trails along the summits of the higher crests; little side trails leading to any spur, peak, or other vantage-point from which there was a wide outlook over the country roundabout.

The bighorns of the Bad Lands, unlike those of the mountains, shift their range but little, winter or summer. Save in the breeding season, when each master ram gets together his own herd, the ewes, lambs, and yearlings are apt to go in bands by themselves, while the males wander in small parties; now and then a very morose old fellow lives by himself, in some precipitous, out-of-the-way retreat. The rut begins with them much later than with deer; the exact time varies with the locality, but it is always after the bitter winter weather has set in. Then the old rams fight fiercely together, and on rare occasions utter a long grunting bleat or call. They are marvelous climbers, and dwell by choice always among cliffs and jagged, broken ground, whether wooded or not. An old bighorn ram is heavier than the largest buck; his huge curved horns, massive yet supple build, and proud bearing mark him as one of the noblest beasts of the chase. He is wary; great skill and caution must be shown in approaching him; and no one but a good climber, with a steady head, sound lungs, and trained muscles, can successfully hunt him in his own rugged fastnesses. The chase of no other kind of American big game ranks higher, or more thoroughly tests the manliest qualities of the hunter.

I walked back to camp in the gloaming, taking care to reach it before it grew really dark; for in the Bad Lands it is entirely impossible to travel, or to find any given locality, after nightfall. Old Manitou had eaten his fill, and looked up at me with pricked ears and wise, friendly face as I climbed down the side of the cedar cañon; then he came slowly towards me to see if I had not something for him. I rubbed his soft nose and gave him a cracker; then I picketed him to a solitary cedar, where the feed was good. Afterwards I kindled a small fire, roasted both prairie fowl, ate one, and put the other by for breakfast; and soon rolled myself in my blanket, with a saddle for a pillow, and the oilskin beneath. Manitou was munching the grass near by. I lay just outside the line of stiff black cedars; the night air was soft in my face; I gazed at the shining and brilliant multitude of stars until my eyelids closed.

The chill breath which comes before dawn awakened me. It was still and dark. Through the gloom I could indistinctly make out the loom of the old horse, lying down. I was speedily ready, and groped and stumbled slowly up the hill, and then along its crest to a peak. Here I sat down and waited a quarter of an hour or so, until gray appeared in the east, and the dim light-streaks enabled me to walk farther. Before sunrise I was two miles from camp; then I crawled cautiously to a high ridge, and, crouching behind it, scanned all the landscape eagerly. In a few minutes a movement about a third of a mile to the right, midway down a hill, caught my eye. Another glance showed me three white specks moving along the hillside. They were the white rumps of three fine mountain sheep, on their way to drink at a little alkaline pool in the bottom of a deep, narrow valley. In a moment they went out of sight round a bend of the valley; and I rose and trotted briskly towards them, along the ridge. There were two or three deep gullies to cross, and a high shoulder over which to clamber; so I was out of breath when I reached the bend beyond which they had disappeared. Taking advantage of a scrawny sagebrush as cover, I peeped over the edge, and at once saw the sheep, three big young rams. They had finished drinking and were standing beside the little miry pool, about three hundred yards distant. Slipping back, I dropped down into the bottom of the valley, where a narrow washout zigzagged from side to side, between straight walls of clay.

An indistinct game trail, evidently sometimes used by both bighorn and blacktail, ran up this washout; the bottom was of clay, so that I walked noiselessly; and the crookedness of the washout's course afforded ample security against discovery by the sharp eyes of the quarry. In a couple of minutes I stalked stealthily round the last bend, my rifle cocked and at the ready, expecting to see the rams by the pool. However, they had gone, and the muddy water was settling in their deep hoof-marks. Running on, I looked over the edge of the cut bank, and saw them slowly quartering up the hillside, cropping the sparse tufts of coarse grass. I whistled, and as they stood at gaze I put a bullet into the biggest, a little too far aft of the shoulder, but ranging forward. He raced after the others, but soon fell behind, and turned off on his own line, at a walk, with drooping head. I followed his tracks, found him in a washout a quarter of a mile beyond, and finished him with another shot. I walked back to camp, breakfasted, and rode Manitou to where the sheep lay. Packing it securely behind the saddle, and shifting the blanket-roll to in front of the saddle-horn, I led the horse until we were clear of the Bad Lands; then mounted him, and was back at the ranch soon after midday. The mutton of a fat young mountain ram, at this season of the year, is delicious.

Such quick success is rare in hunting sheep. Generally each head has cost me several days of hard, faithful work; and more than once I have hunted over a week without any reward whatsoever. But the quarry is so noble that the ultimate triumph—sure to come, if the hunter will but persevere long enough—atones for all previous toil and failure.

The Junebug

By William J. Long

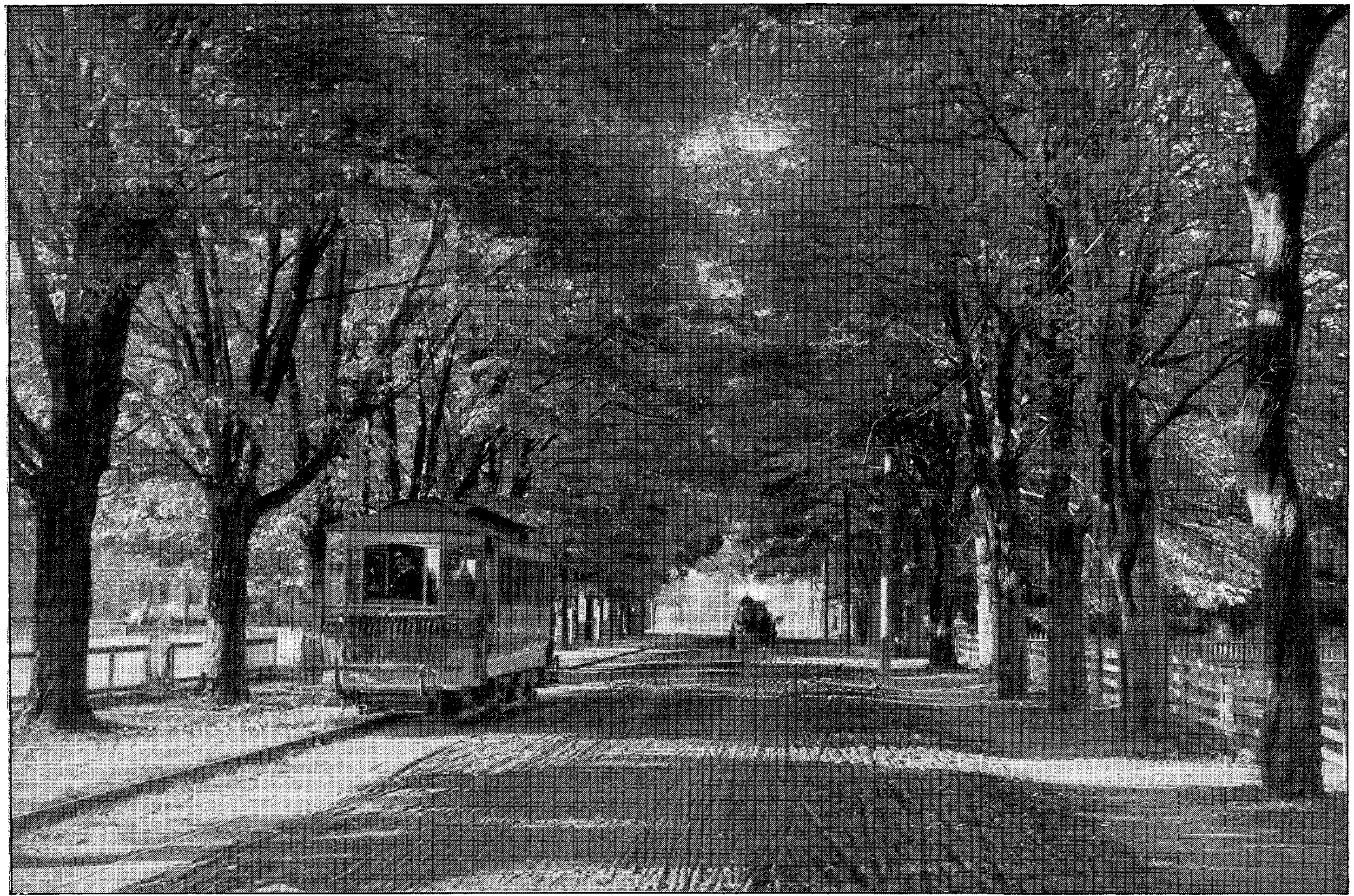
THOU stupid blockhead, blundering in my face!
Is not the great world wide enough, but thou
Must quit the dusky night where thou'rt at home
To dazzle at my lamp, and burn thy wings;
To blind thy goggle eyes with too much light,
And bang thy doltish head 'gainst everything?
Thou meddling fool! thou'rt ever out of place.
No meeting's free from thy disturbing buzz;
No child too timid for thy scaring hum;
No lady's nerves too strung, nor hair too fine
For thee to tangle it with scratchy claws—
There, in my ink again!
And now, with pondering look and drabbled feet,
Thou scrawl'st rude lines across an unstained page.

And yet, poor thing! thou dost not mean it so;
The light attracts thee, and thou too wouldst know.

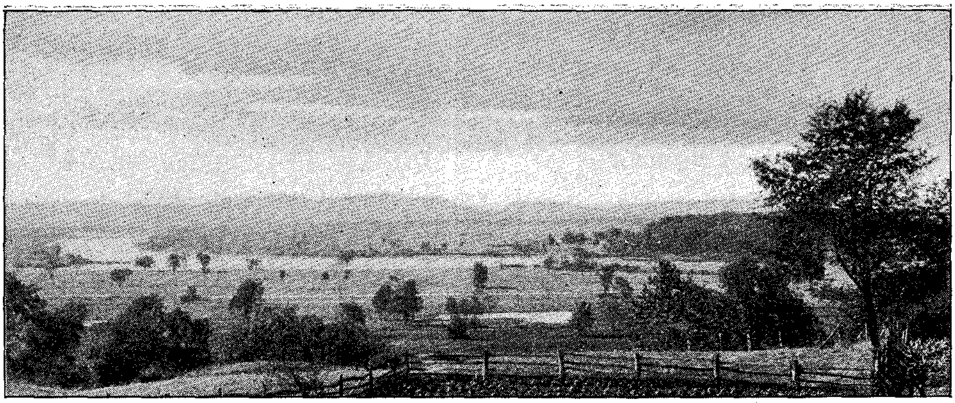
How like we are! This dazzling room to thee—
Why, that's the sunlit world; and we poor men
Do bang our heads 'gainst every wall of it,
And wonder why they ache. Our blundering feet
Tramp rough-shod over nerves that twinge in pain;
We meddle daily with the mysteries,
To frighten timid souls with buzzing talk
Of laws of unknown things, and life, and death;
We burn our souls in many a garish lamp;
And many a page lies stained with thoughts more rude
Than beetles' legs could draw, and less intelligent.

And yet, from out the gloom of our first flight,
The primal twilight of our ignorance,
'Twas shining of a light that called us in.

Pardon, fellow-blunderer! Mine's the fault,
Impatient of the things I do myself,
The fashion only altered. Blunderers both!
The one with open book and bruisèd heart,
The other with his broken wings and feet.
There, I'll blow out the light; it troubles thee;
And here's a bit of wool to dry thee on.
Rest thee a moment till thy dazed head clears;
Then (there's the window open) go in peace—
And may the gentle God, who made us both,
When next I blunder in His mighty face,
Do so with me.



“THE SPLENDID CANOPY OF MAPLES AT HOCKANUM”



THE CONNECTICUT VALLEY

A New England Country Road

By L. H. Bailey

Illustrated from Photographs by J. Horace McFarland

ON a mellow October morning we drove from the thrifty city of Springfield, Massachusetts, with our faces to the southward. We were off for a day's outing.

From Springfield to Portland, as the road goes, is about forty-five miles. The main highway follows the eastern highland of the Connecticut River. It is one continuous, homogeneous street; and we are told that there is not a finer stretch of rural thrift and contentment to be found in America. Green sweeps of valley, billows of hills rolling into the stream, the domes of Mount Tom and Mount Holyoke on the northern horizon, a morning sweetened by the gold and silence of the dying year—we swing out of the streets of Springfield and plunge into the open. Up a hill and round a curve, we have our last view of the city, lying low by the riverside. The road swings into a scattering wood; and we are in the country.

The Connecticut River is to parts of this narrow valley what the Nile is to Egypt. Its broad meadows are overflowed in the spring, and they have given bountiful mowings twice each year for two centuries and more. These lowlands are from a half-mile to two miles wide on either side of the stream. On the higher land at their outer margin, along the thoroughfare, are the farm-houses. The great river must have had an effect upon the settlers of this rolling valley, for the highway has a broad and majestic swing. River and road march onward from the hills to the sea.

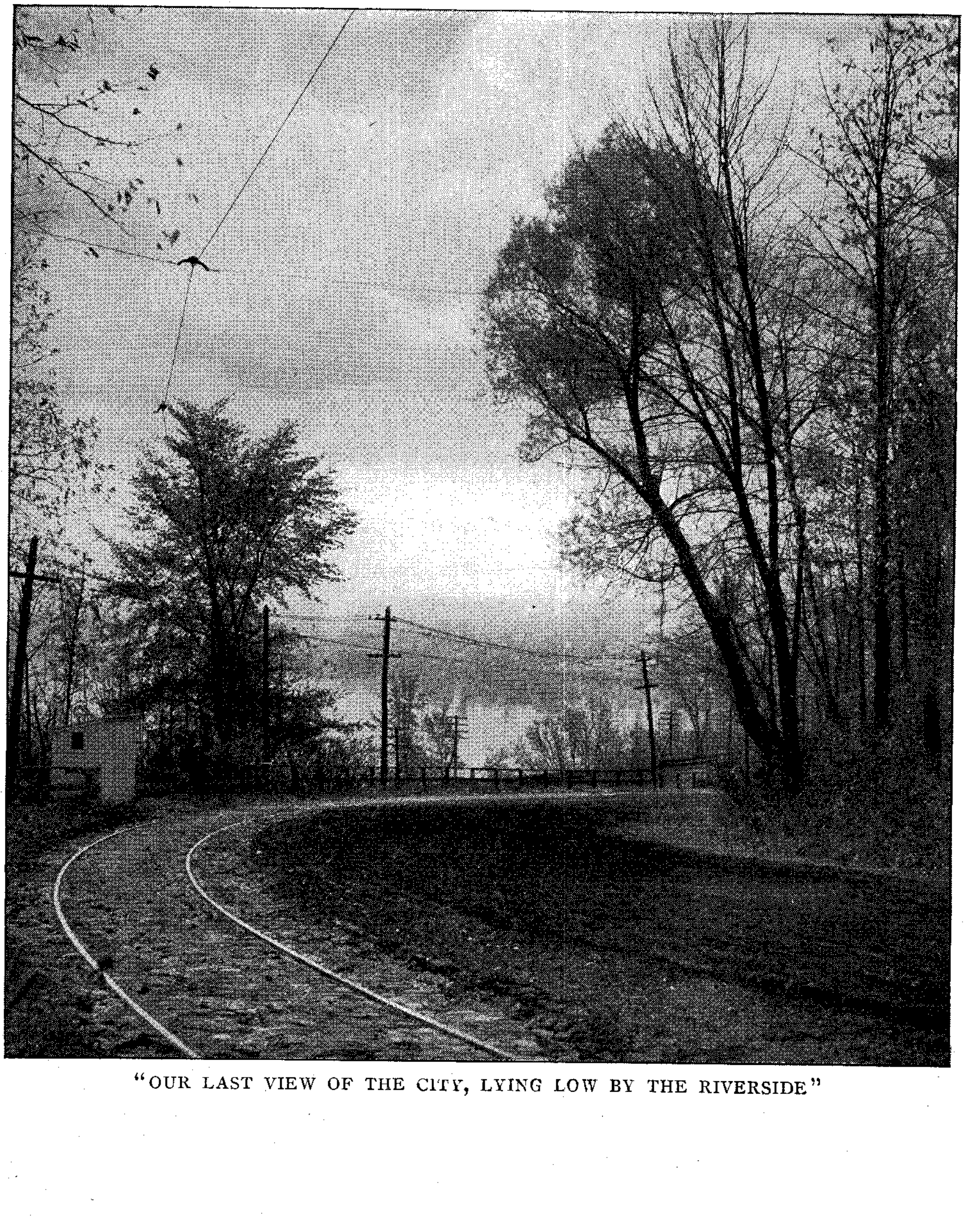
The settler must have a piece of mowing-land on the bottom. The farms were therefore narrow, fronting on the river; but they made good their area by running back two or three miles. In the early divisions the farms were split lengthwise; and thereby the farm-houses were brought close together. One who rides behind his horse from Springfield to Portland cannot escape the feeling that he is traveling a long village street.

The journey becomes a panorama. Always wide, at some places the road expands into field-like openings. In these wider spaces one finds the long, rambling village, so characteristic of rural New England. The village seems only a condensation of the accustomed roadside, only a closer settlement of farm-houses. Typical of each town center is the combined store and post-office, the village scales and a spreading elm comprising the central figure. Sometimes there is a quaint building with the legend "Town Records." Again, a handsome library or a public hall denotes the advanced intellectual life of the countryside. The scene is always peaceful, indicating a quiet life; yet the people we meet are alert and well informed. They are always glad to tell us the traditions and history of the neighborhood.

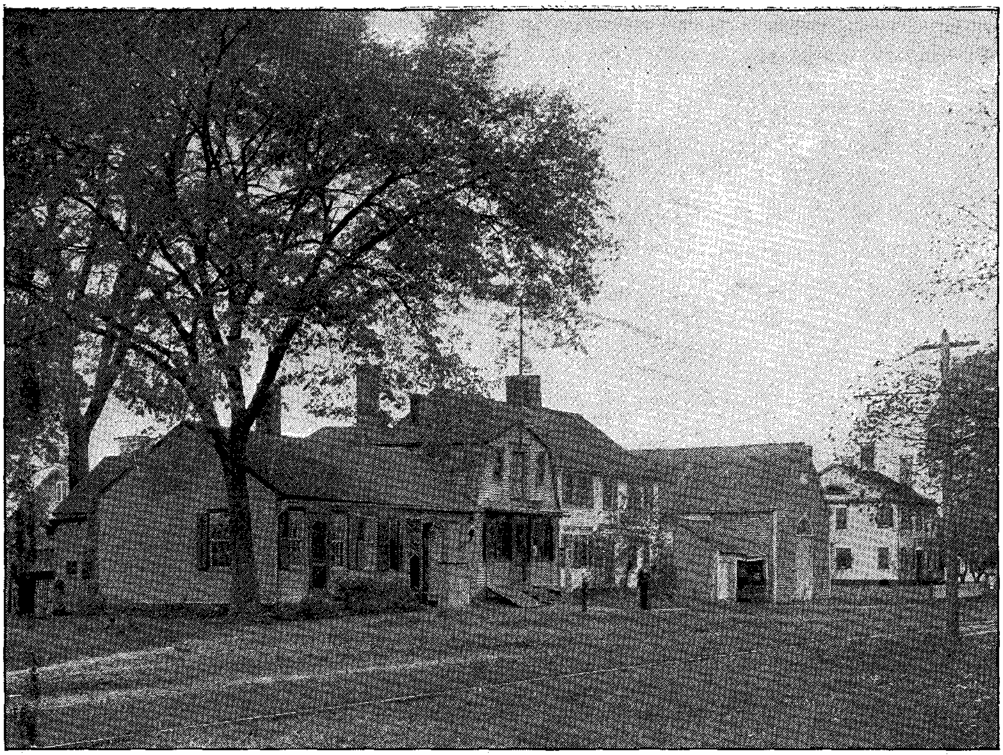
The old town-meeting system of government, in which there is practically no intermediary between the tax-payer and the tax-spender, has been a large factor in the unconscious development of these rural highways, peculiar to New England.

This long, wide country street is conspicuous for its rolling stretches of sward, its cleanness, and its abandon of trees. It has none of the harshness and weediness of the common highway. Its staring banks and unkempt spots were worn away years and generations ago. It is easy, gentle, steady, purposeful; and in these attributes it reflects the homes along its winding sides.

The varying widths are always entertaining. They keep the interest alive. They suggest adaptability to local conditions, not the hard and fast lines of the surveyor. We are in New England, not in the Roman township system of the West. Now and then a house sets back on an eminence, and the highway fence



"OUR LAST VIEW OF THE CITY, LYING LOW BY THE RIVERSIDE"



THE VILLAGE STORE AND POST-OFFICE

follows the house to its retreat. The wide front space may be park-like with trees.

The New Englander loves the trees. He loves them with no passing affection or mere sentimentalism. They are a part of his life—so much a part of it that he is not aware of the fact. He therefore cherishes the patriarchs of the fields and highways. He patches their broken and decayed branches as long as the spark of life remains; and he mourns for them when they are dead. A Westerner cuts down the ragged and broken tree; for to him the vigor and exuberance of activity appeal more strongly than the repose and mellowness of age. The Western farmer cleans his fields of trees, for he wants broad and sweeping acres. The New England farmer lets the old trees stand, and the landscape is populous with their verdurous heads. The oak which marks his ancestors' birthplace, the tree which was once the public whipping-post, the lone pine with its stratified shades—these are as much as cattle and farms. The New Englander is rooted in the past. Traditions are parts in the fabric of his life. The trees span the centuries.

Everywhere is found the evidence of this deep-seated love. You are shown the place where once a majestic white oak was a noontime resting-place for generations, and are told the story of the vandal neighbor, an alien in heart if not in birth, who cut it down that he might not have to run his barbed-wire fence six inches aside from a straight line. Or you hear of the veteran of the war of 1812 who, at the very sunset of his life, gave twenty dollars of the burial fund saved from his scanty pension in order that the great tree across the way might not be converted into ship-timber.

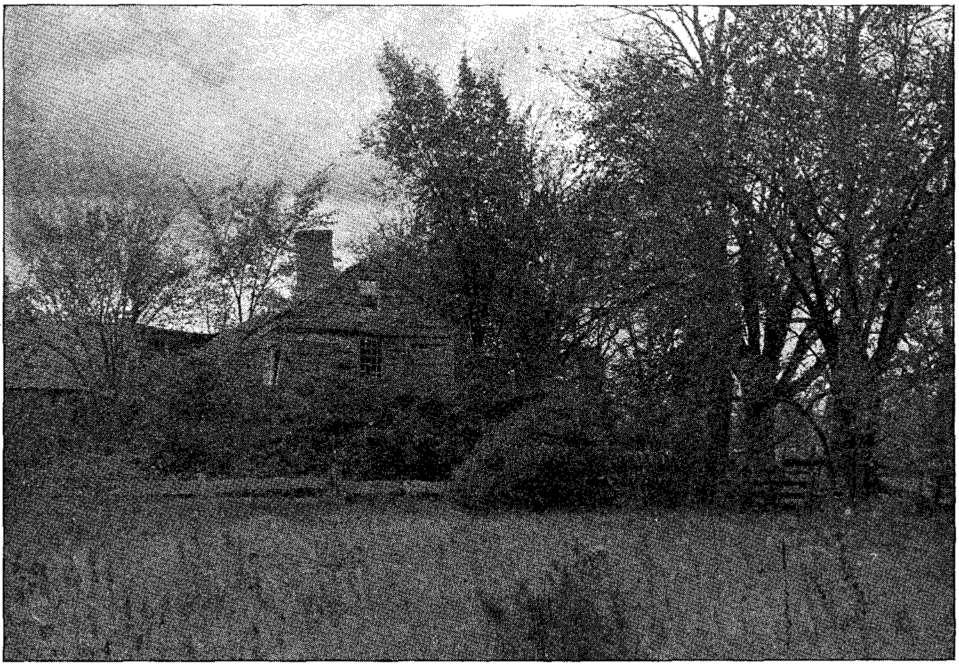
The Connecticut Yankee has emphasized his regard for the old trees in an admirable law for their protection. Each town may appoint a tree-warden. As he must serve without pay, he is sure to be a tree-lover. It is his privilege to label permanently as public property any tree on or contiguous to the highway which he deems essential to comfort or beauty. Thereafter the owner of the land on which the tree stands cannot cut it down, except upon the favorable result of a regular appeal to a special committee of the town-meeting, acting in due deliberation. The tree belongs to the town.

Yet the New Englander is not inactive nor forgetful of the opportunities of the present time. The common notion that the agriculture of New England is on the decline is a myth. The agriculture is only changing. Rural New England is prosperous.

This highway from Springfield to Hartford and Portland runs through as thrifty a country as one could hope to see; and the one industry is farming. It is not a district of summer boarders, nor of suburban residence. The clean, well-tilled fields, snug barns, ample and cozy houses, all bespeak a happy and prosperous people. These homes have been paid for from the land; and they are replete with comfort. No other country can show such kingly farm homes, in such numbers, as America.

There is a flavor about these New England farmsteads which suggests thrift, frugality, stability, contentment. The old houses are preserved as long as they are habitable. Modern conveniences are added; porches may be built; large panes are often substituted for the six-by-eight "lights;" but the spirit of the building is still that of the colonial days. One feels that the home-nest is carefully nourished and guarded, and that whims of mere fashion are not allowed to perturb the more serious currents of life.

A few miles from Springfield we pass through the charming little village of Longmeadow. The centennial anniversary of the incorporation of the town was celebrated in 1883. A few miles to the south we reach Enfield, which is in Connecticut. It is a town of many historic associations. In the graveyard, on Memorial Day, the graves of the soldiers of the Revolution are decorated, as well as those of the soldiers of the Civil War; and there is a grave of one who fought in the French and Indian War. The news of the battle of Lexington reached this hamlet on a Sunday. The people were summoned from meeting by the beating of a drum; and the following morning seventy-four men marched to Boston.



"BUT EVEN THIS PLACE IS NOT ABANDONED"

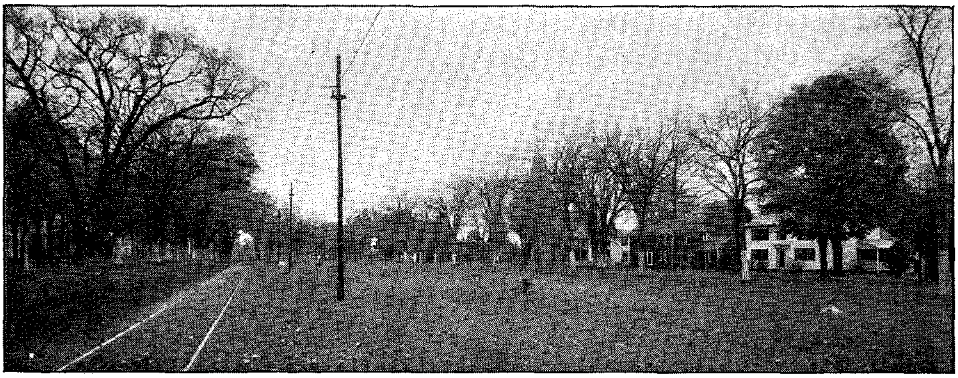
Enfield is an offshoot of Springfield. Settlement was begun in 1678. In 1688, Totaps, the Indian chief, relinquished title to the land. Thereupon a town-meeting was called; and in 1691 all inhabitants were compelled, by a fine of two shillings for an absence, to attend the meetings. Thirteen constituted a legal

"THE WIDE FRONT SPACE MAY BE PARK-LIKE WITH TREES"

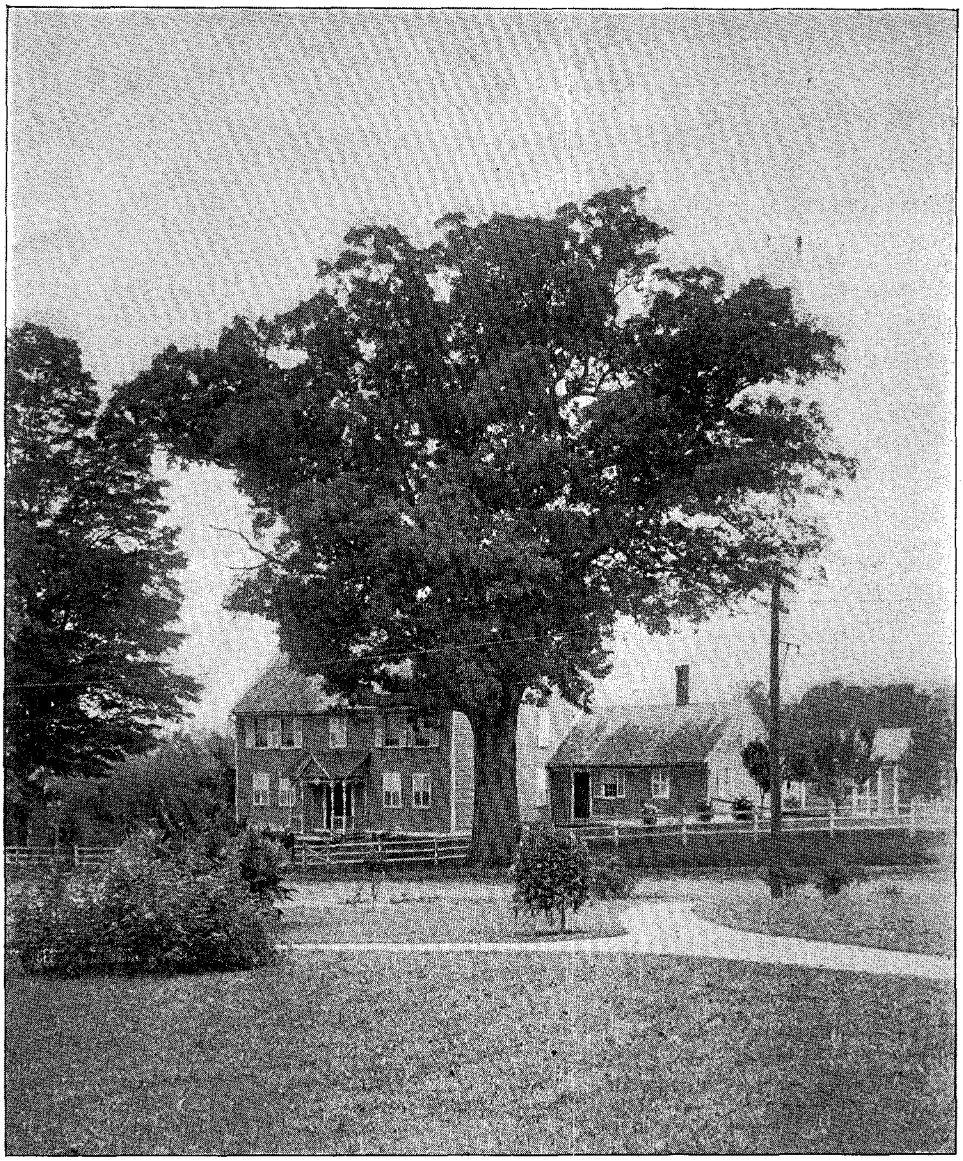
meeting; and the statute remains to this day. In 1699 a minister was permanently settled at Enfield, and his stipend was twenty pounds "yearly and every year;" but a meeting-house was undertaken in 1683. An old-time covered bridge, built in 1832, here spans the Connecticut. It is a green and quiet haven, this ancient town of Enfield. One is minded to say of it, as Bushnell said of Hartford, that it would be "a good place to be in on the morning of the Resurrection."

Of other towns similar remarks could be made; for this is a region of charming hamlets. East Windsor Hill occupies an eminence some distance south of Enfield. It is a rambling settlement along one side of the highway, with a combined store and post-office. An ancient building stands opposite, conspicuous for its high white columns. This was once the residence of the master of the Theological Institute of Connecticut. A short distance beyond is the site of the seminary itself.

The orange-red carpet of fallen leaves and the mellow sunlight in the half-bare treetops awakened a flood of memories and conjectures respecting the early days of this once ambitious Institute. Two buildings stand in the quiet grove. The older one, and the seat of the institution, is now a half-occupied tenement. Its corner-stone was laid in 1834, and it was taken from the cellar steps of Jonathan Edwards—for this saintly man lived but a short distance down the road, although there is no mark to locate the exact spot. The chapel, with its severe Grecian columns, bears the inscription, "Oraculum. University of Beneficence." There was



LONGMEADOW, A TYPICAL RAMBLING VILLAGE



"THE GREAT OAK OF GLASTONBURY"

once a farm in connection with this institution. The institution was finally transferred to the city; and its descendant is the Hartford Theological Seminary.

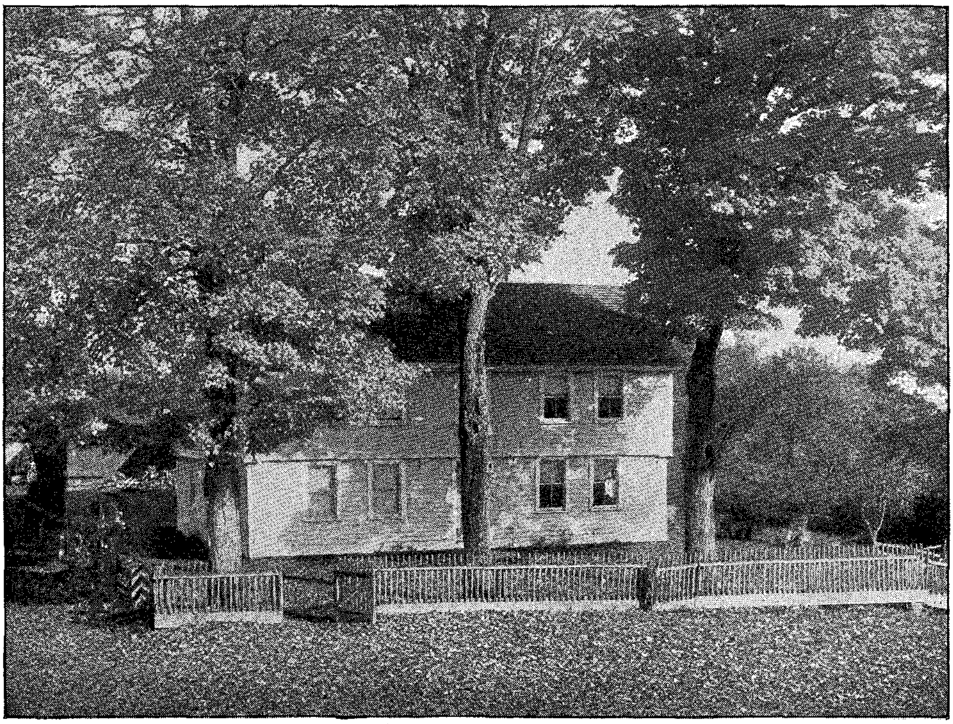
Theological institutions as well as farms are abandoned. A short ride beyond East Windsor Hill one passes the only evidence of farm abandonment to be met in all the distance from Springfield down this road. The farm-house roof is fallen in, the sheathing hangs in strips, the place is grown to weeds and bushes. But even this place is not abandoned, for an ancient maiden lives here alone. A few miles further one passes two abandoned factories.

The buildings of the seminary and the factories are abandoned; but the business of each is transacted elsewhere. The teaching of theology and the manufacturing of horseshoes and sheeting are not abandoned, and no one thinks that they are; and yet people think that farming is abandoned because now and then a farm-house or a field is deserted. In the change from old economic conditions to the new, all enterprises must change. Small farms are amalgamated into large ones, large ones are broken up into small ones, old buildings are deserted, families move away or die out. The full readjustment of farming to the new conditions is not yet complete, because farmers are the most conservative of men; but farming is not passing away.

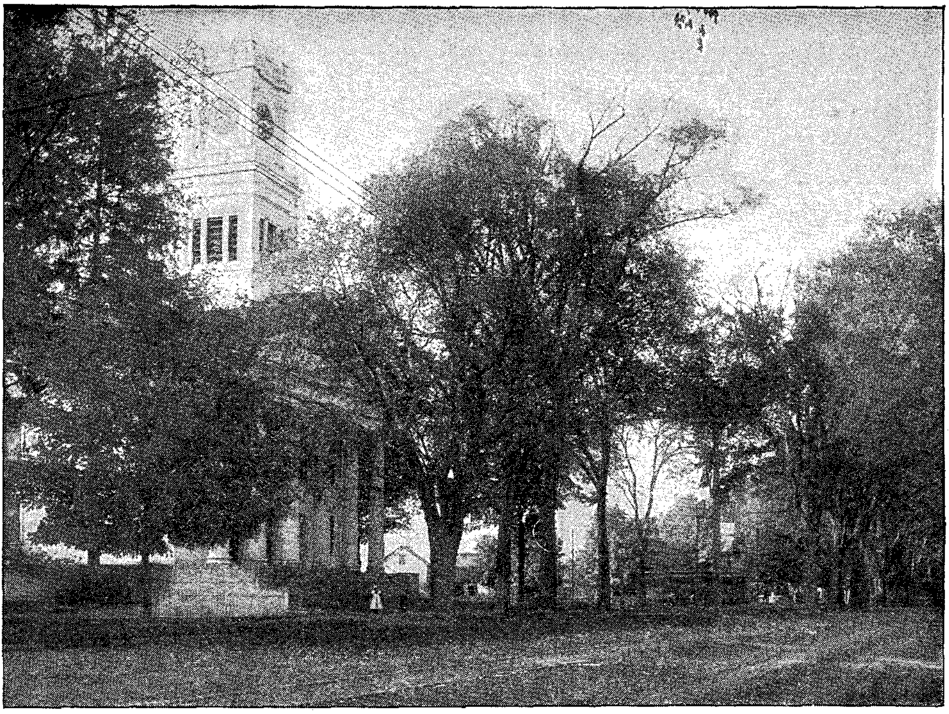
One reason for the abandonment of farms is the fact that lands were put under the plow when they were fit only for forests. If settlements had first been made in the Mississippi Valley, many of these New England areas would never have been cleared. In the light of these experiences, one sees additional meaning in the words of Jared Eliot, 1748, a Connecticut patriarch and the first American to write a book on agriculture: "Their unacquaintedness with the Country, led them to make choice of the worst Land for their Improvement, and the most expensive and chargeable Methods of Cultivation: They tho't themselves to stubb all Staddle [saplings], and cut down or lop all great Trees: in which they expended much Cost and Time, to the prejudice of the Crop and impoverishing the Land."

The difficulties of farming in New England—the laborious hills, the boulder-strewn fields, the rigorous winter—have developed the most self-reliant of men and women. How often does the New England farmer or merchant hold the mortgage on the sleek, easy-tilled Western farm! His difficulties have made him industrious, thoughtful, careful, frugal, forehanded. In the struggle for existence the best survive, on the whole; and the survivors are improved. To-day winter is expected. It is late October. The sun is low at noon. We run our eye over the fields, and they are clean and empty. The corn is husked. The potatoes are in the cellar. There are golden mounds of pumpkins under the shed. The loose boards are nailed on the fence. The farm implements are under cover. The sheep and cattle are dozing on the sunny side of the barn. The house and barn are tucked up. There is not a bushel of litter about the place. The New Englander is ready. If the reader has traveled on an October day in Georgia or Kansas, his mind will be full of contrasts.

Now the smoke and spires of Hartford come into view, and we pass under the great elm-arched dome of the East Hart-



THE OLDEST HOUSE IN CONNECTICUT



AT THE "CHURCH CORNERS"

ford highway. Although a busy city just across the river, with great manufacturing interests, it does not break the continuity or spoil the special quality of this road. The "suburbanite" is hardly in evidence; the original families still hold the land, and though the sons and daughters go into the city for the daily toil, the old homes are not injuriously modernized. The stream of travel from Hartford meets us at the "Church Corners." Here is a typical New England Congregational church, with its white tower, and the happy children playing on its broad steps.

Even to the native of the near-by Middle States much appears that is special and peculiar about mellow old New England. There is a certain quaintness beyond that of age, a smoothness in the speech, a solidity in the details of both urban and rural life, that meets the newcomer with much force. He realizes that here some things are settled: that all is not transition and bustle. He sees his Connecticut friend set a granite hitching-post, expecting it to serve his lifetime and endure for centuries: the Pennsylvanian would be satisfied with the luxury of a yellow locust stick. With an active interest in every question of the day, an entire freedom of thought and expression, the "Yankee" has ripened into a keen appreciation of the rarer pleasures of outdoor living.

Well into its third century, this road now presents a notable epitome of the peculiar New England development of rural life. The roadbed is mostly of modern construction, and trolley lines link nearly all its "towns" into a homogeneous system.

The road is broad and level as it brings us under the splendid canopy of maples at Hockanum. There is rest and quiet here, yet none of the languor of other shady spots. The landscape itself is old, but it is not hoary; it is instinct with present vigor and life. Generation has followed generation in many families under the shade of the same old trees, yet there is no decadence, but instead perfect readiness for all the conditions and improvements of modern life and business.

All along the highway we are shown places of traditional and historic interest. Now it is the oldest house in Connecticut, modernized only as to window lights; or it is the rambling home where lived Gideon Welles, Secretary of the Navy for Lincoln. Here in Glastonbury is the home of Abby Smith, who protested

" AN EXQUISITE GLIMPSE ACROSS SIAM BRIDGE "

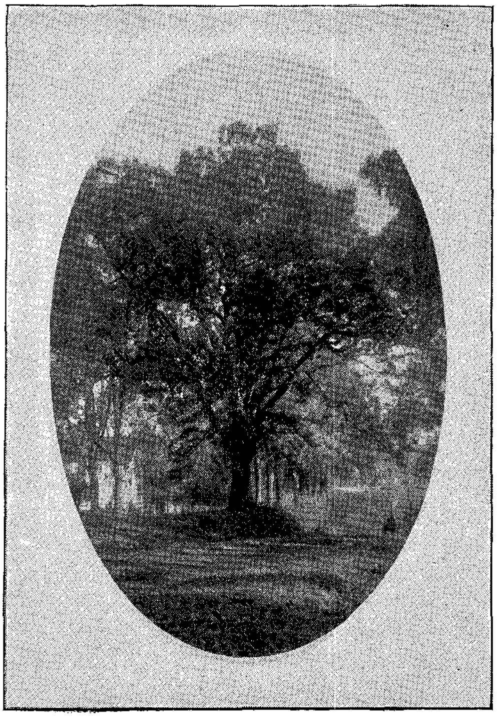
against taxation without representation. The Smith sisters—there were five of them, all strongly individual and intellectual—believed, as did the men who made a teapot of Boston Harbor years before, that taxation without representation is tyranny. As they had no husbands to represent them, and they were denied votes or a voice in "town-meeting," they refused to pay taxes. The annual confiscation and sale of some of their cattle by the officers of the law attracted the presence and sympathy of those who believed with them. Wendell Phillips was among those who assisted in the yearly protest, a generation back.

Abby Smith was the head of the family. She died twenty years ago. Her sister Julia, who survived her, translated the Bible "literally from the original tongues," as she writes in the preface to the book. "I continued my labors, and wrote out the Bible five times—twice from the Greek, twice from the Hebrew, and once from the Latin. It took me about seven years to accomplish the five translations."

Hard by is a prosperous settlement whence is sent out shaving soap to lather half the world. Further along we come upon a woolen-mill, famous for its fine cloths—so fine that no tariff tinkering or public depression can prevent their profitable sale.

The farming of the Connecticut Valley is not yet greatly specialized. It is a mixed husbandry, of which the keynote is stock and the dairy. Tobacco has been a leading crop, and is still much grown. Here and there the fruit business has found converts, and of these the most prominent is J. H. Hale, of South Glastonbury. As we rest for an hour upon the broad porch which attaches to the house his grandfather built a hundred years ago, Mr. Hale tells us the dramatic story of his fight to make peach-growing a success here; and he adds the details of the two-thousand-acre peach plantation he has brought to successful fruiting in far-away Georgia. We ascend Mount Gideon with him, and, standing upon an outlook in the center of a prosperous orchard, enjoy the glorious panorama of valley, river, and hill, our vision ranging unchecked to the hills of Holyoke in Massachusetts. Mr. Hale owns the landscape: "A rich New Yorker paid $100,000 for one painting by Munkacsy, and it is the same every day in the year. Here I have fifty better pictures every day in the year for nothing!" One of the best of these rural pictures is a high-topped and wide-branching oak, which was mentioned in the title-deeds of 1634 as the "great oak of Glastonbury."

What is there to see along a country road? Everything. Drive into the country with a city child. Watch its eyes. Take note of the things it sees. It sees the commonest things—the things you have known so long that you cannot recall the time when you did not know them. The child's first interest is in the animals. They are most like itself. There is a bond of sympathy. The child has not yet learned to be conscious of its thoughts. We have thought and studied so much that the child nature is suppressed, and we will not be happy with common things. The child sees a duck, a pig under the barn, a cow, a cat on the fence, a dog, a horse and its colt, an old shoe on the stone-pile; and it is happy. The driver sees nothing, and grumbles of the bad roads.



THE WHIPPING-POST OAK

On "down street," as the residents have it, is another notable oak, well into the town limits of South Glastonbury. An ancient citizen, bending a little under the weight of three-quarters of a century, tells us that in his grandfather's time this oak served as a public whipping-post. What tales of pain and humiliation must be engraved upon some of the inner rings of this monarch, probably a lusty tree long before Columbus pointed west the cockle-shells which started Spain upon the career which ended at the international whipping-post!

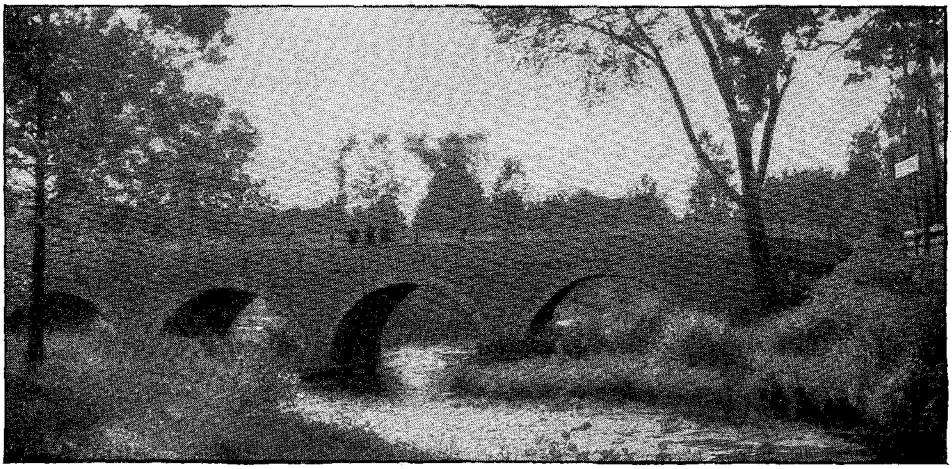
On an arched and picturesque stone bridge we cross the pretty "Roaring Brook," and the road rises sharply, again giving us a glorious view, this time toward the hills of the south about Middletown. Again in the meadows we find the roadside heavily wooded. A giant white ash stands in a broad stretch of grass. Another tumbling brook marks an old-time mill site. A quick turn of the level road, and we touch the river's edge, with an exquisite glimpse, across Siam bridge, of the misty distance in the waning afternoon.

The trolley car lines are doing much to make the country attractive. They will solve many of those perplexing agricultural problems which are associated with the isolation of the farmer. They are contributing powerfully to the social improving of the country. Next fall one can travel all the way from Springfield to Hartford on electric cars. At the present time there is a break of only three or four miles. A charming feature of this line is the fact that it does not desecrate the trees and highways. The location of the road-bed is determined by the selectmen of the towns through which it passes; and thereby it is never in the way and has not despoiled the scenery. Too often we think of the lineman as a vandal and arboricide.

New England is becoming famous for its trolley lines. They pierce the very heart of the country. They are bringing the city and the country together. They afford the city man a means of escape. For the most part, these lines are located with fine appreciation of scenery. They have searched out the attractive places. They have not despoiled the wayside, nor been unmindful of the local sentiment and pride in trees and hills and streams. In this the promoters have been wise as well as humane, for the profit of a rural trolley line is largely in its setting. Scenery has money value. It rests people. It is a good substitute for the theater and the doctor. It expands one's sympathies, ventilates his mind, brings him into communion with something better than himself; it civilizes him.

The agricultural condition is often judged by false or exotic standards. Too frequently it is judged by the city man's point of view. The farmer does not need sympathy. He is as happy and contented as other men. He only needs a fighting chance, and he will get on in the world. He can take care of himself. New England lands are not worn out; they are only waiting for good farming. For one reason, the farmer suffers more than his fellows because he is so far removed from the selling-point, or the consumer. Too often the man who sells the produce gets more than the man who raises it; yet the man who raises it is made to assume all the risks and to bear the expense. If any one must suffer in the route from the farm to the consumer, it must be the farmer. The remedy is generally sought through co-operation in selling, but it will probably come through the opposite means—through greater individualization. The individual farmer must search out the individual consumer or the special market; and he must hold this market by supplying a superior product. Nine-tenths of the farmers cannot or will not do this: they are the ones who must rely upon the middleman and allow the general market to dictate sales and prices. Perfect co-operative selling is impossible among farmers. The very isolation and independence of country life tend to make men stand alone. Agricultural products are necessarily variable in quality and quantity. They cannot be graded like shoe-pegs or buttons. Pooling of products tends to reduce the products to uniformity and sameness. It allows little opportunity for individuality. The pool price is the price of the average product, not of the best product. The very best farmer cannot afford to pool his interests. Co-operative societies can do much in disseminating information on market problems; and they may contribute much to the cheapness of buying. Their chief usefulness will be educative. Enlightened public sentiment is the real panacea for agricultural ills. Prosperity rests ultimately with the individual. As a class, farmers are making as rapid progress as other men; but the modern educational impulse reached them later than it reached the professions and the trades, and they are not yet living up to the full measure of their opportunities. But, whatever one's philosophy as to the agricultural status, a ride along this New England road will dispel the illusion that farmers are sufferers.

Economic conditions have drawn people together in the last two generations. Cities have grown. Conditions are slowly changing. People are desiring to extricate themselves from the city. There is a perceptible movement countryward. The country is improving and civilizing. The readjustment must come.



THE OLD STONE BRIDGE

BARON DE STAAL
The Presiding Officer of the Peace Congress.

The Peace Parliament at The Hague

By Percy Alden

THE OUTLOOK has commissioned me to act as its representative at The Hague during the sessions of the Peace Parliament, and before this article is read I shall gather on the spot, for a second article, important material relating to the actual deliberations and trend of sentiment of that Parliament. But to judge rightly of its possibilities it is well first to know something of the men there assembled, of the previous attempts in the same direction, and of the place at which the Peace Parliament is held.

A land of windmill and canal, lined here and there with a row of poplars; a land of inland seas and lakes, dykes and dunes, of curiously costumed fisher-folk and peasants, of quiet farms dotted over with black and white cattle such as one might see in a picture by Anton Mauve; a land of peace that at times approaches somnolence—such is the country, once the battleground of Europe, which has been chosen by the chief powers, and notably Russia, as the scene of the Peace Parliament. How Holland has changed since the day when she fought so bravely for freedom and independence against the mighty armies of Spain—changed in spirit and even in geographical conformation! The village of Scheveningen, to which the delegates drive along a splendid avenue of trees for a breath of sea air after the work of a day's session, is not the Scheveningen of olden times. The present church now overlooking the sea was built in place of one two miles nearer the shore, and at that day in the middle of the village. The all-conquering ocean has daily to be beaten back and repelled. Miles upon miles of low-lying land, penuriously guarded, have been reclaimed and drained by the patience and skill of the Dutch engineers. The contour of the coast is always changing; the sea is ever gnawing away at the shifting dunes and driving them back upon the land, while on the other hand dykes and dams, windmills and canals, as constantly repel the invader and bid him return to his own borders. The national life and spirit of the Dutch have also changed. It is just possible, in a great crisis, if the existence of the people as a whole were in danger, the old heroic qualities might again surge up; but the present tendency is towards a safe and uneventful life, the securing of one's self against a rainy day—a characteristic trait which seems to have become almost hereditary, and is no doubt born of hard necessity in the stirring times of the past. Yes, the spirit of the present age may be summed up almost in a word: the national instinct of the Dutch is to intrench themselves against the assaults of fortune and the inroads of the sea; the rest of life is colorless and negative.

Between The Hague and Scheveningen, at the end of the lovely wood that once used to unite The Hague with Leyde, stands the palace known as the Huis ten Bosch, in which the Conference, consisting of representatives of twenty-four nations, is sitting. The place of meeting chosen by the Dutch Government and Queen Wilhelmina is one of the most peaceful spots in the whole of Holland. It is full of historical interest, as is all the surrounding district, and contains a splendid octagonal room called the Orange Hall, hung with huge pictures painted by famous seventeenth-century painters, pupils of Rubens. These pictures were commissions by Princess Amalia van Solms, the wife of Prince Frederick Henry, who was the grandfather of William III., and they were painted to commemorate her husband's greatness in war and peace after the conclusion of the peace of Münster in 1648, which peace set the seal on Dutch independence. There is, therefore, a fitness (which, however, was not premeditated or planned) in the fact that the Peace Parliament had met in a hall decorated with pictures which recall famous scenes in the history of international peace. The largest of these pictures covers the whole of the chief wall, and is by Jordaens. The walls of this hall are forty-five feet high, and the ceiling is dome-shaped, broken in the center by the gallery of the lofty upper dome. The palace itself has not been occupied since the death of Queen Sophie, the first wife of the late King William III. It was in this palace that Motley stayed as her guest when studying the Dutch archives at The Hague with a view to his great work on the Dutch Republic. A portrait of him hangs in Queen Sophie's tea-room.

Many attempts have previously been made to translate the dream of universal peace into practical politics. The Holy Alliance of 1815; the proposal of Napoleon III. to negotiate a proportional disarmament by a revision of European treaties; the declaration obtained by Lord Clarendon at Paris in 1856, from the representatives of the Powers, that, in the event of a dispute arising between any two of them, it was desirable to invite the opinion of the other Powers before instituting an act of war—these attempts sink into insignificance as compared with the present Peace Congress, in view of two facts: first, the rapid growth of public opinion as to the iniquity of war; and, secondly, the enormous increase in military and naval armaments that has taken place since that time. The United States has, until recently, been able to check any corresponding increase on her own part, but she has not been altogether able to check public feeling, with the result that her army and navy now bid fair to compete in size and costliness with the armaments of the great European Powers. England has on several occasions of late been within measurable distance of war; and the sober good sense of the nations, like the half-inch of dyke in Holland, has only just saved her from the overwhelming tide of

M. LÉON BOURGEOIS
(France)

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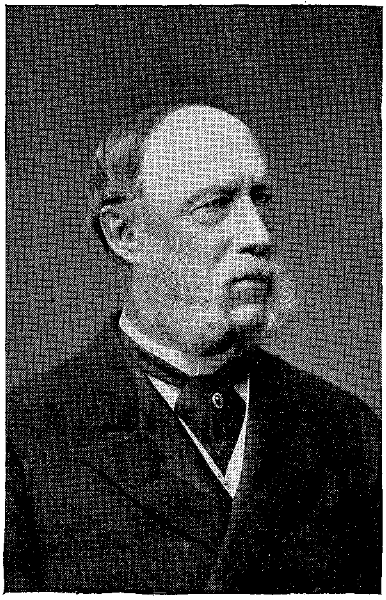
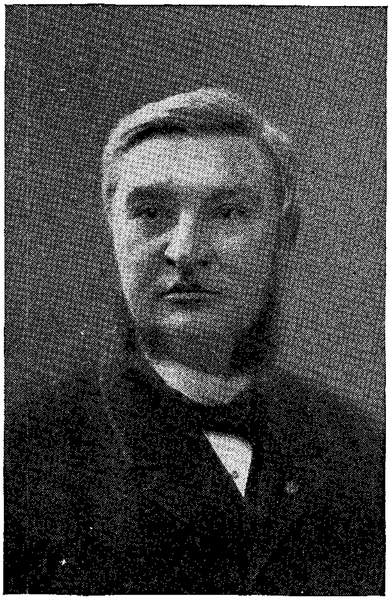
SIR JULIAN PAUNCEFOTE
(England)



COUNT MÜNSTER
(Germany)



M. BEERNAERT
(Belgium)

FOUR LEADING DELEGATES
(Portraits of the American delegates were printed in the May Magazine Number of The Outlook.)

militarism which has hurled itself upon her shores. Since the Czar's rescript appeared, like a bolt from the blue, opinions of leading statesmen have greatly fluctuated as to the possibility or otherwise of any real reform. At one time it seemed almost hopeless to expect any practical result. Even now we are asked to hold ourselves in reserve and not to expect much more than pious opinions which do not commit the delegates of the various Powers. Still, it is something that a Conference is in session and that delegates are really discussing the points raised by the Czar. If England has, since 1890, signed no less than ten arbitration treaties, is it altogether impossible that arbitration may be extended and international treaties made more binding as a result of the present assembly?

It was left to the Czar, as the convener of the Conference, to appoint a Chairman, for, although the representative of Holland, M. Beaufort, was the natural Chairman, by the wish of the Dutch Government the choice was left to Russia, and the Emperor appointed Baron de Staal as the President of this Amphictyonic Council. The idea of a Parliament of Nations has always been a favorite one with philosophers and statesmen. A Continental State is perhaps a mere dream, although the phrase "United States of Europe" may stand for something realizable in the distant future. So far back as 1693 William Penn, in his essay "Towards the Present and Future Peace of Europe by the establishment of a European Diet, Parliament, or State," proposed that such a Parliament should meet yearly, or once in two or three years at the most, and that it should be styled "The Sovereign or Imperial Diet, Parliament, or State of Europe." Popes and Cæsars, poets like Victor Hugo and prophets like Mazzini, have all contemplated this attractive ideal of European States in federal union. Ineffective as it was, the international fleet at Crete has lent some color to the view which has again emerged.

How far Baron de Staal would regard this ideal as impossible we cannot say, but certain it is that the peace plans of his master the Emperor will have his hearty support. It is said that he has twice refused the offer that he should direct the foreign policy of Russia, but consideration of age and the exhausting labor entailed by such a post induced him to continue his stay at the Court of St. James's, greatly to the advantage of England. A more urbane and genial president it would be impossible to find, and it is to be hoped that, with his vast experience and well-known desire for the success of the Czar's scheme, he may succeed in accomplishing some at least of the aims which the leading statesmen of Europe have had before them. It was of the utmost importance that England and Russia should be in agreement so far as the main points under discussion are concerned; and for this reason, if for no other, the appointment was an excellent one. For many years the Russian Ambassador has been a *persona grata* with the leading statesmen of both parties in England. His personal relations with Lord Salisbury are of the most friendly character, and have never been interrupted even during the critical times which the last decade has witnessed. The President is assisted by Professor Martens, of St. Petersburg University, who, in his turn, is the President of the International Tribunal at Paris which is to settle the vexed question of the Venezuelan frontier; he is almost, if not quite, the greatest authority on international law in Europe. He has already acted on two occasions as arbitrator in disputes in which England was concerned, and he has constantly shown himself well disposed towards that country.

In Sir Julian Pauncefote, the British Ambassador at Washington, the Conference has a distinguished and able diplomatist, who has always acquitted himself in his relations to the United States as a minister of peace. On the two occasions when the friendship between England and America might easily have been strained, Sir Julian Pauncefote achieved undoubted success: first, in the matter of the Venezuelan frontier, and on the second occasion at the outbreak of the American-Spanish war. In both cases his action was conciliatory and tactful, and the good will at present existing between the two English-speaking peoples is in a large measure due to him. It is known that he was a strenuous supporter of the permanent Treaty of Arbitration which unfortunately miscarried owing to the opposition of a minority in the Senate. He is seventy years of age, Baron de Staal, the President of the Conference, being five years his senior. In 1882 he was Permanent Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, and he remained at the Foreign Office until 1888, when he was sent out to Washington, where he has remained ever since. On behalf of the English Government he presents a most practical proposal, which, I fear, will not meet with the approval of Germany. It is based upon the remarks of Mr. Goschen in the House of Commons; that is to say, he undertakes on the part of England that she will desist from further additions to the navy if other sea powers abstain from disturbing the present ratio between her naval strength and that of the rest of Europe. Sir Henry Howard, K.C.M.G., Minister at The Hague, is the colleague of Sir Julian Pauncefote. He has been over thirty years in the diplomatic service, his first appointment being as attaché at Washington in 1866. He was attached to the Joint High Commission of 1871 to consider questions affecting the relations of Great Britain and the United States. He was also one of the Commissioners at the Anglo-French Niger Conference of 1895, being appointed Minister to the Netherlands in 1896. The naval and military experts of Great Britain are Vice-Admiral John Fisher, K.C.B., and Major-General Sir John Ardagh, K.C.I.E. The former is young for an Admiral, and has seen much service, notably in the Crimean War. He was also present at the bombardment of Alexandria. Sir John Ardagh is the Director of Military Intelligence at headquarters. He is a great student, and is possessed of tactful, charming manners. At one time he was attached to the Berlin Embassy; at another, Private Secretary to the Viceroy of India.

The *doyen* of the Assembly is Count Münster, the German Ambassador at Paris, who has a great reputation and wide experience. By many he is regarded as the leading diplomatist of Germany, and there can be no doubt that the position at Paris demands a man of brilliant intellect and great resources. He ought to be in favor of the British proposals, for he is half an Englishman by marriage and in feeling. For many years he represented Germany at the English Court, and it was only Bismarck's dissatisfaction with his treatment of colonial questions that caused his transference to Paris. It is unfortunate that he has had to announce a huge increase in the army and navy; and it is also an extremely unhappy coincidence, if we can call it so, that his colleague, Baron von Stengel, has so openly professed his opinion that peace is by no means an unmixed blessing. Professor Stengel's appointment has been greatly criticised, for, in the second edition of his pamphlet, in an article dealing with the Congress, he says: "Instead of preaching everlasting peace and raving about the Russian proposals, it will be better to teach the German nation that it must wear its warlike armament by sea and land in the interest of national honor and welfare." He cannot, however, do more than express his own opinion, and the very fact that he is somewhat extreme in the statement of that opinion makes his opposition of less importance. They are assisted by Professor Zorn, who has been styled a walking encyclopædia of international law. It is greatly to be hoped that the five Teutonic delegates will not carry too great weight in this International Parliament, for should they hold their ground and be supported by Austria and Italy, the success of the Conference must necessarily be lessened.

M. Léon Bourgeois, ex-Premier of France, is, perhaps, the most trusted leader of the French Radicals, and although the feeling of France would be, in view of the German appointments, opposed to any very definite measures, her choice has none the less fallen upon a man who would favor peace rather than war. As to his colleague D'Estournelles, we ought not to forget that during the Fashoda crisis he kept a clear head and counseled moderation and peace. The Dreyfus affair has thoroughly disorganized the French army. All the more need for counsels of wisdom and moderation. It would be well if M. Jules Simon voices the feeling of the country when he says, "I believe that France would enter with 'empressement' on the path of a diminution of expenses."

Italy is represented by Count Nigra, the Ambassador at Vienna, who is perhaps better known in his own country as a poet than as a statesman. He is instructed to support: (1) The proposition to submit to arbitration questions in dispute between any two Powers; (2) any proposal that may be made to interdict the employment of too deadly engines of war. In supporting these proposals it must be understood that wars of nationality or independence are excluded. Italy has every reason financially for crying "Halt" in the onward march of these huge armies. Almost crippled by her national debt, her peasantry and working classes overtaxed and starving, it should be her policy to encourage every attempt that is made to diminish this burden of militarism.

The Duke of Tetuan is Spain's delegate. He is life Senator and ex-Minister of Foreign Affairs. As he prides himself upon his Irish descent, it may be taken for granted that he is thoroughly cosmopolitan and altogether in favor of arbitration and the proposals of the Czar. Austria-Hungary is represented by Count Rudolph Welserheimb and by Herr von Okolicsanyi, Minister at The Hague.

Count Welserheimb is the principal Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, and his choice is regarded as a proof of the great importance that the Emperor and his government attach to the Conference. He has the reputation of being an extremely capable diplomatist, and he is universally respected, not only for his ability, but also for the genial and urbane manner which characterizes his personal dealings with the representatives of other Powers. Austrian officials have too often been noted for a somewhat repellent officialism, and the absence of this has given the Count a personal prestige which is quite unusual. As a trusted colleague of the present Foreign Minister, it is stated that he would have considerable influence at this council of European Nestors. Herr von Okolicsanyi is married to a near relative of the late Prince Lebanoff, and is therefore in close touch with the Russian Court, which should induce him to support the proposals of Baron de Staal.

Mr. Seth Low is well known to all English-speaking people. His candidature for the mayoralty of New York is still fresh in our minds, and he has been prominent in the United States for his advocacy of international arbitration, especially between England and America. This question the American delegates are emphasizing, with the good will and support of England. Mr. Seth Low is President of Columbia College, and has given some millions of dollars to that institution. Andrew D. White, Ambassador at Berlin, is one of the most distinguished representatives that President McKinley could have chosen. He was formerly President of Cornell University, and his historical studies alone would entitle him to a place of honor. As an enthusiastic advocate of German unity, it is just possible that he may be able to do something to overcome the feeling which is said to exist on the part of the German Government that the Fatherland is safe only when protected by the sword. It is said that he is regarded with feelings of the utmost friendliness by the Kaiser, who is not always averse to the outspoken utterances of capable men. For some time he was at the Court of St. Petersburg, and is thoroughly *en rapport* with Russian ideas. He will contribute materially to the success of the Conference, as it is well known that he is in close touch with the British representatives. The American delegation includes also Mr. Newell, Minister at The Hague; Captain Mahan, the well-known naval expert; Captain Crozier, of the Ordnance Department of the Army, together with Mr. Frank Holls as Secretary. There is every hope of a strong pronouncement on the part of the Anglo-Saxon representatives.

The Danish Government has appointed M. de Bille, the Danish Minister in London, and Colonel Schnack, formerly Minister of War, as its representatives at the Conference. Baron Otto Reedtz Thott, from the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, is attached to the delegation. The Bulgarian Government has designated as sole delegate for the Principality Dr. Stancioff, Bulgarian Diplomatic Agent at St. Petersburg. M. Beernaert, who is President of the Chamber of Deputies and Minister of State, has a great reputation for the way in which he has dealt with social questions in Belgium. He is also remembered for his work in connection with the founding of the Congo Free State and for the forts on the Meuse, constructed to protect Belgium against the possible attacks of neighboring powers. Representing Sweden and Norway is Baron de Bildt, Minister at Rome, who is a statesman of the very first rank, a diplomatist and a scholar, held in the highest esteem both by King Oscar and by King Humbert. Here again we have to deplore the fact that the two houses of the Swedish Riksdag have agreed to a large increase in the navy. Denmark, on the other hand, is strongly in favor of peace, and their representative, M. de Bille, has instructions from his Premier to work for the conclusion of arbitration treaties and the reduction of excessive armaments. Japan is likely to be in favor of peace, for, although leading Japanese soldiers and statesmen have remarked to me in conversation that a war with Russia is almost a certainty in five years' time, yet the feeling of Japan, according to Count Okuma, the ex-Premier, is distinctly against war, provided that Japan can be left alone to work out its own salvation. The representative of that country is the Minister at St. Petersburg, M. Hayashi, assisted by M. Motono, Japanese Minister at Brussels. China has sent Yang-yu, Ambassador at St. Petersburg, who is also accredited to The Hague. There are also delegates from Siam, Servia, Roumania, Switzerland, Turkey, and Persia.

These representatives of twenty-four nations, the Areopagus of the civilized Powers, are now considering the possibility of minimizing the dangers of war incident to the rapid growth of navy and military armaments. The difficulties in the path of reform are many, but not insurmountable. The members of this parliament have to overcome not only the more active elements of national hatreds and race antipathies, but also that inertia of the peoples which prevails as a mighty though passive force for the hindrance of peaceful measures. Just at the present moment, however, there are some hopeful signs, the first and foremost of which, in our opinion, is the practical understanding and cordial relations between England and America. Then comes the Anglo-Russian *entente*, and the settlement of the outstanding differences with France on the part of England. There is also a very strong feeling that the financial resources of the whole civilized world are being wasted in this effort to provide against war, while it is generally agreed that a nation can prepare for war until war becomes a positive and dangerous eventuality. Nicholas II., Emperor of Russia, at whose call the masters of the world are now in session, is passionately in earnest in his determination to obtain practical results. It will not be his fault if the Parliament should fail of success; and it is difficult to believe that Count Muravieff and Baron de Staal will fail to do the bidding of their Emperor. By far the most important section of the rescript is that which suggests that the Powers should accept in principle the employment of good offices of mediation and optional arbitration in cases which lend themselves to such means, in order to prevent armed conflicts between nations. This would lead to an advance such as the century has not yet witnessed. Alexander II. liberated the serfs; his son Nicholas II. desires to liberate mankind from the horrors of war; and for the sake of his own country, which is increasing in population at the rate of two millions per annum, it is high time something was done. If this huge population is ever to develop the resources of Siberia, if her railways, on which she is now spending forty millions of money, are ever to have practical value, this "Colossus of the North" must cease her preparations for war and give an eye to her ignorant and starving peasantry.

It has been suggested that wars can never cease until the great nations have "pegged out claims" in all unoccupied territory and uncivilized countries; but even if this be so, it is difficult to understand why the present Conference should not make wars less frequent and less horrible; and my own belief is that the irreducible minimum of the present Peace Parliament will be the agreement on the part of certain Powers to accept mediation and optional arbitration in all cases which allow of such treatment. We do not anticipate that a nation will refer the question of its own existence to arbitration, or that existing treaties will in any way be disturbed, but it does seem possible that the Powers now in session may, among other things, without creating a Supreme Court of Arbitration, decide upon the establishment of the principle of mediation and arbitration, with a view to checking the growth of this disease which is poisoning the life and weakening the vital force of many powerful peoples.

Foreign Travel

Suggestions from a Tourist's Note-book

By William Frederick Dix

Those who travel

American travelers in Europe may be divided into four classes. First, those who take a flying trip of three months, realizing that it will probably be their only visit for at least a long time, and who start merrily in to " do " everything from the North Cape and St. Petersburg to Venice and southern Italy, ending up in a more or less dazed and disheveled condition via Paris, London, and Killarney. Armed either with a conductor or with an unlimited belief that American resourcefulness "goes," they career like a terrestrial comet across the face of amazed Europe, and return home with a miscellaneous collection of alpenstocks, ikons, silk rugs, musical boxes, gloves, bog oak, and photographs, together with impressions that are equally catholic in character.

After the tenth or eleventh cathedral the men begin to rebel and to speak longingly of native heaths that are ignorant of the Gothic and Renaissance, and the women scan their Baedekers to see if they may not henceforth arrange their sightseeing a little less conscientiously. In this group are tourists of so varied characteristics that they cannot be classified as any one type of our fellow-countrymen. We meet well-informed schoolmasters; professional men who wish, naturally enough, to see all they can and who really do so with intelligent comprehension; overworked business men and their families; and occasionally we find the old lady who speaks rapturously of the Apollo Belladonna and the Dying Gladiolus, while her daughter says *her* favorite work of art is Guido Reni's fresco in Rome of the Aurora Borealis.

Class two consists of those who go abroad frequently, who drop naturally into the social life of the American colony in Paris or Dresden, and who have favorite haunts in the Tyrol or the Bernese Oberland or in Nice during the season or Rome for over Christmas. They will coach through Devonshire or climb the Jungfrau, bicycle about Lake Geneva or the Rhône Valley, or spend three months reading Ruskin in Venice or Florence. They are leisurely, well informed, well-to-do; they know when to travel second class and where to avoid table d'hôte. They are never seen in the midsummer rush, and affect less-trodden paths of which the Philistines wot not.

Class three consists of students, and ranges all the way from the university man striving for a Ph.D. in Leipsic or Berlin, and the girl pianist studying five hours a day in Dresden, Paris, or Florence, to the more dilettante ones—the young fellows lounging about Oxford or dabbling in posteresque art in Paris *ateliers*, and the young girls picking up conversational Italian or French. It is to one of these last that the following colloquy is attributed:

American girl in Paris, wishing to hire a cab: " Cocher! êtes vous fiancé?"

Cabman, in surprise: " Ma foi! no, mademoiselle!"

American girl: " Eh bien, je vous prend."

Cabman: "Très bien, mademoiselle; je ne demande pas mieux!"

It is also related in Rome that an American gentleman arriving and wishing to leave his luggage at the station while he searched for a suitable hotel, and not knowing a word of Italian, rose grandly above the situation by recalling his Latin. Pointing to his trunks, he said to the luggage agent, " Requiescat in pace." Then, pointing to himself, he added, "Resurgam."

The fourth class go abroad to spend several years, either in search of health, or to get away from business or housekeeping cares, or for the novelty of an entirely different society, mode of life, and environment. If they are wealthy, they will take apartments in some city where there is a prosperous American colony, or ensconce themselves in a furnished villa at an all-winter resort such as Pau, Biarritz, Nice, Cannes, or Mentone, spending the summer in the Alps, with perhaps a trip to Bayreuth or Holland between seasons. Many will spend the first winter exploring the Mediterranean; but neither in Algiers nor Cairo are they content to linger for more than a few weeks, unless one excepts the select few who, in their own hired dahabeahs, float through the golden days on a three-months' voyage up the Nile.

A much larger division of this class is formed by those who settle quietly down in some *pension* for the winter. Here they may live both economically and comfortably, free from annoyances of servants and from marketing in a foreign place where prices are not fixed, and from rents, taxes, etc. The food in these *pensions* is usually excellent, and there are always fellow-boarders with whom one may associate if he wishes. There is always a predominance of women at these *pensions*—a mother with a daughter or so, who are in school or taking lessons. One meets so many families living thus abroad whose husbands and fathers are at home at work, that one cannot but wonder at times how many American homes must be broken up while these women live on, often idly, winter after winter, with no thoughts of household responsibilities, seemingly, to disturb them.

The term *pension*, by the way, is difficult to translate into English; it is not "boarding-house" exactly; perhaps it might be likened more aptly to a private hotel for families who are expected to make more or less lengthened stays and where there are no transient terms. One pays a round sum per week, which includes room, service, three meals, lights, and sometimes wine at luncheon and dinner.

This classification is, of course, open to criticism in several ways, and throughout all the classes of American tourists one meets the same general types, after all. There is the nervous, crisp, middle-aged business man, who is trying to understand everything he sees in a sort of reflected way from his boarding-school-educated daughter who "dotes on" Raphael, and as for Canova's "Cupid and Psyche," she "just loves it, you know." Then there is the quiet, self-effacing widow with her two "hustling" girls, who dress stunningly, talk slang and bold French, speak with easy confidence of every opera and gallery in Europe, and stick photographs of foreign officers in their mirror-frames. There are the college graduates "hunting in couples," and in turn reading Hare's "Walks," climbing Alps, and playing *petits chevaux* at the watering-place kursaals with equal diligence and zest. There are to be met, fortunately, our best and highest types of cultured, modest-mannered, and appreciative Americans; but also, too frequently, those of whom the well-bred tourist cannot help exclaiming to himself, "Where in the world did they come from, and what can they find here in Europe to interest them?" They know nothing of art or history, nor do they wish to; they vastly prefer Long Branch and the Catskills to Interlaken and the Engadine, and are not happy unless telling people so. By these last are "Americans" often judged, especially by our English cousins, who seem often to take especial pains in misunderstanding us. Many sharp "brushes" ensue in conversation between the two nationalities, at which times "compliments" are usually mutual.

"I liked England very much when I was there," remarked a Yankee to an English acquaintance, "but I never dared to go out alone at night."

"Why," exclaimed the Englishman, "surely our police—"

"Oh! it wasn't that," said the other, "only I am rather unobserving, and I was afraid that in the dark I might walk off the island!"

"You know, it's very extraordinary," said another Englishman to a fair American, "your speaking English so well, never having been in England!"

"Well," she replied, "you know we had an English missionary in our tribe."

"Ah?"—interestedly—"*what* tribe?"

The following was told to me as having occurred between Mrs. Humphry Ward and the late Eugene Field, though I imagine it is one of those anecdotes that is applied to whom it is convenient. He had taken her in to dinner in England, and with great condescension she turned to him and said,

"Do tell me something about Americans; I am *so* interested in Americans!"

"Well," was the reply, "when I was caught, I was up a tree."

In the long run, however, the superficial tourist hies him homeward after one or two fleeting visits, and those who make protracted stays, or who visit more out-of-the-way places, usually have some specific reason for doing so, such as for art or historical or musical studies, for society or for health, or a general desire to absorb more fully the refinements and culture of the Old World. There is, in fact, no surer nor pleasanter way of meeting and making delightful friends than by traveling in the romance-laden countries of Europe; and each successive year modern methods of travel make it more fascinating and helpful for all true-minded Americans.

Climate and health

Nothing can be more dangerous than the careless advice of physicians or friends as to the suitability of special places for special illnesses. A certain physician whom I knew unwittingly did a great deal of harm by sending patients somewhat advanced in tubercular diseases to Algeria. He had never been there himself, but to him Algeria meant a country of perpetual warmth and sunshine, of waving palms and golden orange-trees, an air invigorated by the sea and made dry by the great desert behind it. I myself have seen snow in Algiers, and I remember a pitiful case of a young girl sent there on account of her lungs, huddled in thick wraps, catching cold after cold in a draughty hotel, and able to be out only two or three hours at midday. Algiers and the Mustapha Superior Hill, where the best hotels are, undoubtedly have much delightful weather, but equally certain are they to have, in December, January, and February, many cold days, cheerless skies, and raw winds. The hotels seem to consider cold weather an accident, and, save for a few wood fires, are quite unprepared for it.

I remember well the dramatic and pathetic spectacle of a funeral from one of the great hotels on Mustapha Hill—that of an Englishman who died there of consumption, and who was buried during a driving snow-storm in ground frozen deep and hard. This was, however, an extreme case. Algiers is a delightful spot for autumn and spring, but the winter that is mild and delightful throughout is unusual.

No less mistaken are the ideas generally held about the luxurious warmth of the Riviera. There is undoubtedly a preponderance of magnificent, sunshiny weather, and the scenes along the Promenade des Anglais or about the tennis-courts in winter are often attractively summer-like. But the vast majority of people who have tried a winter there will say, " Well, we *happened* to have a very long cold spell and a good deal of rain and wind, but it was an unusual season." It is strange how many " unusual seasons " the Riviera can have!

October and November, March and April, these are usually radiant in warm and brilliant sunshine, the streets are thronged with fashionable people, with white parasols and straw hats and tennis flannels. December, January, and February often have many fine spells, but there is a very strong probability that there will be hard, trying winds, weeks of rain or unsettled, dark skies, and a penetrating, biting cold. Few of the hotels are adequately warmed, and the much-boasted *calorifers* simply fan tepid air into the public rooms, leaving the corridors upstairs draughty and cold, and the bedrooms to depend on tiny fagot fires. The beds have linen sheets as stiff and cold as isinglass, and one cannot be comfortably warm indoors or out. I have never worn heavier clothing anywhere than on the Riviera and Italy, nor been as permanently and hopelessly chilled through.

Florence and Rome are the only two cities in Italy where Americans pass the winter, and there are usually many weeks of rain, wind, and cold that call out all one's vitality to combat.

Paris is notorious for steady months of distressingly cold and gloomy weather. One can be warm only in the first-class hotels and *pensions*, and there by paying lavishly for fuel. Dresden is much the same, but colder, and the cloudy skies, lasting for weeks, are unknown in this part of the world. People go to Dresden in winter for the opera, or study, or society, not for climate. Berlin is usually more brilliant; the skies are brighter, and the cold, though often intense, is often sparkling and clear. St. Petersburg, though of course intensely cold, prepares for bitter weather, and hotels and trains are thoroughly heated. Americans, however, rarely pay more than a very short, sightseeing visit to the Russian capital in winter.

Switzerland has a large number of very fine and thoroughly comfortable resorts, which are frequented largely by English people, with a sprinkling of Americans. All of them, with the exception of Montreux, are health resorts for tubercular troubles or people with weak throats. Davos Platz is the largest and best known, though the hotel is simply a sanitarium, and the cases of lung trouble are usually so far advanced in character that it is far from pleasant for others to go there. The place is at an altitude of five thousand feet; the snow falls in the late autumn and does not melt all winter. The air is splendidly clear, cold, and invigorating, and the winter sports, both on ice and snow, are of varied and exhilarating interest.

The Engadine is six thousand feet high, and in winter the great valley is almost without wind, and covered deep with beautiful dry, powdery snow; skating-ponds and toboggan-runs are kept in beautiful condition, and the visitors are usually those who expect a complete recovery.

Montreux is a little Riviera in itself, with many hotels, a charming little town, with its kursaal and social committees, and situated at the foot of high mountains that protect it from all wind. It is perhaps the most sheltered spot in all Europe, and I know of no place where one may be so comfortably warm the winter through. There is one great drawback as to weather, and that is the prevalence of low-hanging clouds that cover the mountain-tops and shut out the sun for weeks at a time. Strangely enough, the place seems perfectly dry in spite of this; the temperature is wonderfully steady, growing gradually and surely colder during the autumn, remaining at 45°, 40°, 35°, and rarely 30° during the winter, and rising steadily in the spring. Had Montreux more sunshine, it would be the ideal winter resort of Europe.

Many people will speak of delightful winter climates to be found in various parts of Europe, but careful inquiry will find that they speak from the experience of a single season. And the usual traveler is loth to remember, on his return, that he has not had as good weather as other people, and so the unpleasant side of the weather question is not made so prominent. The general conclusion is that winters spent in Europe may be delightful and wonderfully repaying in every way, but the ideal climate is not to be found north of the Mediterranean.

Expenses

It is about as impossible to answer the question, "How much does it cost to travel in Europe?" as the one, "How much does it cost to live at home?" It depends, of course, entirely upon the tastes, requirements, and habits of the individual. I recently had some one ask me, "How much does a good, life-sized statue cost in Rome?" This was almost as bad as Chrysos offering a thousand drachmas to Pygmalion for the statue of Galatea, estimating that it only weighed a ton. Still, for people who want to travel comfortably and well, and to see things thoroughly, to go to the best grade of hotels, and who are not extravagant on the one hand, insisting on private *salons*, *chambres de luxes*, champagne with dinner, and a carriage every time they go out, or who, on the other, are not anxious for every economy, a fairly accurate estimate may be given.

Epigrammatically speaking, then, it costs, on an average, ten dollars per day per person by sea the world over, and five or six dollars on land, for a leisurely tour where the pendulum will swing from the expense of a few days' traveling to periods of rest where the only expenses are hotels and incidentals.

In the spring of '97 the transatlantic lines, by mutual agreement, put up their prices to not less than one hundred dollars for the summer season; so, for a seven-day trip, this crossing is quite a little above the average, though one may still make better rates out of season and for a family. In the autumn one may come all the way from Naples to New York via Gibraltar for ninety or a hundred dollars. Mediterranean steamers, such as the "P. and O.," the Austrian Lloyd, the Messageries Maritimes, etc., average eight to ten dollars, and this always includes wine at meals. The ships on the Baltic and Black Seas, which are not as elegant or comfortable, average a trifle less. The steamers up the Nile charge, on one line, $200, and on the other $250, for a three weeks' trip up to the First Cataract and back. This includes, however, donkeys, guides, and all ordinary shore expenses. Steamers to India and Australia, China, etc., average eight, nine, and ten dollars, and the trans-Pacific steamers ten dollars. So, in the long run, the traveler may count very accurately on ten dollars per day for all sea travel.

On shore, the hotels in England average a little more than those on the Continent, where the good hotels average $1.25 to $1.50 for rooms, attendance, and lights; meat breakfast, 60 cents; cold luncheon, 25 to 40 cents; hot luncheon, 75 to 85 cents; and $1.25 for dinner. These prices are augmented somewhat in the London hotels. In Holland, Belgium, and Germany the rooms are from $1 to $1.40. Coffee and rolls, all over Europe, 30 cents; luncheon, 60 to 80 cents; and dinner, 90 cents to $1.20. Weekly rates, $2.25 to $2.75, and occasionally $3, per day. In Switzerland the hotels are the most comfortable in Europe, and often very inexpensive, the prices being highest, naturally, in the summer season. Transient rates at good houses for ordinary bedrooms and meals at table d'hôte average close to $3 per day at transient rates and $2 to $2.60 by the week. Of course, if one takes the best, first-floor front rooms and lives *à la carte*, the price rises often to double this. In Italy the prices rise a trifle, to $3.20 day rates, and $2.40 to $3 *en pension*. In Greece and Russia they are still a trifle higher, though one can always bargain. The best hotels in Algeria charge $3 to $4 per day. Shepheard's Hotel, Cairo, charges $4, and the new Ghezireh Palace Hotel $4.50. But those are exceptions, and, taking all the hotels one would visit, the average will be surprisingly close to $3 per day.

This leaves $2 or $3 for guides, cabs, railway tickets, luggage, admission to galleries, etc. Many people who do not understand the ins and outs of travel, or who are careless of expense, will find that their spendings mount up to $7, $8, $9, and even $10 a day; but for a careful tourist $5 or $6 is ample.

The large parties personally conducted by the tourist agencies charge from $7 to $9 a day each, and they probably make $2 to $3 each out of this, yet give their clients "everything first-class throughout," as they make special rates everywhere.

These estimates do not, of course, include doctors' bills, clothes, or purchases. A party of four will always travel more cheaply than one or two, as fees, carriage and guide hire, etc., may be divided and better rates may be made at hotels, where it is always advisable to have all terms clearly understood in advance. A rough general rule for feeing hotel servants is to divide among those who personally have attended you ten per cent. of your bill for short stays, and five per cent. for stays of a week or two or longer.

Hotels

It is curious that the subject of hotels, which is so very important to the comfort of the traveler, is passed over with such meager notice by the guide-books. Not one that I have seen gives adequate descriptions.

The modern hotel system in Europe is simply an evolutionary growth from the primitive idea of a lodging-house in which the traveler hires for himself a room—a shelter for the night. By an entirely separate arrangement, the landlord will procure him food, cook it, and, if the traveler has no servant, will serve it for him. He will also supply lights, a fire, and whatever is necessary. Europe has never quite outgrown this idea, and only within a season or so has it been at all customary to include service and lights with the price of the room. Hotel-keeping is not a cool, impersonal business enterprise as it is with us; the landlord is your host; it is his privilege to entertain you or not as he chooses; and it is his pleasure to preside at the dinner, the *table d'hôte*, "the table of the host." The house is private to himself and his guests, and when Americans saunter into a hotel where they are not staying, they invariably will be met by a servant who will politely inquire their errand. Sometimes, when they remark that they "are just looking around," they will be respectfully informed that this is not customary. These ideas, however, especially in the larger tourist caravansaries, are fast yielding to the modern spirit.

Perhaps the most difficult advice to give is concerning hotels, for, aside from the question of individual taste, one may make several delightful visits at a house, only to return another time to find that an inefficient manager, a poor *chef*, or an overworked or discourteous set of servants will reverse his good opinion of it. While it would be folly to attempt any remarks upon specific houses in the large cities, a few general suggestions about those in smaller places may be of interest.

Perhaps the best all-around tourist hotels are in Switzerland. Here the entire industry of the natives is catering to the tourist. They have no seaboard, nothing to export but watches, jewelry, and a few musical boxes, and no agriculture or stock except for their own use. But they have scenery; and scenery is their salvation, for it brings tourists and travel and money. The Society of Swiss Hotel-Keepers is, next to the Parliament, the most important organization in the country, and year by year the hotels are consolidating into great companies. When several hotels belonging to the same company are located near each other, the guests may have correspondence luncheon and dinner tickets by which they may take meals without extra charge at the other houses.

Swiss hotels represent wealth to the amount of three hundred and twenty million francs, or sixty-four million dollars. The net profit is sixteen million francs annually, or five per cent. on the capital. The average season is but from sixty to seventy days, this including those houses which have an all-winter season in addition to their summer one—those at St. Moritz, Davos Platz, Caux, Leysin, Montreux, and Grindelwald. The sanitarium at Davos Platz, by the way, is the original of the "Peterhof" in "Ships that Pass in the Night."

Three hundred hotels in Switzerland are at an elevation of from one to two thousand meters; and no less than sixteen thousand domestics are employed to attend to the tourists in Swiss hotels. The managers, head clerks, head waiters, *portiers* (or *concierges*, for which there is no equivalent English term) speak French, German, and English, and often Italian. Many of the waiters and chambermaids in Europe speak a little of one or two languages besides their own. This they accomplish by living a year or so successively in different countries. Thus, recently in Italy I ordered something from a waiter in my best Italian, and was apologetically asked by him if I would not kindly repeat it in English, as he had only recently come from England and could speak nothing else. More frequently, however, they will persist in answering you in English even if they speak it much worse than they do their own tongue. At first, one is inclined to resent this as a slur upon one's linguistic powers, though it is really because they are so anxious to seize every opportunity for practice.

Europe has jumped from wax to electricity without lingering in the half-way period of gas, as America did. Ten years ago there was scarcely a hotel in Europe whose bedrooms were lighted by anything but wax candles. The first electric light I ever saw in the bedroom of a European hotel was in 1884, at the Britannia, in Venice. Now, however, one finds electric lights almost everywhere, and even in many isolated Swiss valleys the water-power is thus used, and the little chalets dotting the steep mountain-sides twinkle brilliantly at night. In the vicinity of Château d'Oex and Saanen there are little villages of weather-beaten chalets, dating back to 1660, 1680, and 1700, with incandescent lamps at the street corners jutting out from the carved and picturesque eaves.

Until recently, too, the sanitary arrangements have been most primitive, and bathrooms where one could have a hot "tub" were usually in some cell-like chamber on the ground floor. General heating is at last being introduced, though the *calorifer* is a very feeble imitation of the American heater, and nowhere in Europe do I know of a hotel that is thoroughly heated throughout according to our American ideas. Bedrooms are dependent on little open fireplaces where one may nurse a wretched little fire, and pay jewelry prices for fuel.

Table service is almost always excellent, and far better than in American hotels. The food is not as varied, but it is always daintily cooked and garnished, and charmingly served; for French cooking is now the criterion throughout Europe. Such dishes as our cereals, corn-meal preparations, hot bread, griddle-cakes, sweet potatoes, pumpkins, squashes, etc., are entirely unknown. European hotels are naturally different in many ways from hotels here, but one soon grows accustomed to them, and he then finds that he may live in almost any of them with very great comfort.

In conclusion, no one can doubt the advantages of foreign travel, nor, in many cases, of prolonged stay in other countries. The remark is often made by the conservative stay-at-homes that "it would be far better if people would see more of their own country and spend their money in it than to fly about so much in others." Without going into the pros and cons of American versus European travel, the general conclusion of the whole matter seems to be that the best patriotism is to travel with liberality of ideas, so that we may see where and in what way other nations excel ours, so that we may bring back these ideas and utilize them by applying them to our own shortcomings.

The Good Advice of the Avocat

By J. Macdonald Oxley

JEAN BAPTISTE COUTURE was on the best of terms with himself. One look at his plump, rosy countenance, his incipient double chin, his big black eyes, which were veritable pools of complacency, and his ever-smiling mouth told you that much on the instant.

Nor did he lack good excuse for his self-contentment. Inheriting a fine, fertile farm from his father, together with sundry mortgages on his neighbors' lands, he had taken good care of his patrimony, and was independent of everybody, which is certainly a most enviable condition in life.

The gossips greatly wondered why he did not marry when he had so comfortable a home all ready for a helpmate, and only an old aunt to keep him company.

The truth was that Jean Baptiste could not make up his mind upon which of the charming maidens of Ste. Marie des Monts to confer the honor of his hand, his aunt having been at much pains to instill into him the fact that he was quite the most eligible *parti* in the parish, and that, therefore, he should be in no hurry to commit himself.

Eminently sociable in disposition, kindly of spirit, if not open of hand, free from all vicious habits, he was a general favorite, and the object of many shrewd devices on the part of managing mothers with marriageable daughters.

One market day in midsummer he drove into Ste. Marie, and, having put up his horse at Le Chien d'Or, sauntered through the village street.

He had nothing to sell. He was come simply for his own pleasure, and because his cousin, Noel Lafortune, had invited him to have dinner with him at the hotel, the reputation of whose cuisine was well established.

Having taken only a light breakfast in anticipation of the treat in store, his appetite became very keen as noon drew near, and he kept a sharp lookout for his cousin while exchanging greetings and gossip with his friends in the street.

At length his growing impatience was allayed by the sight of Noel on the other side of the street, and he hurried across with outstretched hand, shouting:

"Good-day, Cousin Noel! Is your wife well? Your little ones also? And yourself to boot? Good! But why are you coming out of that fine house?" he added, pointing to the building whence his cousin had just emerged.

"I must tell you, Jean Baptiste," said Noel, with an important air as he held on to his hand, "that I have a serious affair in hand. My neighbor, Trudel, is threatening me with an action, and I have just been consulting Monsieur Alphonse Ouimet."

"Monsieur Ouimet? I don't know who he is," cried Jean Baptiste, his ruddy face expressing bewilderment.

"He is a lawyer lately come here from Montreal, an avocat to whom I recommend you to go if you need legal advice," responded Noel, still preserving his important air.

"You tell me he gives advice!" Jean Baptiste exclaimed.

"Yes, indeed, most excellent advice," was the reply. "He will get you out of any difficulty for five dollars."

"Five dollars!" chuckled Jean Baptiste, tapping his well-filled wallet proudly. "That's easily paid. I think I must call upon him myself after we have had our dinner. You remember you promised me one at the Chien d'Or to-day?"

"I am not forgetting," answered Noel,

smiling at the other's naïve eagerness. "Come along. We will have it right away."

A couple of hours later, having disposed of a very hearty meal, which he enjoyed all the more because it cost him nothing, and having given digestion a good start by a quiet smoke in the shade of the hotel, Jean Baptiste sauntered over to the avocat's office.

He found the waiting-room full of clients, and amused himself walking up and down in a complacent, consequential manner, obtrusively fingering his fat wallet, until at length his turn came, and he passed into the avocat's chamber, where he was received with a courteous salutation.

"Good-day to you, sir," he stammered. "Excuse my disturbing you. But—I—I want advice from you—good advice, you understand. Never mind the expense."

"Certainly, my good sir; I am at your service," responded the avocat with a smile of encouragement, for Jean Baptiste's perturbation led him to suppose a matter of much importance was to be laid before him. "Just explain to me the affair which is giving you concern."

"The affair!" cried Jean Baptiste. "There is no affair!"

"What do you say? No suit? No proceedings?" queried the bewildered lawyer.

"Why, no," blurted Couture, reddening to the roots of his hair.

"Ah, I understand," said Monsieur Ouimet, his countenance clearing again. "It is a matter of a legacy or a will that troubles you."

"Not at all," protested Couture. "I got my property from my parents, and live upon it undisturbed. My chief concern, I mean, my wheat crop, is doing finely."

"Then what is it you want of me?" demanded the now thoroughly mystified avocat.

"What I have already told you, Monsieur," responded Jean Baptiste, with a touch of dignity; "namely, your good advice. My cousin, Noel Lafortune, has told me what excellent advice you give, and I want some of it. I am rich enough to pay for it."

Then the true inwardness of this curious interview dawned upon the avocat, and, being still a young man, he found it hard to resist the temptation to burst out laughing.

But, looking on the honest countenance of the farmer, and appreciating his simplicity, a happy thought flashed into his mind.

"I understand now, Monsieur," he said with a grave bow, "and I shall meet your wishes."

Whereupon, taking up his pen, he rapidly wrote a few words on a slip of paper:

"Here you are now," he said, handing him the paper. "This is the very first time that I have given this sage counsel. Take good care of it, and some day call in again and tell me how it has worked."

In high delight, Jean Baptiste opened his wallet, and, pulling out a five-dollar bill, let it fall fluttering on the desk.

"No—no!" cried the young avocat, no longer restraining his laughter. "Keep your money. I shall accept nothing until I know that my advice has been of advantage to you. But be sure and keep it to yourself."

Jean Baptiste protested, but Monsieur Ouimet was obdurate, and so the farmer went away in great good humor, for now he had had not only an excellent dinner but the famous advice all for nothing.

Hastening back to the Chien d'Or, where Noel awaited him, he was greeted with the question:

"Well, cousin, and what do you think of Monsieur Ouimet?"

"I agree with you that there is not his like in the whole parish," was the hearty reply. "What advice did he give you?"

"Dame! he listened to the account of my trouble with Trudel, and then told me how to avoid an action."

"And then—?"

"That was all; what more could he do?"

"Why, what he did for me," retorted Jean Baptiste, his heart swelling with exultation. "He gave me a written advice. Do you understand, cousin? Written! and enjoined upon me to keep it to myself."

"Forsooth, you must have consulted him upon some mighty important subject," sniffed Noel, with a toss of his head; "all the better seeing that you are so well satisfied."

"So well satisfied, cousin, that it is I who will pay for our dinner, and for some more of that good old wine," responded Couture, his serenity unruffled by the other's sneer.

On returning home he said nothing about the avocat's written advice, not even to his aunt.

"Margot is full of curiosity," he soliloquized, "and would be sure to want to see the paper, which, of course, she cannot, since Monsieur Ouimet impressed upon me that I must keep it all to myself."

So he put the precious paper away in an old purse which he always carried, and then applied himself to the working of his farm with renewed vigor.

The harvest was a famous one that year, and no holding made a better showing than that of worthy Jean Baptiste Couture. The wheat, the oats, the corn, the roots, the tobacco, the orchard, all yielded abundantly after their kind, and Jean Baptiste's cup of happiness seemed full to the brim.

In the breathing-space that followed the garnering of the crops the rejoicing inhabitants indulged in social gatherings that were not apropos during the busy season; and no dance was considered complete without the presence of the jocund Jean Baptiste, who, in his own rather clumsy, halting way, was quite a beau. Early in the summer, society at Ste. Marie des Monts had received a very pleasing addition in the person of Celeste Lavigne, who, having completed her education at the convent of the Sacré Cœur in Montreal, returned to her home to meet whatever fate destiny may have provided. She was a very characteristic type of *la belle Canadienne.* Slim and trim of figure, regular of feature, rosy of lip, and clear ivory of complexion, her deep black eyes habitually bore a bewitching blend of shyness and shrewdness in their expression.

She had much yet to learn of the world, but she understood herself fairly well, and was not likely to fall a victim to injudicious sentiment, warmly as the young blood pulsed through her veins.

She and Jean Baptiste had been capital friends ere she went away to the convent, but when she returned with many of the airs and graces of a city-bred girl, he found himself so awed thereby as entirely to lose his former easy footing, in spite of Celeste's smiling endeavors to mitigate his bashfulness.

Yet, somehow, she soon began to fill a larger place in his thoughts than any other of her sex had ever done, and, in spite of his fear of her fine manners, he betrayed his growing interest by paying court to her in his own clumsy fashion.

But he did not have the field to himself by any means. Celeste's admirers were many, and one in particular, Pascal Poirier, the only son of the chief storekeeper in Ste. Marie, made no disguise of his intentions.

He was as well supplied with self-confidence as Jean Baptiste was lacking in it, and would have won Celeste out of hand had that demure damsel suffered him.

Deftly parrying his advances without discouraging them, she held on her way, quite resolved not to forfeit the chance of making the best possible match by being too hasty in committing herself. Such was the situation one glorious golden Sunday of the Indian summer when the pensive beauty of the landscape seemed to cast its spell over all the world.

More by good lack than good management—or was it a clever bit of Celeste's diplomacy?—Jean Baptiste had secured the privilege of a walk with her after morning mass.

Curiously enough, although he proved exceedingly poor company, for he could get out no more than one remark in three minutes, and then he stammered so as to be hardly intelligible, Celeste did not seem to find him dull.

Her bewitching face bore a bright, alert expression that became it immensely, and she made up for her companion's fragmentary conversation by the steady flow of her own lively prattle. Presently they reached the summit of a slope whence they had a wide, extended view, with Ste. Marie des Monts as its center; and now at last Jean Baptiste found his tongue.

"That is all my own," he said, pointing proudly to a fertile farm outspread before them; "all my own, and not one dollar of debt upon it; and the house, it is a good one, and the barns, they are good also, and of horses, cows, sheep, and hens I have many—all good, too." Then, pointing to one farm after another within sight, he added: "That one I have a mortgage on, and that one, and that one—and I have money in the bank, moreover."

Celeste's dark eyes twinkled and her

ruby lips twitched as she listened. She understood perfectly what Jean Baptiste was driving at, but she had no idea of helping him out. He must make his own proposal, however clumsily.

But when the tale of his possessions had been told, the fountain of poor Jean Baptiste's eloquence ran dry, and an interval of silence ensued, the awkwardness of which he strove to palliate by fumbling at an old purse which he produced from an inner pocket.

Celeste watched him with an inscrutable smile, until at last his trembling fingers managed to open the purse and extract a piece of paper carefully folded, and evidently considered a treasure by its owner.

This Jean Baptiste proceeded to open out, but so great was his agitation that he let it fall, and it fluttered down to Celeste's feet.

"Allow me," she said, stooping gracefull to pick it up. "What does it say? Is it important?" and she returned it to Couture.

Blushing furiously, and shaking all over from sheer nervousness, Jean Baptiste spread out the paper and read in a faint, hesitating voice, absurdly different from his natural tone, these words written in the neat, precise hand of the avocat: "*Ne remettez jamais au lendemain ce que vous pouvez fair le jour.*"

"Well," laughed Celeste, her comely countenance abrim with mischief, while she balanced before him upon one dainty foot, as winsome a little woman as might be found in the whole countryside, "Why do you carry that about? Is it a charm?"

By this time Jean Baptiste had become desperate. The advice of the legal sage not to put off till to-morrow what could be done to-day revealed its full meaning to him, and with a heroic effort he blurted out the words:

"Celeste, I do love you with all my heart. Will you be my wife?"

Thus at last the leap was taken, and, strange to say, once he had spoken Jean Baptiste's agitation began to subside as he awaited Celeste's answer.

Fully as she had anticipated this declaration, the maiden in turn grew rosy from dimpled chin to ivory forehead, and *her* voice was scarcely audible as she responded shyly:

"You are very good. Will you tell my parents?"

That both Damase and Élise Lavigne should cordially approve of so desirable a son-in-law goes without saying. They only stipulated that the marriage should not take place until the spring, so that their daughter might have time to prepare an appropriate trousseau.

Jean Baptiste's happiness did not cause him to forget the understanding with Monsieur Ouimet, and accordingly one morning soon after his engagement he presented himself at the lawyer's office, bearing on either arm a huge basket full to the brim. On the clerk opening the door, he said in a commanding tone:

"I must speak with Monsieur Ouimet immediately."

"On pressing business? Certainly," replied the clerk. "He will see you at once. Just leave your baskets in the hall."

"No, no!" shouted Couture. "My baskets go with me."

"But that is out of the question," protested the clerk.

"I must take them in with me," persisted Couture.

The noise of the altercation brought Monsieur Ouimet out of his office.

"Bravo, I'm all right now!" cried the farmer, joyfully. "It is myself, Monsieur avocat—Jean Baptiste Couture, you remember—and I have come to pay you for the advice you gave me some months ago. But for you, I should perhaps never have won *la plus belle demoiselle* in the whole parish. I didn't put off till to-morrow what I could do then, and so she is going to be my wife, and now see what I have brought you."

Whereupon the proceeded to empty the baskets, and to cover the astonished lawyer's desk with an array of good things that made it look like a market-stall: a fine fat turkey, a plump pair of fowls, another of ducks, a noble ham, six rolls of golden butter, a big pot of cream, and a superb cheese, not to mention apples, pears, and plums, in great profusion.

"There now," he panted, for the excitement and exertion had put him out of breath. "That is all for you; and you shall have the same every year as long as Jean Baptiste Couture is alive to bring it to you. Bravo! I cry, for the good advice of the avocat: *Never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day.*"

From the Meadows

By Clinton Scollard

WHO with me will fare afield,
Seek the meed the meadows yield—
Sweetnesses and secrecies
To the laggard unrevealed?

I will lead you by a way
Sheltered from the open day
Where, the tranquil season long,
Choiring birds of song delay.

By and by we shall behold
Where the spacious hills are rolled
Surge on surge to woody crests,
Harmonies in green and gold.

There shall we abide awhile,
Stretched upon some grassy isle,
Having laid aside unrest,
Seeing all the world a-smile.

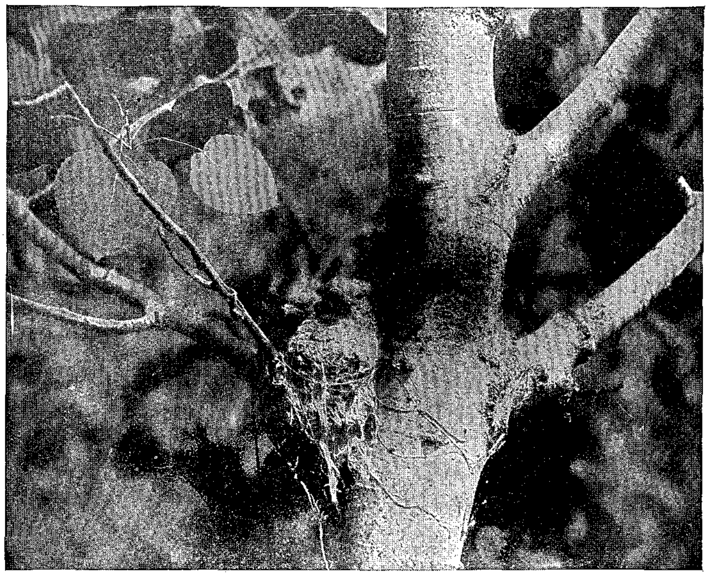
Intimate and hidden things
In the whir of gauzy wings
Shall be told us; we shall learn
Subtle blossom-whisperings.

What has ever been before
Incommunicable lore
Out of God's wide nature-book
We shall read, and shall adore.

Having been uplifted thus,
We shall bear away with us
Something with a gleam divine
Both benign and beauteous.

And though halcyon days depart,
And the stinging storm-winds start,
For our solace and our joy
We shall hold it fast at heart.

FOR THE LITTLE PEOPLE



The Little Home in the Poplar-Tree

By Mary Mann Miller

❧

IT was just the place for a nest, thought Madam Chebec; and I thought so too, when she showed me where it was. I don't think she really meant to show it to me, or to ask my advice; but show it she certainly did, and I was quite willing to give her my opinion freely.

It was one evening in June, when I was walking up the hill at sunset. "Quit, quit!" I heard over my head, and looked up just in time to see Madam drop into a crotch of the poplar-tree. Now when a bird settles down in the crotch of a tree, you may be almost sure that she has begun a nest there or is trying the place to see if it will fit. So I took up my opera-glass quickly, and, sure enough, I could see by its means a little gray cup begun in the crotch.

The trunk of the tree where the branch joined it was darker, so that the gray cup might have been a continuation of these spots. This answered Madam Chebec's first requirement—concealment. Then there were plenty of dead branches and a pile of brush near from which the old birds could do their hunting. The canopy of leaves would shade the little ones nicely through the day, and there were not many small twigs about the nest to keep the parents from going in and out easily. And this would suit me admirably too, for there was nothing to keep me from seeing into the nest.

But I didn't let Madam know that I thought so, because if she had suspected how much of my society I meant to give her by and by, she might have made up her mind that the poplar-tree was far too public a place for her babies. So I pretended not to care much about her, and only took a look each day to see how she got on. I felt almost certain that if she once finished the nest and laid some eggs in it she would stay by it even if she did have an unwelcome visitor.

While we are waiting for her to finish her work, I may as well tell you what the real name of this bird is, for Chebec is only a nickname. It is Least Flycatcher. The flycatchers are birds that catch live flies and other insects. They sit on dead twigs watching, and fly out when an insect passes and then back again to the same perch. The Kingbird and Phœbe belong to this family.

The Least Flycatcher is the smallest of them all, as the name shows, and gives its common name to itself, for it is always saying "Chebec! Chebec!" as it sits on a dead twig of an apple-tree jerking its tail. It is gray on the back, with a greenish tinge, and much lighter, almost white, underneath.

Each day the edges of the cup grew higher as the busy bird brought dry grass-stems and wove them in. I do not think her mate helped her at all, though I could not tell positively, because they were dressed exactly alike. But then he had a great deal to do himself, for he thought he must keep every other bird out of the orchard.

At last the bird had finished her nest and laid some eggs. Now she began to spend most of her time there, so I found a place up on the bank where I could sit comfortably under the branches of the tree and watch her.

At first she was a little bit timid at having me so near, but I kept very still, and soon she grew used to seeing me, and forgot to watch me every minute. She even turned her back on me, which was a mark of great confidence. Patiently she brooded the eggs day after day, only leaving them a few moments at a time to get something to eat. I called on her every morning for a short time.

Her mate never fed her in my sight, nor did he seem to share the sitting with her. But when the eggs were hatched he did his share of the feeding. Though I could not see a thing nor hear a sound, I knew they were hatched, because when the mother came to the nest she bent down into it to feed the babies before brooding over them. For they still must be kept warm, as they had not a feather among them! So, after feeding, the mother settled herself on them as calmly as if they were still in the shell.

In a few days I could see weak little wobbly heads with wide-open mouths stretch up when the mother came to the nest; but the eyes were not open yet. Very soon, however, they were, and the birds had grown so large that they filled the nest full and could be counted. Four there were, with white fuzzy down on their heads and a curious yellow edge all around their bills. Perhaps that was what made them look all mouth.

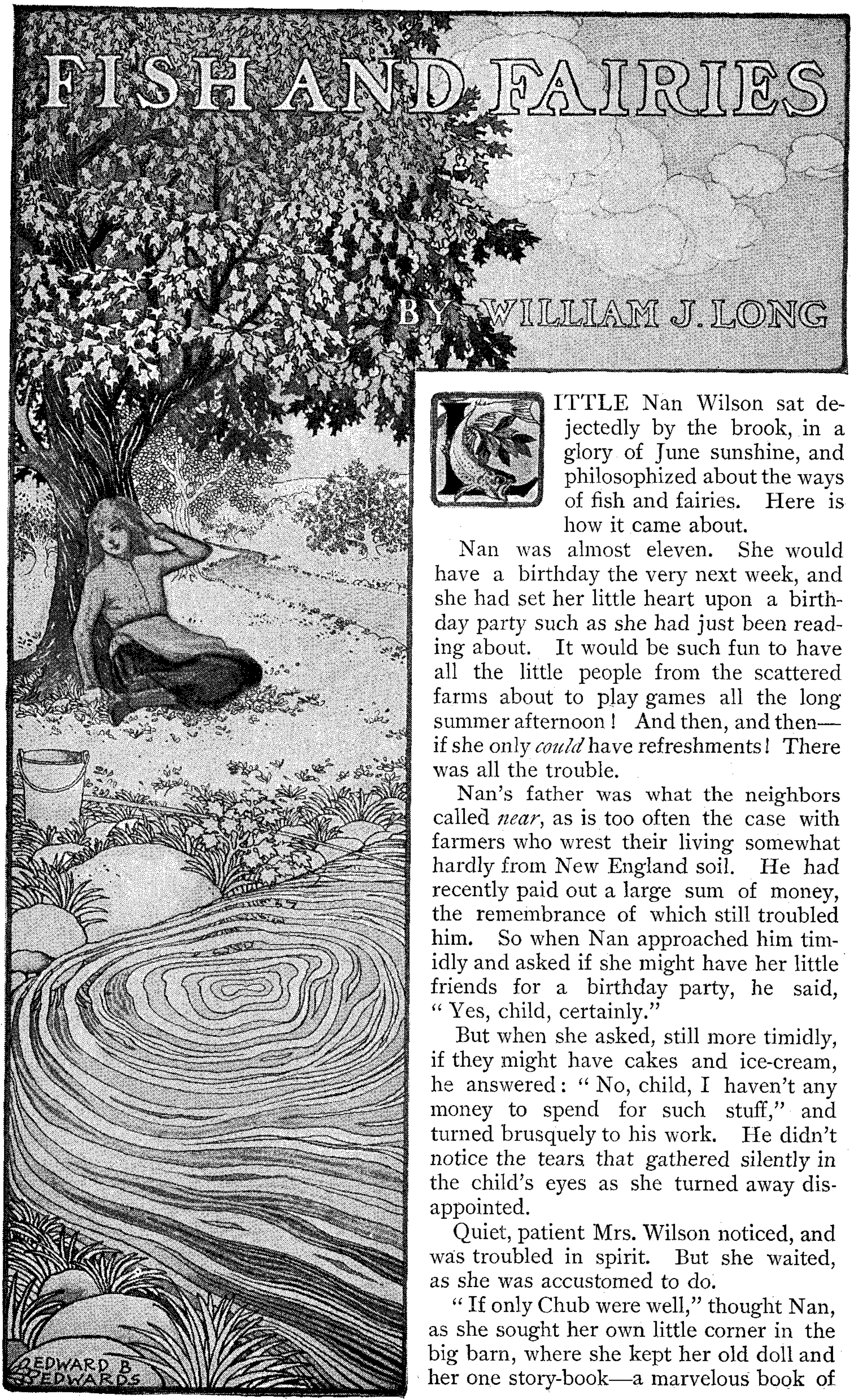
How fast they grew! The down was pushed off by the feathers that came out all over them, and very soon it was all the mother could do to cover them. The last time I saw her try to do it she had to fairly claw them down, spread her wings, and fluff out her breast feathers. The infants did not like being smothered by a feather bed on this warm June day, so there was a sudden upheaval from below, and she only saved herself from being tumbled right off the nest by fluttering her wings.

After this the babies more than filled up the nest themselves. They pushed it out of shape, and sat all over the edge of it, and on top of each other, so that it was a wonder they did not all tumble out. But, twist and squirm as they would, somehow they managed to stick on. It is fortunate that birds in their little nests *do* agree, for if there had been any pushing, somebody would surely have gone overboard. In the picture you see them at about this age. Two of them are out of sight below or behind the two that show.

The little birds began to look quite grown up. Only a bit of down was left on their heads, their wings could be seen, the white eye-ring had grown, and the yellow edge was gone from their bills. After each feeding the wings were exercised violently. The bird fed would mount upon his brothers and sisters, beat his tiny wings, and then pick at his feathers and dress them. They would soon fly away, and the life of the nest would be ended.

FISH AND FAIRIES

BY WILLIAM J. LONG



LITTLE Nan Wilson sat dejectedly by the brook, in a glory of June sunshine, and philosophized about the ways of fish and fairies. Here is how it came about.

Nan was almost eleven. She would have a birthday the very next week, and she had set her little heart upon a birthday party such as she had just been reading about. It would be such fun to have all the little people from the scattered farms about to play games all the long summer afternoon! And then, and then—if she only *could* have refreshments! There was all the trouble.

Nan's father was what the neighbors called *near*, as is too often the case with farmers who wrest their living somewhat hardly from New England soil. He had recently paid out a large sum of money, the remembrance of which still troubled him. So when Nan approached him timidly and asked if she might have her little friends for a birthday party, he said, "Yes, child, certainly."

But when she asked, still more timidly, if they might have cakes and ice-cream, he answered: "No, child, I haven't any money to spend for such stuff," and turned brusquely to his work. He didn't notice the tears that gathered silently in the child's eyes as she turned away disappointed.

Quiet, patient Mrs. Wilson noticed, and was troubled in spirit. But she waited, as she was accustomed to do.

"If only Chub were well," thought Nan, as she sought her own little corner in the big barn, where she kept her old doll and her one story-book—a marvelous book of fairy tales, which she knew by heart, and believed, perhaps, in the same way.

Chub was Nan's brother, a year or two older than she. His name was Christopher; but that was too long, and by some unexpected boyish contraction had been reduced to Chub. Perhaps a certain suggestion of a round, rosy-cheeked apple in his bright boy's face had suggested it.

He had a faculty for earning stray bits of money which seemed marvelous to little Nan, who somehow couldn't quite find out how to transform her harder efforts into the copper coins that jingled so frequently in her brother's pocket. The first cowslip that showed its shiny green leaf down in the swamp was sure to find a resting-place in Chub's basket. The first blueberries that turned purple under the July sun drummed a tattoo on the bottom of Chub's tin pail. And the first covey of partridges that grew big enough to be called *broilers* by Squire Marston (who liked broilers) never knew any better than to run half their silly heads into Chub's snares, to be promptly jerked up into the air, and presented at the Squire's door next morning.

Chub was generous, too, and sold Nan's berries, and often shared with her the proceeds of his own lucky finds. But both had expensive tastes—so said Mr. Wilson. Chub never hesitated a moment to spend ten cents on a fish-line, and Nan had once squandered a quarter on a box of chocolate creams for old Mother Lewis, who was ill with rheumatism. Mother Lewis loved sweets, but was always too poor to buy any. So they never kept any money, but enjoyed to the full the rare pleasure of spending it.

Poor Chub had just sprained his ankle while trying to walk a sheep-fence. He had been lying on the sofa three days already, and must lie there at least a week longer. Nan could no longer depend on his fertile brain and active legs for financial support.

The day before, Nan had been overjoyed at the prospect of earning enough for her beloved party. Squire Marston was to give a great dinner at a family reunion in his large house. With one of the whims for which he was noted, he had resolved to serve nothing on his table that was not the product of his own farm. Nan had heard him asking Ben Norcross, the old fox-hunter and fisherman of the region, if he could not furnish a few pounds of trout from the stream that flowed through the Squire's land. He would pay a dollar a pound for all the fisherman might catch. But Ben had shaken his head slowly.

"Ther' ain't two pounds o' trout left in th' hull brook," he said. "Fust place, it's been feeshed to death; 'nd second place, th' water's too warm; 'nd, anyway, ther' hain't been nothin' but little ones in that 'ere brook fur ten years."

Nan was out before daylight next morning. Chub had told her of some good places where she might still find a trout; and she tried faithfully with worms and crickets and grasshoppers for bait. But her success gave small promise of ice-cream; and the morning was almost gone.

At five o'clock old Ben had appeared at a deep hole under some willows that had been, no doubt, a favorite fishing-ground years before. He seemed taken all aback at finding a bright-faced little girl shaking a grasshopper diligently over its placid surface.

"Sho!" he said. "What yer feeshin' for?" and, rather shamefacedly, he made his way up stream, scarcely waiting for the child's answer. No fisherman likes to be surprised at a pool which he thinks he knows exclusively; and to find a favorite spot pre-empted fills one with a sense of utter failure.

By eight o'clock Nan was quite discouraged, and sat down under a great cedar by the wood's edge, after trying vainly for a fish in the last place Chub had told her about. There were two tiny trout swimming in the big pail she had brought to keep her catch fresh; and the two might perhaps weigh six ounces. That could scarcely be thirty cents, Nan calculated, allowing for heads and fins. "Dear me!" she thought, "they're almost all heads and fins. And, anyway, he wouldn't buy just two little ones."

"I wonder if there truly are any fairies here," she mused, "and how I could make them understand." This second problem committed her to a belief in the affirmative answer to the first, spite of Chub's stout denial. The two made her sleepy; or perhaps it was getting up so early; or it might be the sunshine and the bird songs. Anyway, her thoughts grew more and more hazy, sitting there under the big cedar.

In front of her was a narrow meadow, with woods beyond, where the stream wound slowly about, and lost and found itself again among the bogs. There were springs here, Chub told her, and he had once seen a big trout "scoot" under the bank.

Just below her began the broad meadow of Squire Marston, yellow-sprinkled with buttercups, over which the breezes ran and set them glinting like a summer sea. A meadow-lark called wild and sweet from the sheep-fence. Out of the grass a bobolink burst anon, and poured his rollicking soul out as if he would drown the brook's song in a flood of tinkling melody. The soft air, fragrant with wild flowers and drowsy with the hum of insects, touched Nan's cheek and caressed it. The warm June sunshine flooded her about; and every bright beam was shimmering with a host of dancing fairies. For Nan was asleep, with her bare little tired feet overhanging the brook, and her head on a gnarled root of the rough old cedar.

Slowly her eyes opened when a woodpecker drummed his tattoo on the dry branch above her head. A curious sound was in her ears as she awoke—a muffled, rippling, shirring sound, as if a giant cat were purring near and never stopping to take breath.

Nan started in surprise, and blinked stupidly at the woodpecker. But the sound was gone on the instant.

Rather dreamily, she wondered what it was; then—for the sunshine was still warm and tender—her head settled slowly down again against the cedar trunk.

But the moment she touched it, there was the sound again, pur-r-r-r-r-r-r-r—as if the big cat were just awake, and pleased at being fondled.

This time Nan was wide awake and looked about for the cause. It couldn't have been the woodpecker. He was too little, and stopped too often to listen for grubs. It was like—why, it was something like the sound she heard when she listened with her ear against the telegraph poles!

At the thought she put her ear to the cedar; and there was the sound, sure enough. But there were no wires here to make that humming! Nan jumped to her feet, and looked all about for an explanation.

The tree was an ordinary old cedar, growing six or eight feet from the brook, but leaning out over the water. At its base was a huge mound upon which Nan had been lying, where the earth and grass had gradually grown up and covered the twisted roots.

Certainly there was nothing unusual about the tree—no wires, no creaking branches. Even the woodpecker was gone. There he was in the old apple-tree across the stream, drumming away merrily, hopping round and round, waving his head, keeping time to his own music, as if the old stub were his partner in a Scotch reel. But whenever she stopped watching him to put her ear to the brown, twisted bark, there was this curious sound to puzzle her.

Could there be fairies inside, after all, trying to frighten her? Nonsense! Fairies never frightened people; and it was broad daylight. Nevertheless, it was with a certain sense of timidity that she took a stick and struck the old tree-trunk. But it sounded solid enough, and Nan felt relieved. Then she stamped with her bare feet on the mound. Ah, that was hollow, surely!

Down she went on her knees and began to pull up the sods that covered the mound. Soon the cedar's roots shone brown and moist in the sunlight. Nan's hands suddenly slipped between them. Her arm followed slowly, but, stretch it about as she would, she could feel nothing in the big mound but an occasional dripping root reaching downward through the dark chamber like the pillars in some of her fairy stories.

Nan's face went down to the opening she had made, and her bright eyes peered cautiously in. It was black as midnight at first. Only by shutting out the light about her face with her hands, and lying still a long time, could she see anything. All the while her ear was close beside a big root, and the purring went on continually.

Gradually she made out something below—a *face* it was, that looked straight up at her.

"Sure as you live, there's a fairy!" she whispered to herself. Her breath had stopped in a quick gasp; but she still kept her eyes to the dark hole.

No, that was not a fairy's face, surely not; but that of a bright little girl, with big, curious eyes.

"Why, it's only *me!*" she cried, and laughed at her own fright. "There must be water in there. Perhaps it's only a big spring, and—ah, that's what makes the noise!"

Close beside a big root that went straight down from the top of the mound, Nan saw a commotion on the bottom. A large volume of water boiled up from below; the sand and pebbles for a foot around were kept in a constant dance about the cedar root. The rush of water and the rub of pebbles set the root in vibration, so that whenever her ear touched the tree it seemed instantly as if the big cat had begun to purr again. From the spring the water found its way under the bank of the stream beyond.

"Not a fairy inside!" thought the little girl, regretfully. After so much mystery she wanted a different ending. "It's a nice spring, anyway, and Chub—Oh!!!"

She started up suddenly, more startled than when she saw the face, and looked up and down the stream. But Fisherman Ben was nowhere in sight. Then her face went down to the hole again, and she lay perfectly motionless a long, long time.

What was that dark shadow that settled slowly on that bit of white sand? What could it be but the big trout Chub had seen to swim under the bank! Here was his secret den discovered at last! A perfect monster he seemed, as he lay there leisurely twisting his tail and slowly waving his bright red fins. Then he moved lazily across the spring.

Nan's eyes followed him eagerly. Another shadow moved aside as he approached. And there right under her nose was another; and over beyond that largest root. . . .

"Oh, oh, if I can only catch one!" she cried, starting up. And her little fingers trembled so that she spilled her bait-box and set all her grasshoppers off in a kangaroo race for safety. What should she try—crickets? grasshoppers? No, those white grubs that Chub told her were the best things for dark places. And Chub knew. She fastened two fat ones to her hook—rather awkwardly, to be sure; for when one was skewered lengthwise there wasn't half room for the other. But she *must* give that trout a big mouthful; and Chub wasn't there to see.

First the opening in the mound was made a little larger to avoid accidents; then the two grubs were dropped carefully in. They had scarcely touched bottom when there came a vicious tug that almost pulled the line from Nan's trembling fingers. Quicker than it takes to tell it, a big two-pound trout was flopping madly all over the green mound; while an excited little girl was dancing after him, half frantic with delight and with her effort to grasp and hold the monster.

She held him at last by lying down upon him. Then, hooking her fingers into his big gills, she placed him carefully in her big pail, and sat down to think it all over.

Visions of Chub's delight and Squire Marston's surprise, especially of the coming party, danced confusedly before Nan's mind to the exclusion of all else for the moment. But suddenly she remembered the spring, and the other shadows; and, baiting her hook with another grub, she dropped it again into the dark hole. In another minute she was running about the mound in an excited chase after a smaller and livelier trout, that got into the stream at last and had to be pulled out by main strength from under the bank.

About noon that day Fisherman Ben stood at Squire Marston's door with three small trout on a willow stringer.

"'Tain't no use, Squire," he was saying; "ther brook's been fished out," when the gate slammed, and Nan came hurrying up the path, very much bent to one side, with water slopping from under the cover of her big pail on to her bare brown feet.

"Please, Mr. Marston," she said, quite out of breath, "I heard you tell him you wanted some trout. And would you please buy these for my party? And, oh! *may* I take them home first, for Chub to see?"

She had taken the cover from her pail, and set it on the doorstep, where the two men stood staring in astonishment. Two tiny trout and three large ones, and one the largest the Squire had ever seen, were gasping for air in their narrow quarters.

"Why, child! why, *child!*" he cried, "where in the world did you get them? I've wanted a trout like that for years, to put in my big spring. Why, it's the biggest trout I ever saw!" And, seizing the pail, he hurried to the spring behind his house, where he set the big trout free in its clear depths, to be the wonder and admiration of the neighborhood for years afterward.

Nan took the rest home for Chub to see. And clutched in her left hand, so tightly that her little fingers grew quite stiff, was a crisp, new five-dollar bill. Little enough, the Squire had said, good-naturedly, to the astonished child, for such a discovery and such an addition to his live stock.

Chub's surprise almost equaled Fisherman Ben's at the sight. His delight was greater; for he knew the happy spot, and Ben, with fine consideration, had gone away before Nan, at the Squire's spring, related eagerly how and where she caught them.

The pail, with its fine catch, was standing by the sofa where Chub lay; and Nan had told him all about the big one down in the spring. Now they were silent—Chub busy with schemes for depopulating the den under the big cedar, while Nan, with her chin in her hand, was gazing dreamily out of the window. Good Mrs. Wilson stood quietly by, with a contented smile playing about her lips. She had learned before that it is well to wait. Nan turned suddenly from the window.

"Oh, Chub, you don't think the trout mind it much, do you? And, Chub, *do* you suppose the fairies had anything to do with it?"

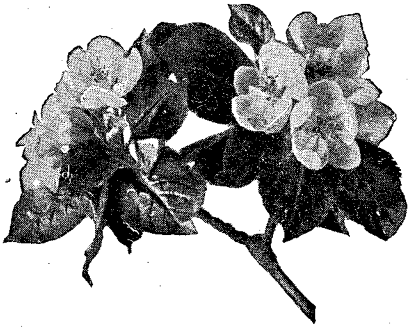
"Naw," said Chub, "course not. But say, Nan, *did* you cover up the hole again so old Ben couldn't find it?"

The Fairies' Tea

By Priscilla Leonard

Five little fairies went out to take tea
Under the shade of a juniper-tree;
Each had a cup from an acorn-ball cut,
And a plate from the rind of a hickory-nut,
And the table was spread with a cloth all of lace,
Which the spiders had woven the banquet to grace.

Oh, such good things as they all had to eat!
Slices of strawberry—my, what a treat!
Honey the sweetest the wild bee could hive,
And a humming-bird's egg for each one of the five!
Then they pledged their host's health in their favorite drink,
Which was—well, what was it? Can any one think?
Why, the dewdrop that comes from the heart of the rose
Is the drink of the fairies, as every one knows!



Books and Authors

An Economic Interpretation of History [1]

That thought has influenced economics is a truism. That economics has influenced thought is true enough, but requires more demonstration than it has received. This demonstration has been undertaken by Professor Patten. It often happens that truth cannot be adequately impressed without some exaggeration. We think that the case in hand is probably of that kind, though it seems somewhat overdone. Perhaps this was not easy to avoid. Bostonians are said to be prone to view all things from "the Hub." Our impression is that Professor Patten has made his specialty the hub of thought. But seldom does one meet with so original a work, so fresh and vigorous in its challenge of popular conceptions, so novel in its criticisms of familiar subjects. The reader who glances at the elaborate Table of Contents will certainly have his curiosity whetted. A book that so bristles with points of controversy requires another book for adequate review of it.

Professor Patten selects England for his field of study, because in her isolation from the Continent a more normal development of thought as conditioned by economics took place. The race has succeeded there through the influence of economic and religious forces. But the economic forces are made to appear as the controlling factor. Puritanism flourished because the plague had cut off the ill-conditioned, and decayed because consumption cut off the well-conditioned. Methodism sprang up because the steadier conditions of economic life left a surplus of motor activity no longer needed in economic relations, but available for a religious and social movement. So with the temperance movement. As long as a liquor diet was "essential," its evils were tolerated. Cheap sugar has now come in; liquor is "no longer necessary to health;" the reaction against its evils is inevitable.

Yet Professor Patten is no materialist:

> The whole of nature and the whole of man, active as well as passive, can be called on for evidence of God as Life, and this evidence will contain all the elements that are contained in revealed religion. . . . Revealed religion is . . . a verification of the premises that natural religion has established. . . . It shows that life is as high in form and quality as nature permits.

Of this there can be no rational doubt. The point of doubt is in the word "permits." Professor Patten seems to have misinterpreted concomitants as determinants in his account of religious and moral movements. Puritanism, for instance, declined in England, but flourished in New England. Consumption was a concomitant in each case. The real determinant in each case was the moral and religious factor, which deteriorated in the mother country, but not in the colony. What "nature permits" depends not on nature solely. She permits far more to some men than to others. This seems to be often lost sight of by Professor Patten, with the result of an exaggerated estimate of the influence of environment.

For English ethics and philosophy Professor Patten expresses low regard, while boldly venturing into their provinces with views that seem to invite retaliatory criticism. For his ethical definitions he is certainly not indebted to any such authorities. "The moral man" is he who, "moved by wrath, resents forcefully any deviation from accepted standards or any interference with his individual rights." "Goodness" is a different thing—the product of sympathetic shrinking from pain; while morality comes from resentment of pain. Morality is represented as a manly quality, but goodness as the more womanly. This smacks too strongly of Homeric and Catonian ethics, and reminds one of the martial and virile ideas which primitive Greeks and Romans attached to virtue as connoted by ἀρετή and *virtus*. It is but a skin-deep morality that consists in the observance of "rationalized customs, habits, and traditions." Nor does Professor Patten's representation of conscientiousness seem less superficial. There is, of course, a technical, pharisaic conscientiousness, "fond of concrete rules," which one "can use dialectically and dogmatically"—rules that lose in vigor if they lose in precision. But what a caricature is this of the genuine conscientiousness which is the sensitiveness of a principle to whatever threatens its own integrity!

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[1] *The Development of English Thought: A Study in the Economic Interpretation of History.* By Simon N. Patten, Ph.D., Professor of Political Economy, Wharton School of Finance and Economy, University of Pennsylvania. The Macmillan Company, New York.

To generalize upon one's information is always tempting, and a snare is in the way of the hasty. Professor Patten is fond of generalizing, and rather provokingly to the prudent who fear jumps at conclusions. It is hard to believe that "superstition died when men got regular employment and three meals a day." We are certain that not all who believe in the peculiar fatality of the number thirteen are destitute of visible means of support. We are willing to take Professor Patten's word for it that "all great writers are lazy," as we have no personal interest in that matter, but our New England blood rebels at the assertion that "a race that has gone through Calvinism cannot become truly democratic." No doubt "the hand that rocks the cradle moves the world," but must we believe that the unmarried have no effect on the race, or, as Professor Patten puts it, "The deeds and fancies of steriles are of interest only to themselves"? Among a multitude of others, think of St. Paul. In regard to morality and religion such generalizations provoke the deepest dissent: "In morals there is no heaven or hell;" "Prayer may be said to be a motor collapse," coming naturally "in states of exhaustion and depression." Even in an abundant experience of the ignorance of great specialists outside of their provinces, such superficial statements strike with surprise. Professor Patten's notion of prayer is apparently derived from no higher source than stories of foundering ships. Was it with such a notion that Cromwell drilled his men in prayer-meetings until they became the invincible "Ironsides"? Whether in the philosophy or the history of religion, Professor Patten's limitations curiously betray themselves. Passing over his view of the Reformation as "a premature movement forced by temporary causes," one is simply amazed that he could say, if only with the history of Calvinistic Scotland in mind, that the doctrine of predestination was the weak point in Calvinism, as a doctrine of resignation more congenial to women than to men.

There is, indeed, much in Professor Patten's work that we heartily respond to. But while we welcome it, we cannot praise it with so serious defects. We welcome it as laying emphasis on what Christian thought has not adequately dealt with, the importance of the economic factors in the development of mind and the making of man. We welcome it as an adequate incentive to a more satisfactory work. There is an economic interpretation of history, and when truly given it should contribute to rationalize and moralize the future course of history. But economic science is not the sole or the chief interpreter of history. The spinal weakness of Professor Patten's work is that he has inverted the true relation of the economic and religious factors of history, and given the first place to that which is of secondary rank.

Books of the Week

[The books mentioned under this head were received by The Outlook during the week ending May 19. Prices will be found under the head of Books Received in the preceding issue of The Outlook. This weekly report of current literature will be supplemented by fuller reviews of the more important works.]

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY

A valuable addition to the rapidly augmenting apparatus for Biblical study by plain people is *The Messages of the Earlier Prophets*, from Amos to Habakkuk, by Professor Sanders, of Yale, and Kent, of Brown. No part of the Bible is so difficult of clear apprehension by the ordinary reader even of the best translation as the prophetical books. The best way to shed light upon the dark places is by a judicious paraphrase, and this is well done in this little book; *e. g.*, the prophecy of Amos (ix., 13), "The plowman shall overtake the reaper," is given thus: "So abundant shall be the fruits of the soil that, before they are gathered in, it will be time again to begin the sowing." Of course the literary qualities of the original are obscured by this treatment, but the first condition of appreciating them must be the clear understanding of the prophet's meaning; and this the paraphrase secures. A further merit of this book is its rearrangement of the prophetic messages in their true chronological order.

Passages that are generally conceded to be later additions to the original are indicated by brackets. (John D. Wattles & Co., Philadelphia.)

The sixth volume of the *History of Dogma*, by Dr. Adolph Harnack, of Berlin, translated from the third German edition by Neil Buchanan, extends from the period of Clugny in the tenth century, marked by that revival of religious and ecclesiastical life of which the monastery of Clugny in France was the center, down to the beginning of the sixteenth century. The great Schoolmen, the mediæval men of science, come into this part of the historian's field. Without undertaking a review of Dr. Harnack's elaborate study, we note his judgment that, in the perfecting of the mediæval church system which was reached in the thirteenth century, the Christianity of the early Church reached its full historical development as a scheme of life. We could hardly assent to this without distinguishing the early Church, say of the third century, from the earlier Church of the first. In the subsequent history it is a main object with Dr. Harnack to show how the dogmatic barriers became consolidated, which the great religious revolution of the sixteenth century proved unable, except among the Anabaptists, to surmount. (Little, Brown & Co., Boston.)

M. Maurice Maeterlinck's "Trésor des Humbles" has evidently inspired *The Victory of the Will*, by M. Victor Charbonnel. (Little, Brown & Co., Boston.) Between the lines we gain glimpses of other men who must also have influenced the ex-priest—Bossuet, Rousseau, Lamartine, Emerson, Amiel, Tolstoï. It is not surprising that M. Charbonnel, long chafing at "the crippling restraint of outgrown creeds," should have at last exemplified in his own life and now in this book the change from passivity to action, the triumph of the individual soul, "the victory of the will." The volume is a helpful one; it incites to a continuous effort of the will—the keynote of M. Charbonnel's philosophy. Our readers may remember a striking article by him in a recent Outlook on the "Americanism" in the Roman Catholic Church. The translation of the book has been sympathetically done by Miss Whitney, a daughter of the great philologist, and Miss Lilian Whiting introduces the author to his American readers. She justly says that M. Charbonnel conceives of the will as a force increasing with every action. "These perpetual efforts form at last an aggregation of energies—in short, character."

NOVELS AND TALES

The first volume in the new edition of the works of Alphonse Daudet, which is to bear the imprint of Messrs. Little, Brown & Co., contains *Fromont and Risler*, translated by George Burnham Ives. Daudet is one of the contemporary French novelists whose entire work will bear translation into English. It is true that he occasionally violates the sense of reticence which is so deep in the nature of all English-speaking peoples; that he deals with aspects of life which English and American writers, as a rule, put into the background; and that there are in some of his books descriptive passages which pass the bounds of English and American taste. But Daudet is always a moralist; even in "Sappho" (which is not a book for young readers) he deals with his matter in a thoroughly moral spirit and for moral ends. He is one of the most charming of French novelists of this generation. In his "Letters from My Mill" he is at his very best, and his lightness of touch, his vivacity, and his charm of style are captivating. There was a certain element of journalism in his work, in that he dealt for the most part with timely subjects. In "Numa Roumestan" he drew an admirable picture of the men of the South of France coming to great position in Paris without any real modification of the Provençal traits; in "Kings in Exile" he sketched a phase of society in Paris, very limited in extent, but profligate and rotten to the last degree; in "The Nabob" he used with the greatest effectiveness his knowledge of social conditions under the Second Empire; in "L'Immortel" he touched the French Academy with an unspairing hand; in "The Evangelist" he dealt with the modern devotee; in "Jack" he was on Dickens's ground in picturing the life of the working classes; in "Fromont and Risler" he describes the bourgeoisie; while in "Sappho" he draws vividly the lesson of an intrigue and its effects. The new edition is tasteful in form, bound in dark blue, with a design in gilt on the back which is decidedly French in its atmosphere.

Mr. Harold Frederic's *The Market-Place* is a study of a man of strong will, no moral principle, generous instincts, and a passion for power. With a worthless Mexican rubber concession (the title to which he has already sold once) he plunges into the London stock market, and by bribery and trickery wrests financial victory from defeat, corners his own stock, and wrings a million or so of pounds sterling from equally unscrupulous speculators. Mr. Frederic has made a close study, in his usual thorough way, of the darker side of London speculative finance, and the audacity of the operation captures the reader's interest, although the success of the venture would hardly be so easy as he makes it in point of fact. His central figure is strongly though roughly drawn, and one or two of the minor characters have life and reality. The book as a whole is disappointing, and gives evidence of a far from high ideal of human effort and character. (The F. A. Stokes Company, New York.)

Oliver Iverson, by Ann Devoore, is a melodramatic and improbable story of a den of mystery and murder. The author attempts to use the Stevensonian style, as found in "The Pavilion on the Links" and other early stories by Mr. Stevenson, but without much success. (H. S. Stone & Co., Chicago.)

Idols, by W. J. Locke, is a rather diffusely written English novel, in which secret marriage, perjury, self-sacrifice, divorce, false accusations, and strange complications unite to spoil some lives and almost to spoil others. It is not a book of serious value, but has an original plot. (John Lane, New York.)

The Awakening is a decidedly unpleasant study of a temperament. The author, Kate Chopin, is known as the writer of several faithful stories of Louisiana life. This, too, is faithful enough in its presentation of certain phases of human passion and downward drift of character, but the story was not really worth telling, and its disagreeable glimpses of sensuality are repellent. (H. S. Stone & Co., Chicago.)

In *The Awkward Age* Mr. Henry James does not succeed in portraying characters which remain distinctly outlined in our minds. Yet the plot-development is good, there are here and there some of the subtly characteristic characterizations peculiar to Mr. James, and there is always his exemplary English. When all is said, however, "The Awkward Age" remains a capital example of misguided acuteness. The work does not seem so much a part of literature as of psychology. It might almost serve as a reference-book for a college class in the latter subject; it will hardly take rank in the former. (Harper & Brothers, New York.)

Of the thirteen short stories which Mrs. Mary Hartwell Catherwood has collected and put into a volume with the title *The Queen of the Swamp and Other Plain Americans*, the scenes of five are laid in Ohio, one in Kentucky, two in Indiana, and five in Illinois. All these stories, if we mistake not, have appeared in the different periodicals. Many of them preserve aspects of life which have already passed away. They are especially valuable in their record of vital conditions in the Central West, with which Mrs. Catherwood has great personal familiarity. She has a graphic style with a good deal of color, caught, it may be, from her familiarity with French traditions and life along the St. Lawrence and the Great Lakes; and she deals with the elemental rather than the secondary motives and passions. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.)

MISCELLANEOUS

The first volume in a new series of "National Studies in American Letters" is appropriately devoted to *Old Cambridge*, and, with equal fitness, comes from the pen of Colonel Thomas Wentworth Higginson, who is entirely familiar with the traditions of Cambridge and with the early history of American literature as it is recorded in that delightful university town. The volume is discursive, as such a book ought to be, and only incidentally historical; that is to say, the formal history is rapidly sketched in as a background for the literary history. There are two chapters devoted to Old Cambridge, and three chapters are set apart to Holmes, Lowell, and Longfellow. Colonel Higginson has brought together from his own personal recollections and from the sources of tradition open to him a great number of facts which will be in themselves, or in their grouping, new to most readers; and this volume has throughout that pleasant flavor of sound learning and long familiarity with the best literature which is characteristic of his work. The series promises not only to fill a vacant place in American literary history, but to be very interesting in itself. (The Macmillan Company, New York.)

Unaddressed Letters, edited by Frank A. Swettenham, purport to be the jottings of a diplomatist, traveler, and student of the Far East. They are written with sentiment, which rarely, however, becomes sentimentality, and are perhaps too desultory and leisurely for the bustling modern taste. They touch such distantly related topics as "Death, in Fiction," "Tigers and Crocodiles," and "Worship." Incidentally there are some strange scenes of Oriental life, derived chiefly from a residence among the Malays. Mr. Swettenham's "Malay Sketches" will be remembered by some readers as a vivid and poetical description of Eastern life. The present volume is largely subjective, and is pervaded with a gentle melancholy which is not unpleasing. (John Lane, New York.)

The publishers of Frederick G. Jackson's *A Thousand Days in the Arctic* have made of it a handsome single volume, liberally supplied with maps and made attractive with excellent photographs. It will be remembered that Mr. Jackson went to Franz-Josef Land in 1894 at the head of an expedition fitted out by Mr. Alfred Harmsworth, the London newspaper and magazine promoter. The object was twofold: to add to the world's rather scanty geographical knowledge about this part of the Arctic region, and to find whether an approach to the Pole were feasible by way of Franz-Josef Land. It was thought that a great stretch of land might be found reaching northward, but Mr. Jackson learned that the "Land" was but a group of islands. Nansen and Jackson between them have thoroughly discredited much of the earlier mapping of this region. From the scientific point of view the expedition did a great deal in its three years of careful work. Observations and specimens of all kinds were gathered systematically, and the very fact that no attempt was made to reach a high latitude made it possible to accumulate an immense stock of scientific data. The story of these three years is, of course, not as dramatic and exciting as was Nansen's narrative, but it is decidedly readable. For the most part it is told in diary form, simply and without rhetorical display. The hunting experiences of the party were many and varied. The story of Jackson's meeting with Nansen and the accounts of Christmas and Queen's Jubilee festivities are among the most interesting chapters. (Harper & Brothers, New York.)

A familiar book of talks for children is *The Bee People*, by Margaret Warner Morley. (A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago.) It is a charming, instructive book, devoted to giving a knowledge of one family in the insect world, and its manner of living. The relation between the bees and the flowers, and the service they render each other, is most clearly and delightfully explained.

Books Received

For the week ending May 26

AMERICAN SABBATH TRACT SOC., PLAINFIELD, N. J.

Lewis, Abram Herbert, D.D. Swift Decadence of Sunday. What Next?

D. APPLETON & CO., NEW YORK

McLaughlin, Andrew C. A History of the American Nation. $1.40.
Lützow, Count Francis. A History of Bohemian Literature. $1.50.
Bullen, Frank T. Idylls of the Sea. $1.25.

THE BAKER & TAYLOR CO., NEW YORK

Going, Maud (E. M. Hardinger). Field, Forest, and Wayside Flowers. $1.50.

R. F. FENNO & CO., NEW YORK

Vivian, Thomas J., and Ruel P. Smith. Everything about Our New Possessions. 60 cts.

GINN & CO., BOSTON

Harvard Studies in Classical Philology. Edited by a Committee of the Classical Instructors of Harvard University.

HARPER & BROS., NEW YORK

Beresford, Lord Charles. The Break-up of China. $3.

D. C. HEATH & CO., BOSTON

Stille Wasser. Edited by Dr. Wilhelm Bernhard. 35 cts. (Heath's Modern Language Series.)
Geschichten und Märchen. Edited by Lillian Foster. 40 cts. (Heath's Modern Language Series.)

J. B. LIPPINCOTT CO., PHILADELPHIA

Walter, Robert, M.D. Vital Science.

THE MACMILLAN CO., NEW YORK

Wise, Barton H. The Life of Henry A. Wise, of Virginia. 1806–1876. $3.
Ferguson, William Scott. The Athenian Archons of the Third and Second Centuries Before Christ. 75 cts.
Mallock, W. H. Tristram Lacy. $1.50.
The Solitary Summer. By the Author of "Elizabeth and Her German Garden." $1.50.
Headlam, Cecil. The Story of Nuremberg. $1.50.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, NEW YORK

Wilson, Epiphanius. Dante Interpreted. $1.50.
Schwartz, Julia Augusta. Vassar Studies. $1.25.

FLEMING H. REVELL CO., NEW YORK

Dennis, Rev. James S., D.D. Christian Missions and Social Progress. $2.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, NEW YORK

The Cable Story Book. Edited by Mary E. Burt and Lucy Leffingwell Cable. 60 cts.
Kent, Charles Foster. A History of the Jewish People. $1.25. (Vol. III., The Historical Series for Bible Students.)
Sanders, Frank Knight, and Charles Foster Kent. The Messages of the Earlier Prophets. $1.25.
Roosevelt, Theodore. The Rough Riders. $2.
Thompson, Helen Stuart. Windy Creek. $1.25.

The Religious World

Annual Meeting of the Congregational Home Missionary Society

The seventy-third Annual Meeting of the Congregational Home Missionary Society was held on Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday of last week at the historic Center Church in Hartford, Connecticut. All the sessions were largely attended, and at the concluding meeting, Thursday evening, the congregation fairly overflowed the church. Major-General Oliver O. Howard, who has served the Society for many years, presided. In spite of an urgent letter of resignation from him, he was re-elected President by a unanimous vote, and was, by the combined efforts of many friends, persuaded to remain at the head of the Society for another year. The opening sermon was preached on Tuesday evening by the Rev. J. H. Barrows, D.D., the new President of Oberlin. His topic was "Spiritual Forces in American History," and he presented a glowing and optimistic picture of the great opportunities and great responsibilities which are now before the Christian people of America.

On the second evening a most significant and powerful address was given by the Rev. J. D. Kingsbury, D.D., of Bradford, Mass., on "The Cry of Cuba." Dr. Kingsbury went to Cuba last February to investigate for the Home Missionary Society the conditions there, and was surprised to find, on the part of practically the entire Cuban population, excluding the reconcentrados, the negroes, and the limited number of Spanish-born people, a most earnest desire for the preaching of the Gospel and the organization of churches. Members of the Spanish church in Brooklyn, of which the Rev. J. M. Lopez has been for some years the minister, and of the church of Cuban refugees at Tampa, Fla., of which the Rev. E. P. Herrick has been the minister, are already in all parts of Cuba, and have gathered congregations and begun to organize Congregational churches. When Dr. Kingsbury returned from Cuba, his report seemed to the Executive Committee of the Society so clearly a Macedonian cry for help that action looking toward extending the work of the Society into this island was promptly taken. Dr. Kingsbury's address was cordially received, and on the following evening a resolution recognizing this "Cry of Cuba" was unanimously passed by the Society. The resolution is as follows:

> *Whereas*, The Society has learned with intense interest of the work initiated in Alaska, and was deeply moved by the exhaustive report of the Committee sent to investigate the religious condition of Cuba; by which report it appears that the people there are now ready for the preaching of the Gospel; therefore,
>
> *Resolved*, That, in view of providential developments North and South during the year, it appears to be the duty of the Congregational Home Missionary Society to preach the Gospel in Alaska and Cuba, and we commend the action of the Executive Committee in these directions.

The topic of the third evening was "Home Missions and the Nation's Larger Responsibilities," and hundreds were unable to find even standing room in the church. The Rev. W. H. G. Temple, of Seattle, Washington, gave a brief address upon the condition of affairs in Alaska, and the work of the Rev. Loyal L. Wirt in Juneau and Douglas. He was followed by the Rev. W. G. Puddefoot, Eastern Field Secretary of the Society, and the closing address was by the Rev. Lyman Abbott.

One of the most interesting sessions, as it always is, was the anniversary of the Woman's Department, presided over by the Secretary of that department, Mrs. H. S. Caswell. Mrs. Francis E. Clark, of the Christian Endeavor Society; Mrs. L. S. Childs, who has been for thirty years an active missionary in the West, and who said she had "just stepped out of a missionary box;" and the Rev. A. K. Wray, Superintendent of the Society in Missouri and Arkansas, were the speakers at this meeting.

The financial report of the year showed that the contributions had been practically the same as in the preceding year, while there had been a falling off in legacies amounting to $77,000, which was due to unexpected delays in the payment of several large legacies, which are almost certain to be paid within the current year, and whose payment last year would have enabled the Society to reduce its debt by fully fifty thousand dollars. The expenditures of the Society were materially less than during the preceding year, and the Executive Committee has still further reduced its estimate for the coming year, in order that the Society may speedily be cleared of debt and be ready for the larger income and the larger work which are certain to come with the rising tide of prosperity. The receipts of the year from contributions have been $136,908, from legacies $147,825, and from invested funds $9,602; in addition to which the State Auxiliary Societies have raised and expended on their own fields $221,575.

The Presbyterian General Assembly

As foreshadowed in our last issue, the answer of Dr. McGiffert was unsatisfactory to the Assembly, which stands by its claim of right to place upon his book (" A History of Christianity in the Apostolic Age ") the constructions which his answer repudiates. The session in which the matter was disposed of was marked by a crowded attendance, intense feeling, and an exciting debate in which good feeling and good order ruled. The Assembly unanimously adopted so much of the report of a committee of twenty as reaffirmed the condemnation pronounced upon the book last year, and explicitly set forth the four doctrines of the Presbyterian Church which the book is alleged to contravene: viz., the inerrancy of Holy Scripture; the deity and consequent inerrancy of Christ; his institution of the Lord's Supper for an everlasting memorial; and the justification of believers by the imputation of his righteousness to them. The Assembly's reply to Dr. McGiffert's profession of loyal accord with the faith of the Church is in these words:

> The Assembly notes the repudiation by Dr. McGiffert of the interpretation placed upon his utterances in said book as being not in accord with the standards of our Church, and his assertion of devotion to the truth and his concern for the welfare of the Church, and, while accepting the same as sincere, the Assembly nevertheless reasserts its deliverance of 1898, condemning the statements of said book as being such as to justify the interpretation so repudiated.

But as to the wiser course of dealing with the condemned there was at first a sharp division, both in the committee and in the Assembly. A majority and a minority report were presented, the former signed by twelve, the latter by eight. The former said:

> We recommend that the whole matter of the teachings of the book of the Rev. A. C. McGiffert, D.D., entitled "A History of Christianity in the Apostolic Age," be referred to the Presbytery of New York, to which belongs the primary constitutional responsibility for such disposition as in its judgment the peace of the churches and the purity of doctrine may require.

The latter recommends that the Presbytery of New York be directed to confer with Dr. McGiffert, and, unless he should modify his views conformably to the Standards, to induce him to withdraw peaceably from the Church, but, if failing in this, to take the constitutional method of procedure against him—maintaining in these efforts the spirit of Christian kindness as well as fidelity to the truth.

The debate that ensued came as near being stormy as any that has engaged the Assembly for many years, but it was held well in hand, and personalities were stopped at the danger point. In the end the majority report was adopted by a vote so strong that on motion it was made unanimous. The strongest contributor to this result was Dr. John Balcom Shaw, of New York, who possessed the confidence of both sides. He declared that the New York Presbytery could be trusted, and deserved to be left free to act as deemed best. He declared that Dr. McGiffert also could be trusted to act in full freedom, and ought not to be threatened. He believed that, under the pressure of the Assembly's deliverance that day, Dr. McGiffert would leave the Church, or, if not so, that under the wise pressure of friends he would leave it. But a sword should not be thrust at him. "Wait until 1901, and you will see the result of this action. Have patience." This counsel from a director of Union Seminary, a friend of Dr. McGiffert, and a man both personally popular and of trusted orthodoxy, combined with desire to avoid, if possible, the disturbances of a heresy trial, secured the unlooked-for and apparently deemed fortunate unanimity of the result. Whether it is fortunate for the Church to vote unanimously that "to hold that the Holy Scriptures are in any respect historically inaccurate is to oppose the teaching of the Confession," etc., is a serious question for a Church that desires a learned as well as faithful ministry.

Touching social questions, the Assembly took its usual high ground for Sabbath observance; censured the emasculation of the "canteen law" by the Attorney-General; condemned the mob spirit, and called the Church "afresh to sacrifice and service for the redemption of the negro from his sufferings and his sins;" asked Congress to expel the Utah member-elect, Mr. Roberts, as a polygamist, and favored an amendment to the Constitution defining legal marriage as monogamous. As to reunion with the Southern Presbyterian Church, desired by overtures from sixty Presbyteries, it was decided to make no further advance till more signs of desire for it appear at the South. After a ten days' session the Assembly adjourned to meet next year in St. Louis.

The Southern Presbyterians

While the General Assembly of the Northern Presbyterian Church has been in session at Minneapolis, that of the Southern Church has been meeting at Richmond. Its sessions have been held in the First Church, of which the Rev. R. P. Kerr, D.D., is the pastor. The sermon was by the retiring Moderator, the Rev. E. M. Green, D.D., of Danville, Ky. The new Moderator is the Rev. J. F. Cannon, D.D., of St. Louis. One hundred and eighty-six Commissioners were present. The various missionary committees all reported that they had closed the year free from debt; $145,000 was received for the foreign work, and this supports 155 foreign missionaries. In view of the condition of things in the South, and the terrible realities of lynching, due, as it is said, largely to crime among the blacks, it seems as if there was a great disproportion between the amount spent for the work abroad and that at home. The receipts for colored evangelization are reported as having been but $7,000—more than twenty times less than that sent to foreign lands.

The State Conference of Religion

The movement for a Conference of Religion in the State of New York, which has for a year or so been in the stage of correspondence, is now in a fair way to succeed. A meeting was held in this city, May 23, at which members of ten denominations were present, some thirty persons acting as a General Committee, who appointed an Executive Committee to carry the resolutions of the meeting into effect. These were, that the proposed Conference should be held, and "constituted of individuals in sympathy with its objects;" that its basis should be simply "Religion, with its many theologies; one practical aim, the realization of a higher righteousness, together with frank and friendly recognition of admitted differences in thought;" that the time and place of the Conference should be as determined by the Executive Committee, who are "recommended to invite the widest expression of opinion touching religious, moral, and social questions, aiming to emphasize the religious unities which underlie all efforts for a higher righteousness, and the things of the Spirit, in which we all share."

The Executive Committee, as appointed, consists of the following gentlemen: the Rev. H. M. Sanders, D.D. (Baptist), the Rev. Josiah Strong, D.D. (Congregationalist), the Rev. Henry Mottet, D.D. (Episcopalian), the Rev. Stephen S. Wise (Hebrew), the Rev. E. S. Tipple, Ph.D. (Methodist), Mr. L. A. Maynard (Presbyterian), the Rev. J. K. Allen, D.D. (Reformed), the Rev. Thomas R. Slicer (Unitarian), the Rev. Charles H. Eaton, D.D. (Universalist).

Besides those present at the meeting, a larger number from different parts of the State sent letters testifying their accord. About thirty of these contributed their views, by request, upon the matters discussed. Among these were President Hall, of Union Theological Seminary, Professor Clarke, of Colgate Theological Seminary, Professor Hopkins, of Auburn Theological Seminary, Chancellor MacCracken, of New York University, Professor Schmidt, of Cornell University, President Taylor, of Nassau College, Dr. Creegan and Dr. Choate, Secretaries respectively of the Congregational Foreign and Home Missions, Dr. Ward of The Independent and Dr. Abbott of The Outlook, Drs. Sawin of Troy and Sutherland of Oxford. Free discussion but general harmony prevailed.

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that you can take them everywhere. They are never in the way, nor out of order. Simple in mechanism and perfect in construction, they are always ready for use. We make a large variety of styles costing from $5.00 upwards, and fully guarantee each one.

1899 catalogue sent on application.

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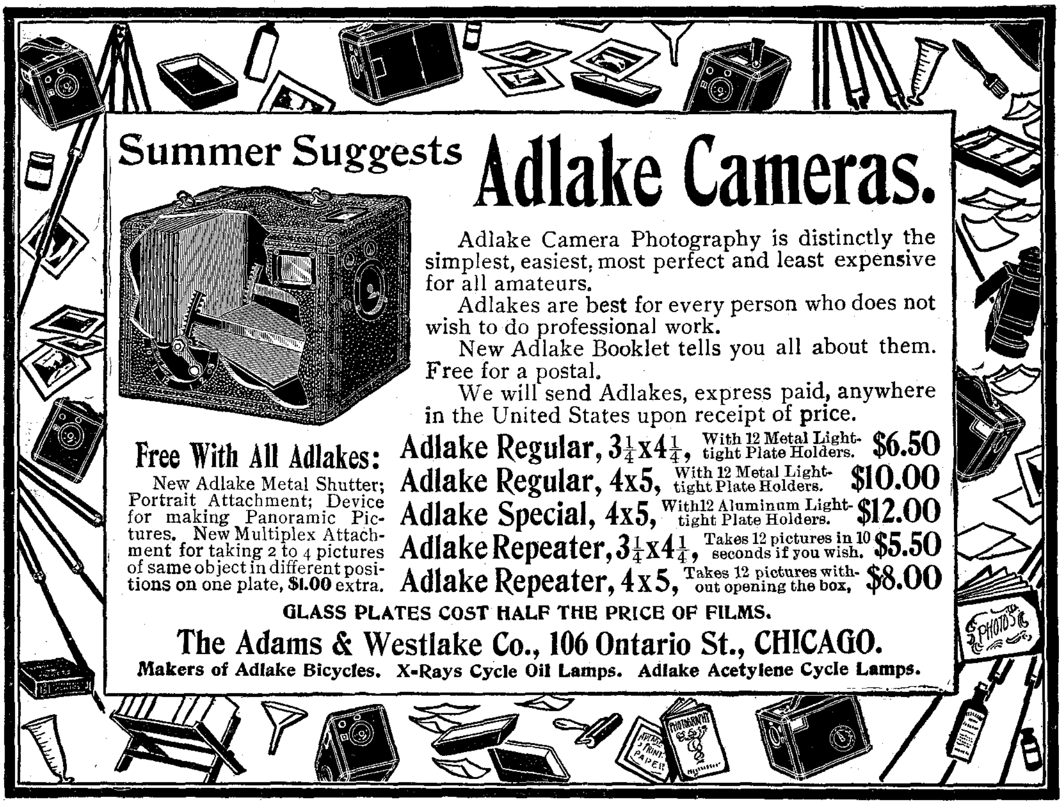

Summer Suggests **Adlake Cameras.**

Adlake Camera Photography is distinctly the simplest, easiest, most perfect and least expensive for all amateurs.

Adlakes are best for every person who does not wish to do professional work.

New Adlake Booklet tells you all about them. Free for a postal.

We will send Adlakes, express paid, anywhere in the United States upon receipt of price.

Free With All Adlakes:
New Adlake Metal Shutter; Portrait Attachment; Device for making Panoramic Pictures. New Multiplex Attachment for taking 2 to 4 pictures of same object in different positions on one plate, $1.00 extra.

Adlake Regular,	$3\frac{1}{4}$x$4\frac{1}{4}$,	With 12 Metal Light-tight Plate Holders.	$6.50
Adlake Regular,	4x5,	With 12 Metal Light-tight Plate Holders.	$10.00
Adlake Special,	4x5,	With 12 Aluminum Light-tight Plate Holders.	$12.00
Adlake Repeater,	$3\frac{1}{4}$x$4\frac{1}{4}$,	Takes 12 pictures in 10 seconds if you wish.	$5.50
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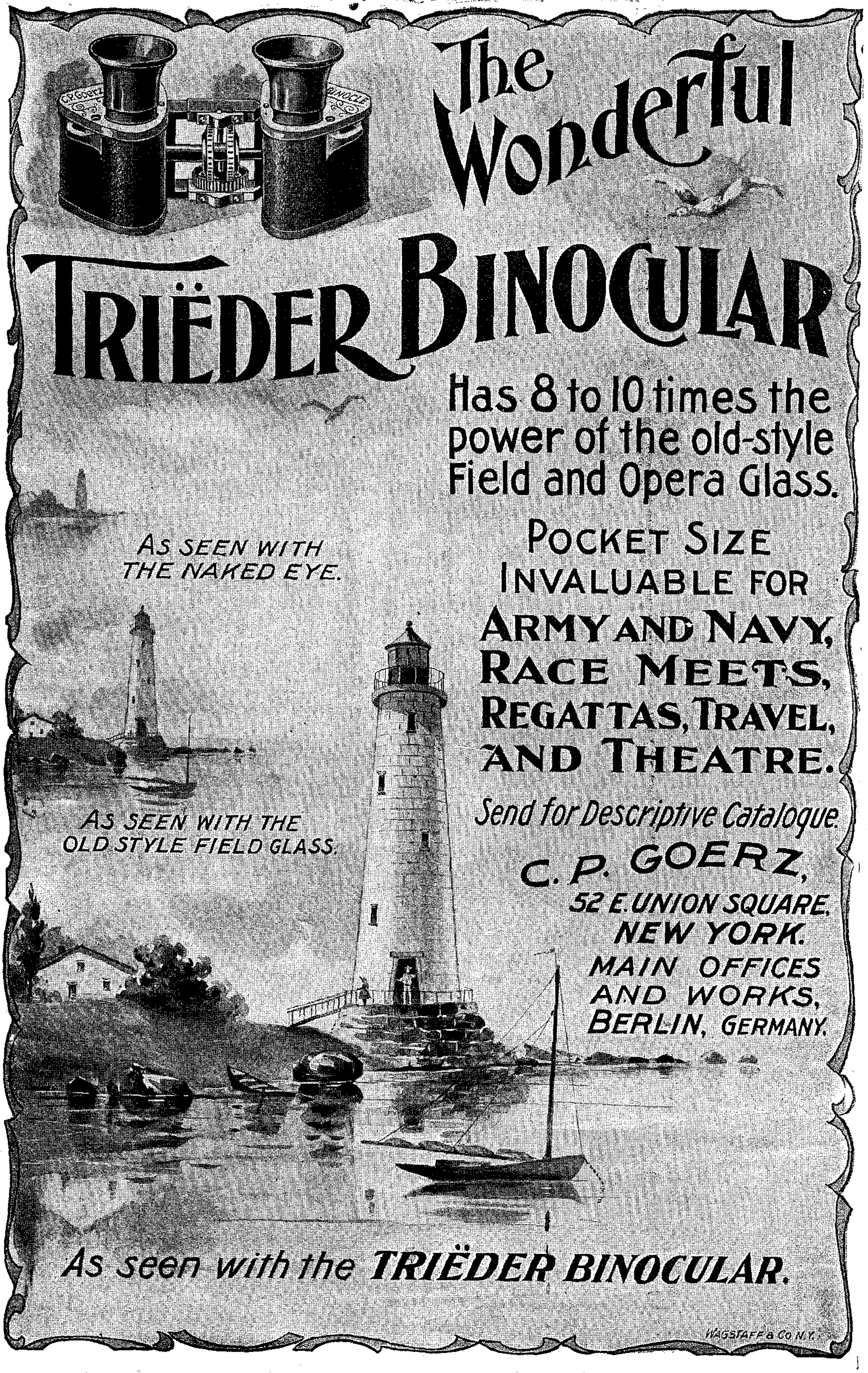
GLASS PLATES COST HALF THE PRICE OF FILMS.

The Adams & Westlake Co., 106 Ontario St., CHICAGO.
Makers of Adlake Bicycles. X-Rays Cycle Oil Lamps. Adlake Acetylene Cycle Lamps.



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TRIËDER BINOCULAR

Has 8 to 10 times the
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Field and Opera Glass.

POCKET SIZE
INVALUABLE FOR
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AS SEEN WITH
THE NAKED EYE.

AS SEEN WITH THE
OLD STYLE FIELD GLASS.

Send for Descriptive Catalogue.

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NEW YORK.
MAIN OFFICES
AND WORKS,
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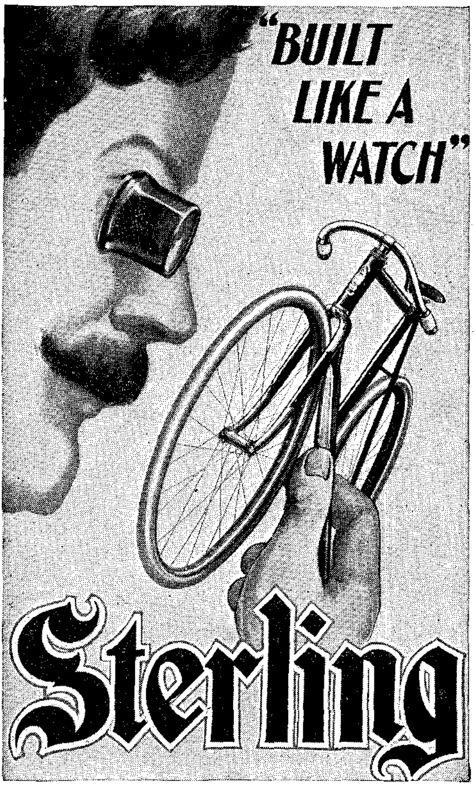
As seen with the ***TRIËDER BINOCULAR.***

WAGSTAFF & CO. N.Y.



A Rigid Examination Reveals No Defects

No Better Bicycle can be Made

Sterling Bicycles are ***"Built like a Watch,"*** and the greatest care is exercised to have material, workmanship and equipment the best obtainable.

'99 Chain Models, $50.00
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Tandem, Double Diamond, $75.00
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Send for Catalogue giving details of STERLING EQUIPMENT for 1899.

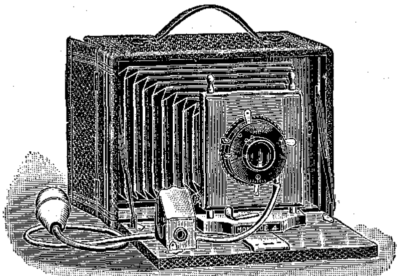
Send **TEN 2-CENT STAMPS** and receive by mail pack of Sterling Playing Cards, beautifully designed—50 cent value.

Sterling Cycle Works, Kenosha, Wis.

Monroe Cameras

Are Always Satisfactory

AS ONLY HIGH-GRADE LENSES ARE USED,
and "THE LENS TAKES THE PICTURE."



ABOVE cut shows our 1899 Model, No. 4 Sr., for 4 x 5 pictures. Price, complete, with one double plate holder $14.00

Has double (rapid rectilinear) lens of best quality, and "Royal" shutter with iris diaphragm, which can be operated either with bulb or finger release, and at four different speeds.

Ask to see it at your dealer's, and if not on sale in your locality, we will ship it anywhere in the United States, charges prepaid on receipt of the price.

Our 1899 catalogue showing full line of hand and tripod cameras sent free by mail.

Prices from **$5.00 to $50.00.**

MONROE CAMERA CO., **Rochester, N. Y.**

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HOW TO MAKE PHOTOGRAPHS?

Do You Wish to Know?

Send 50 cents for one year's subscription for the

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For Amateur Photographers.

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IT TELLS YOU ALL!

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57 years' experience in this line of business.

COMFORT SWING CHAIR $3.50

Rests You All Over
PATENTED
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Completely supports head, back, limbs and feet—light and easily moved to shady spot. Requires only one-third the space of a hammock—adjusts automatically to any position by simple movement of the body without leaving the chair. The swing construction gives a perfect balance in any position—best steel, firmly braced, enameled black, strong fancy striped canvas; at furniture dealers or sent direct to you **upon receipt of price, $3.50**—you pay the freight—or if you are east of the Rocky Mountains, send 50c extra and we will pay the freight—folds compactly. Guaranteed as represented or money refunded.

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414 S. Canal Street, CHICAGO.

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the go-lightly kind.

THE increased demand for Imperials is accounted for by their superior quality, excellence of workmanship, and the satisfaction they give the rider.

Although the price of Imperials has been reduced considerably in the past few years, the highest possible standard has always been maintained in their construction. No point is too small to receive the closest attention. Absolute perfection is what we claim for Imperials.

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Special inducements to riders. Agents wanted in unoccupied territory.

Our net prices will interest and enable any dealer to make money who sells Imperials. Write us.

Ames & Frost Company, Chicago.

"It's in the running of it, not in the paint that the

RAMBLER

LEADS!

Because a bicycle "looks nice" is no sign it is of RAMBLER grade. To frictionless bearings and accuracy of sprockets and chain are due the easy running qualities of

Rambler BICYCLES—$40

Agencies Everywhere

GORMULLY & JEFFERY MFG. CO.

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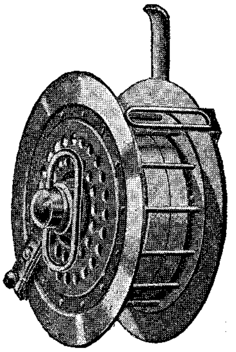
THE AUTOMATIC-COMBINATION

FISHING REEL.



Free-Running and Automatic.

Instantly Interchangeable.

Free-Running—Any kind of cast can be made with it.

Automatic—Winds the line automatically by the action of a spring controlled by the little finger of the hand holding the rod.

"The Little Finger" Still "Does It."

Impossible for a fish to get slack line with this Reel, no matter what his maneuvers may be.

The Wonder and Delight of all Anglers.

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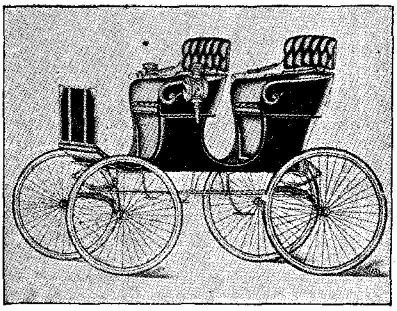
Recognized as the standard throughout the whole country. When you buy one, you know you are getting a vehicle made of good material and up to date in style and finish.



Don't be put off with something inferior which is claimed to be **just as good as Babcock's.**

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H. H. BABCOCK COMPANY

Also Baltimore, Md. **Watertown, N. Y.**

THE Automatic $2.50

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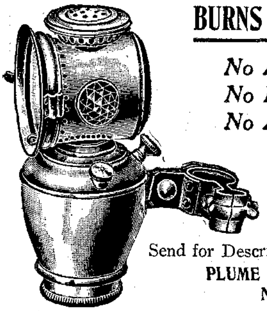

No Absorbents.
No Regulating Valves.
No Attention Required.

Burns Best When Left Alone

Self-Governing.

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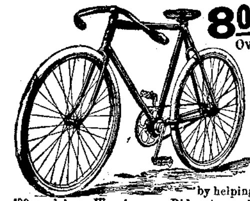

8000 BICYCLES

Overstock: Must Be Closed Out. STANDARD '98 MODELS, guaranteed, **$9.75** to **$16.** Shopworn & second hand wheels, good as new, **$3** to **$10. Great factory clearing sale.** We ship to anyone on approval & trial without a cent in advance

EARN a BICYCLE

by helping us advertise our superb line of '99 models. We give one Rider Agent in each town **FREE USE** of sample wheel to introduce them. Write at once for our special offer.

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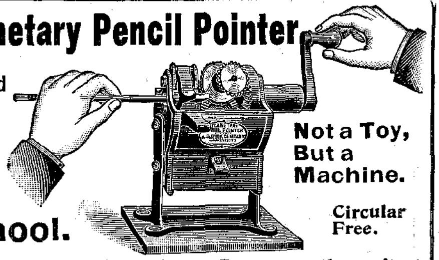

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Not a Toy, But a Machine.

Circular Free.

Never breaks the point. Preserves the softest lead. Saves its cost in the saving of lead. Cleanly, convenient, useful.

Made only by **A. B. DICK COMPANY,**
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By Selling **Baker's Teas, Etc.** among friends. A total of 75, 90, 100, 125 or 150 lbs. for a **Bicycle** (Different grades and sizes). 50 lbs., Gold Watch; 25 lbs., Silver Watch; 15 lbs., Nickel Silver Chatelaine Watch; 10 lbs., Crescent Camera or Gold Ring.

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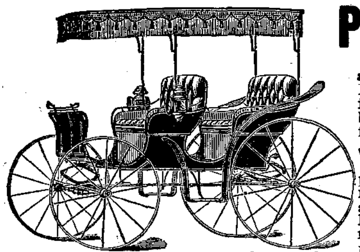

No. 717—Canopy-Top Surrey, with double fenders. Price, complete, with curtains all around, storm apron, sunshade, lamps and pole or shafts, $68. Just as good as sells for $100.

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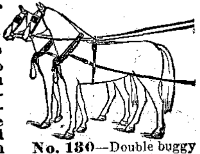

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